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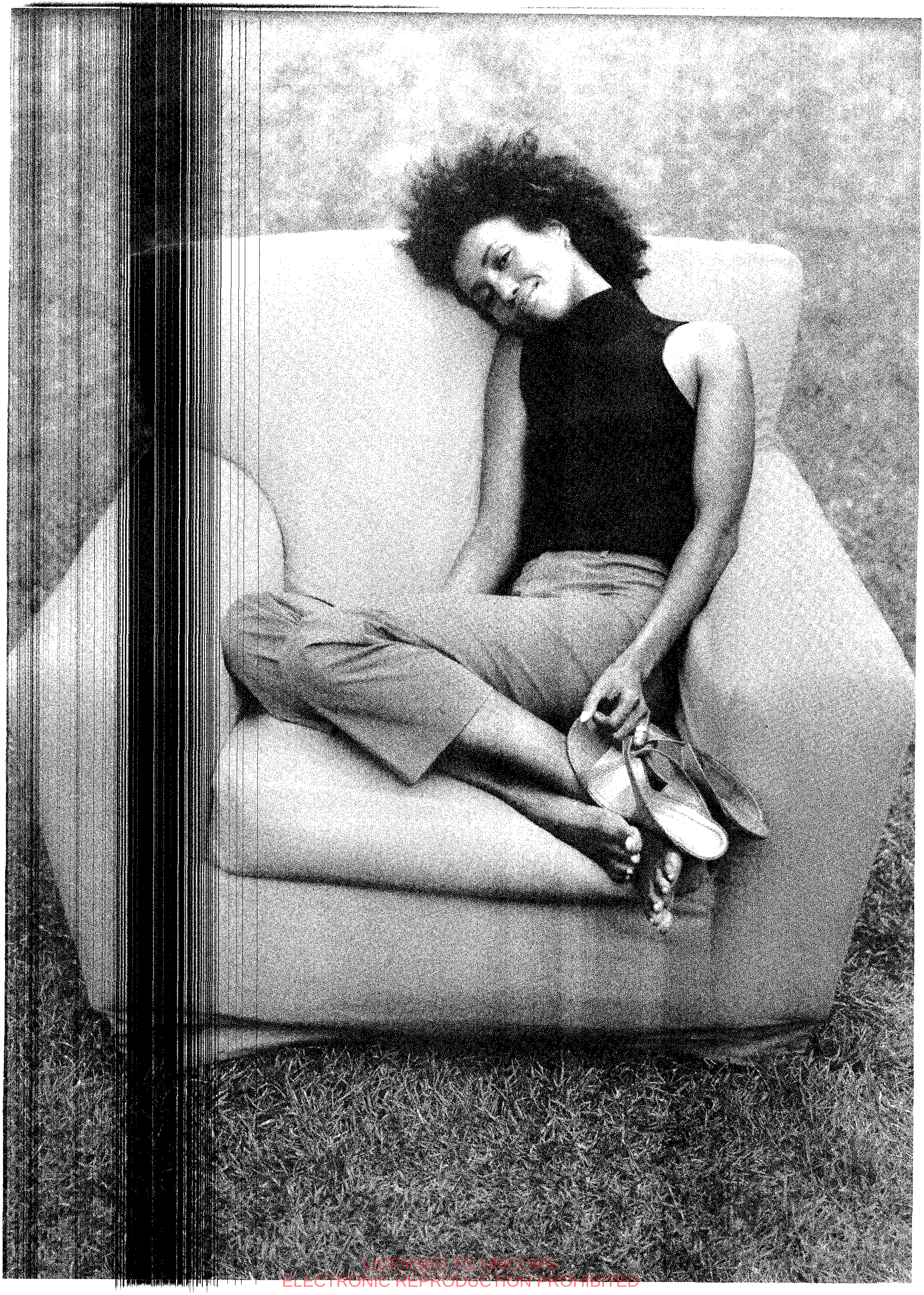

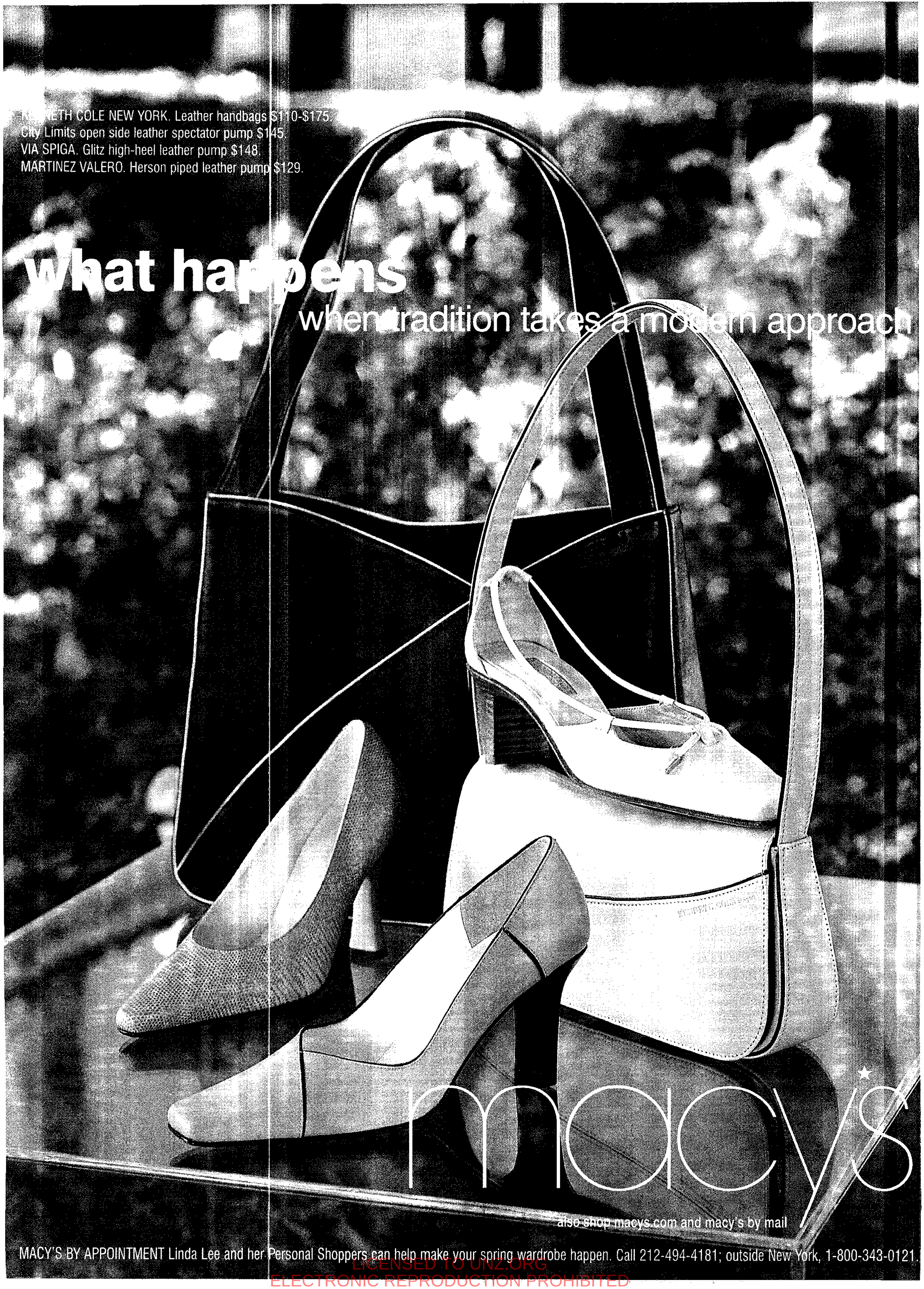KENNETH COLE NEW YORK. Leather handbags $110-$175.
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Contents

April 2, 2001

8 **Letters**

11 **Intelligencer:** Beth Landman Keil and Ian Spiegelman

13 **Scene:** Patrick McMullan

14 **Gotham**
The mass exodus of Silicon Alley no-longer-hopefuls to—where else?—New York.

16 **Real Estate:** Carl Swanson

17 **Style:** Amy Larocca

Columns

18 **This Media Life:** Michael Wolff
The New York *Times'* Paul Krugman: A voice for the new, new economy

20 **The City Politic:** Michael Tomasky
Can Alan Hevesi's grounded mayoral campaign achieve liftoff?

22 **The National Interest:** Tucker Carlson
Granny D.'s campaign-finance fairy tale

52 **Best Bets** Rima Suqi
Fat Shaft drivers, celestial navigators, and sheets that tell a story

54 **Sales & Bargains:** Jada Yuan
Chef Scott Conant gives the dish on the best cookware for *your* kitchen

67 **Cue Best of the Week**

Critics

68 **Movies:** Peter Rainer
A refreshing retelling of John Le Carré

69 **Art:** Mark Stevens
"BitStreams" at the Whitney: medium cool

70 **Architecture:** Joseph Giovannini
Rediscovering aluminum at the Cooper-Hewitt museum

72 **Theater:** John Simon
A Class Act is a modest affair

73 **Restaurants:** Adam Platt
The novelty of going Dutch at NL

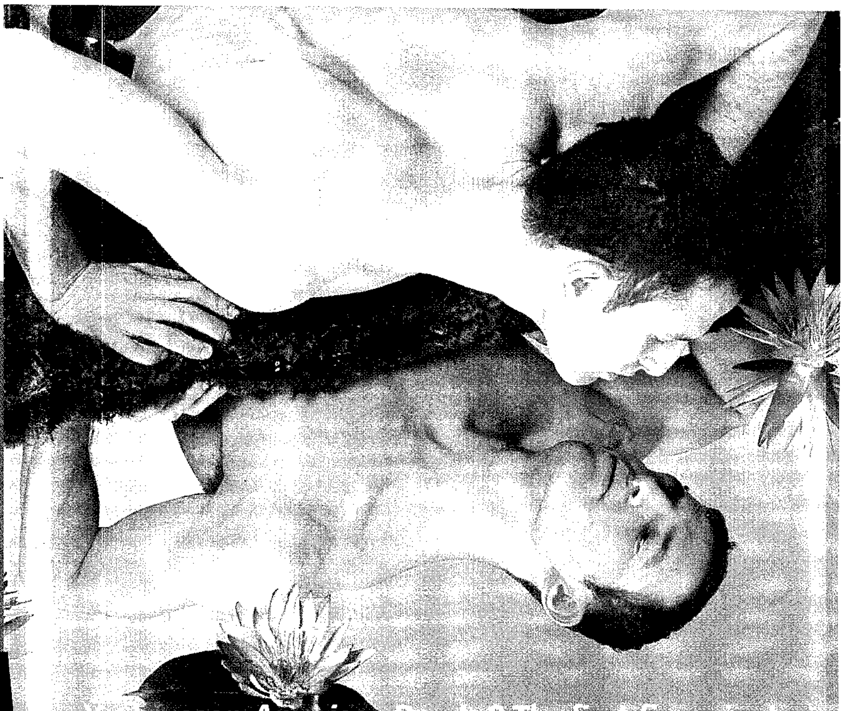
74 **Dance:** Tobi Tobias
Mark Morris makes the grade at BAM

77 **Pop Music:** Rob Levine
Aerosmith returns to its roots; Eric Clapton goes to extremes

78 **Listings**

110 **Classifieds / Personals**

124 **'Cue' Crossword:** Maura B. Jacobson
Guardian Crossword



"You've seen *American Psycho?* The first five minutes where he's getting dressed and using all those face creams? *That's* the ideal."

—Page 24

24 Vanity, Thy Name Is Man By Alex Williams

Time was when no self-respecting man would admit to an obsession with skin creams, botox injections, or enzyme facials. But in today's image-obsessed culture, men of every stripe and sexual orientation are bringing their beauty regimens out of the closet—to the delight of the cosmetics industry. Are we really ready for a world in which men are the new women? PLUS: **Beth Landman Keil** runs down the latest in luxe spa treatments and products for men, and a panel of the city's most incisive style arbiters critiques New York men like you.

38 Hill Trouble By Jennifer Senior

When Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott mused that Hillary Clinton might be hit by lightning before she took her Senate oath, it pointed to a discomfiting fact: Her new colleagues seemed to hate her. But a funny thing happened on the way to pariah status. Strom Thurmond hugged her; Jesse Helms jokes with her; and Phil Gramm says he never attacked her—personally. A story of the strangest of bedfellows—senators.

46 Hello, Folly! By Jeremy Gerard

Blythe Danner, Judith Ivey, Gregory Harrison, and Treat Williams lead an all-star revival of *Follies,* Stephen Sondheim's haunted send-off to Broadway's bygone era—and the folks who lived to tell the tale.

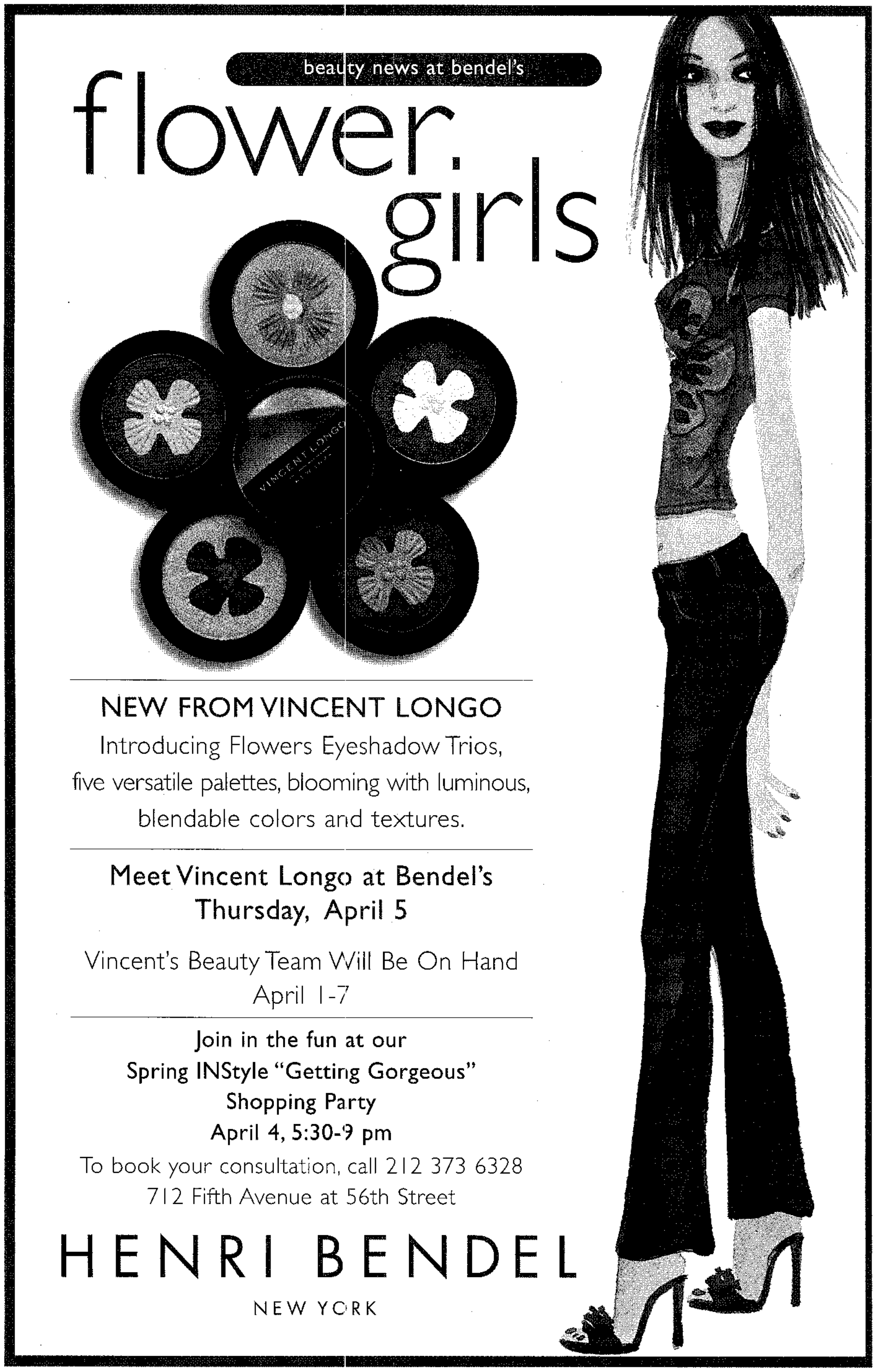
48 Thriller in Carnegie Hill By Ralph Gardner Jr.

When Citigroup sold the rights to build a tower over the Citibank branch at 91st and Madison, it seemed to be a pretty straightforward real-estate transaction. But then outraged citizens decided that the shadow it would cast might blight their whole way of life. What transpired was a scenario worthy of a Woody Allen film—and one in which he already plays a starring role.

COVER: PHOTOGRAPH BY FIROOZ ZAHEDI.

Hair by Enzo Laera/Judy Casey; makeup by Keiko Morisaki/Judy Casey; manicure by Olga Titova/Judy Casey; prop styling by Carlos Mota/Judy Casey; styling by Basia Zamorska/Judy Casey.

Volume 34, Issue 13



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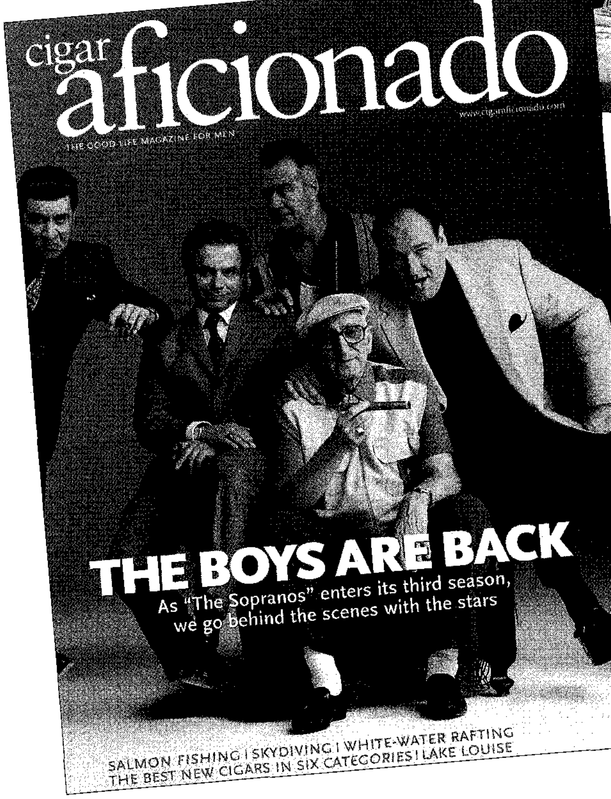
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Letters

> Many thanks to Tomasky for letting us know that we are being heard.
>
> —Ann Harbeson

Body Count

Thanks to Cameron Stracher for making the most of a rather dull subject: New York's "young legal guns," a category in which I was included ["Raising the Bar," February 26]. While Mr. Stracher correctly quotes me as referring to Brooklyn, where I live and work as a homicide prosecutor, as having "more dead bodies per square inch than anyplace else," this was not intended to be, nor is it, literally true. In fact, Brooklyn's murder rate has declined more than 66 percent over the past decade. Even with the remarkable reduction, the loss of life remains high and still keeps a homicide prosecutor busy—the point of my hyperbolic remark.

Rob Reuland, BROOKLYN

Gentleman of the Press

The *Daily News* hired Richard Schwartz to be its new editorial-page editor for one simple reason: The fifteen years Schwartz spent in New York City government developing and implementing public policy made him the most qualified person for the job ["Gotham: Big Apple Polisher," by Andrew Kirtzman, March 19]. By relying primarily on disparaging quotes from a disgruntled former deputy mayor, Kirtzman paints an unfair and inaccurate portrait of Schwartz.

Ken Frydman, MANHATTAN
DIRECTOR OF COMMUNICATIONS, THE NEW YORK *DAILY NEWS*

No Doze

Bravo to *New York* Magazine for Michael Tomasky's article, "Dese Dems Don't Doze" [March 5]. At a time when we are being buried in group-think Clinton bashing and Bush adoration, it was incredibly refreshing. Many thanks to Tomasky for letting us know that we are being heard, and for identifying at least one member of congress, Jan Schakowsky, who understands the problem.

Ann Harbeson, CROTON-ON-HUDSON, N.Y.

Rosie's Choice

Having worked as a television producer for ten years and written a play about the Hollywood closet, I am uniquely aware of the difficulties today's gay actors face ["Inside Out," by Maer Roshan, March 5]. Trust me, Wyoming is not Manhattan, and Portugal is not Wyoming, but to remain viable, a star must attract audiences in all three. There is simply no reason to believe that the people of states that regularly pass ordinances stripping gays and lesbians of their rights, or nations that criminalize them altogether, would throw open supportive arms to an actor who ventured from the closet. It's unfortunate but true.

Richard Day, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Fever Pitch

Glenn Gordon's "Bedtime Story" [March 5] beautifully captured the anguish of a gay man awaiting test results after an unsafe encounter. That the tale was true undoubtedly added to its emotional impact. That its ending was a happy one should in no way lessen its cautionary message. Like the article that inspired *Saturday Night Fever*, this is a *New York* story that would lend itself well to big-screen treatment.

Thomas Rizzo Jr., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

CORRECTION In the March 26 issue, a caption accompanying a photo from the film *La Grande Bouffe* misidentified the actor Ugo Tognazzi as Marcello Mastroianni. ■

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Between the Lines

TUCKER CARLSON, WHO DEBUTS THIS WEEK as *New York*'s "National Interest" columnist, is an expert on the vast cultural gulf that separates Washington, D.C., and New York—the Metroliner is a portal, almost, to another universe. "In Washington," he says, "nobody really cares about how much money you make," he says. "Claiborne Pell"—the legendarily powerful former senator from Rhode Island—"drove a 1979 K-Car, for God's sake. Those things don't make any difference here."

In New York, conversely, his trademark floppy bow tie is not exactly a power accessory. But in Republican Washington these days bow ties are almost as fashionable as cowboy boots.

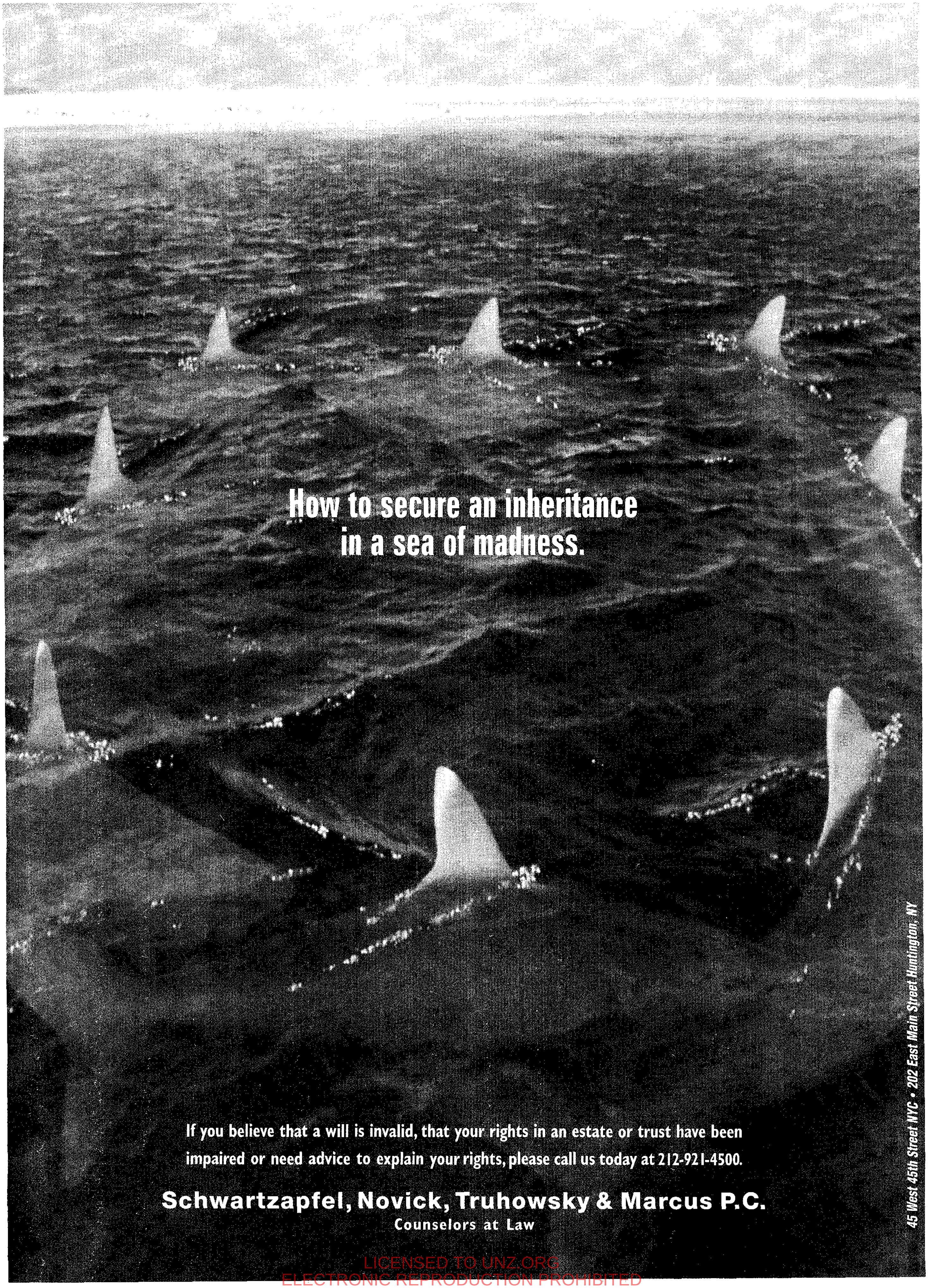
Which makes Carlson, the right-leaning Beltway insider and popular co-host of CNN's *The Spin Room*, perfectly suited to his new job. As this tight-lipped Republican administration settles in, we feel it is vital to have an insider's perspective on the party controlling the White House.

Carlson is a Washington booster as well as a critic. "I'm firmly convinced that Washington matters, that it's interesting—I could be on the chamber of commerce, if we had one," he says. "People yammer on about how embarrassing the Beltway is and how limited and small and self-referential the mentality is. I'm not embarrassed. I don't buy any of it!"

"I'd like to give a sense of what it's like to live here," he continues. "Sure it's cheaper and prettier, but it's so much harder to get Chinese food at odd hours."

Carlson will write his biweekly dispatches from his home in Alexandria, Virginia, where he lives with his wife and three children. Before joining CNN, he worked for five-and-a-half years at *The Weekly Standard*. And while TV has certainly raised his profile, Carlson jokes that he's been worried lately that he's "getting dumber not writing."

"It's important to keep your powers of observation sharp," he says, "and to be able to go out and stand around and watch things as they happen. You can't do that on television." ■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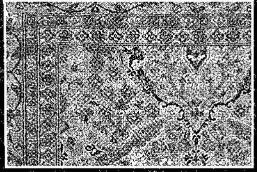

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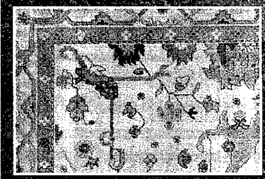

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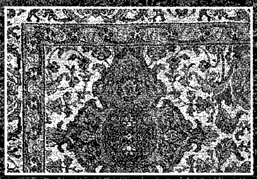

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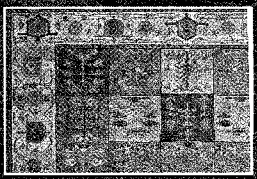

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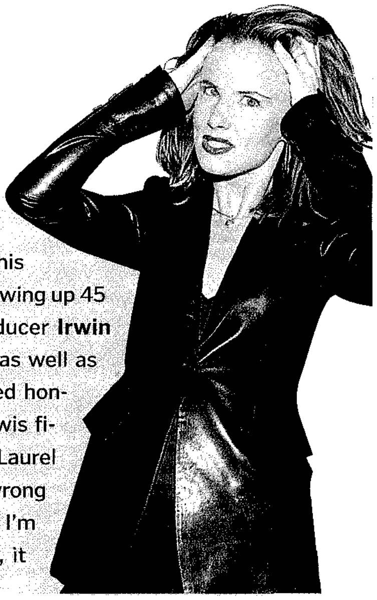
Intelligencer

By Beth Landman Keil and Ian Spiegelman

Sotheby's Brooks: Big House Hunting?

Now that she's pleaded guilty to price-fixing with rival Christie's, we hear that ex–Sotheby's CEO **Diana "Dede" Brooks** has turned her attention to her future home. Facing up to three years' incarceration, the fallen powerhouse is rumored to be anxious about where Uncle Sam might send her and has been touring federal prisons looking for the most tolerable option. Dede's lawyer wouldn't comment, but the Feds point out that a final accommodation decision would rest with them. With less-than-glamorous contenders including minimum-security prison camps in Bryan, Texas; Alderson, West Virginia; and Pekin, Illinois, we guess the type-A scofflaw will at least make her preferences known. Our recommendations? Dublin, California, and Danbury, Connecticut, which have respectively hosted such other princesses as **Patty Hearst** and **Leona Helmsley**.

Where Art Thou, Juliette?



Surprisingly enough, it wasn't the demanding diva **Jennifer Lopez** who recently held up the cast and crew of her latest flick, *Enough.* This time, it was co-star **Juliette Lewis** who was anything but punctual, showing up 45 minutes late for a reading with **J. Lo**; director **Michael Apted**; producer **Irwin Winkler**; fellow actors **Noah Wyle**, **Billy Campbell**, and **Jeff Kober**; as well as four Columbia Pictures bigwigs. Our source tells us the high-powered honchos impatiently cooled their heels in the Valley until a red-faced Lewis finally waltzed in claiming she had gotten off "on the wrong side of Laurel Canyon." Just in case you're not familiar with Los Angeles, there *is* no wrong side of the canyon. Lewis's rep said, "If she was late, she was late. I'm sure she had a good reason. She's never missed anything." Except, it seems, the right turn on Sunset.

Nicole Kidman Blows Up

As if **Nicole Kidman's** image hadn't been sufficiently emblazoned on our minds over the past couple of weeks, now comes word that a six-story blowup of the star in a cancan skirt will be erected at Bloomingdale's next month. To mark the release of Kidman's new film, *Moulin Rouge*, the department store is opening a shop of the same name that will feature exclusive *Belle Epoque*–inspired frocks from **Anna Sui**, **Katayone Adeli**, **Rebecca Taylor**, and others. A line of cancan girls and the star herself are expected at the, uh, kickoff on April 19, when the larger-than-life Kidman's skirt will lift up to reveal not **Tom Cruise** but Bloomingdale's cabaret-themed windows. *Vogue* gets in on the action as well, with a party on April 17 that will be hosted by editor-in-chief **Anna Wintour** and Kidman herself, along with **Ewan McGregor**. The film's premiere will be followed by a dinner and an auction of one-of-a-kind designs from fashion designers such as Helmut Lang, Oscar de la Renta, Dolce & Gabbana, and Karl Lagerfeld for Chanel. Rest assured, all proceeds will go to AIDS research, not Kidman's divorce-related legal bills.

Ducasse: Feeling Sheepish?

Mad-cow disease has claimed yet another victim, this time in the shape of celebrated restaurateur **Alain Ducasse.** The great chef made a huge play of his plans to serve only beef, lobster, and vegetables at his newest Parisian eatery, 59 Poincaré, but just as the restaurant opened, it seems, he turned suddenly squeamish and switched the menu to lamb and lobster. Despite the fact that he'd already acquired one of the cows that graced New York's streets last year to tether outside, diners were surprised to find no beef on the menu. Unfortunately, the menu change couldn't have come at a worse time. As they watch thousands of British sheep head to an early demise, Europeans' fears about beef safety have been all but eclipsed by the panic over foot-and-mouth disease. Maybe Ducasse should just stick with lobster.

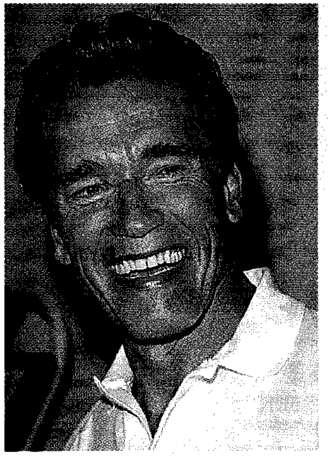
Your Fifteen Minutes; Just $30 Mil

If you've always yearned to live in the hallowed halls where the Rolling Stones, Andy Warhol, Halston, **Julian Schnabel**, and countless other icons misspent their youth, your chance may have come. According to East End real-estate sources, **Paul Morrissey** is about to put the legendary Andy Warhol estate in Montauk on the market. Folks with enough cash to spare could find themselves settling in among such luminaries as **Peter Beard**, **Dick Cavett**, and **Paul Simon**. It seems "enough cash" will be something upwards of $30 million, according to a real-estate insider. "It's a crazy price," gripes our source. "It's really just the house and a couple of cottages, so the price should be in the $10-to-$15-million range." Price notwithstanding, with its seven acres of land perched high above a rocky beach in the "best location in Montauk," the Warhol estate is a tempting prospect. Of course, there is *one* other selling point: Buyers' mil-

Photographs: from top, Tom Rodriguez/Globe Photos; Sylvia Norris/Globe Photos.

Arnold's Foiled Banks Check

Everyone's favorite action hero, **Arnold Schwarzenegger**, is getting a reputation for being a little too active with his hands. Adding fuel to allegations that Arnie likes to prey on P.Y.T.'s, a source tells us of an indelicate encounter he witnessed between the Terminator and **Tyra Banks** at a Planet Hollywood Academy Award party. According to our source, Arnie was overheard wooing Banks with a breathtakingly original chat-up line. "If they gave an Academy Award for Best Ass, you would win," the actor whispered, before reportedly goosing the model. The account will come as no surprise to readers of a recent article by **John Connolly** in *Premiere* magazine that included claims by three British talk-show hosts that they had been fondled by the star. Schwarzenegger reportedly mobilized his legal team to try to prevent the story's publication, but they failed, and he has yet to proceed with further legal action. Arnie's rep declined to comment, and a spokesman for Banks was unaware of such an incident. So what are we dealing with here? *True Lies* or *Judgment Day?*



lions might guarantee them their very own fifteen minutes of fame.

P.S.: You Forgot to Fix the Roof

The P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center in Long Island City seems to be focusing on the art of building renovation. Just three years after its last major $8.5 million revamp, the institution's calling in the builders again. It seems the city-owned building is still suffering and needs re-pointing, new windows, and roof work. This time, the museum's board is spending an estimated $13 million, much of which is coming from city coffers. It's a little unclear why the museum didn't spring for everything while the previous construction was in the works. Apparently the workers were far too busy looking at the captivating artwork to notice the deteriorating masonry on the walls themselves.

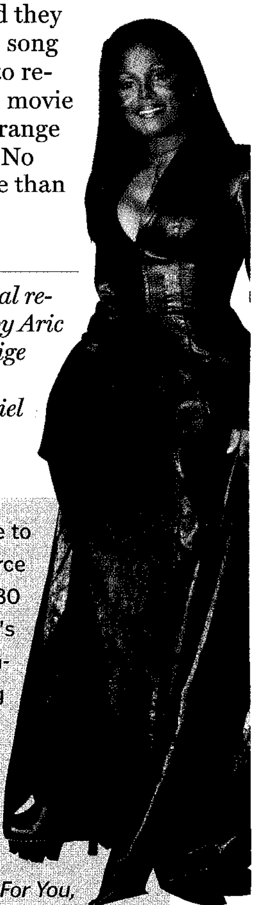
Johnnie's New Digs; Stewart Goes Solo?

Expect to see **Johnnie Cochran** doing the Hamptons rounds this season. Cochran confirms that he and his wife are in the process of purchasing a Sag Harbor manse—we hear for $3 million—from American Express CEO **Ken Chenault.** Chenault declined to comment, but the legal eagle beams: "We're very happy about the place and plan to move in by summer. It's a great neighborhood, and we have great friends there." Friends like **Sean "Puffy" Combs**? Cochran's close proximity could come in handy for the troubled rapper. "No, I hadn't thought about *him,*" chuckles Cochran. But we bet he has.

OFF THE TREADMILL: Alexis Stewart, daughter of the ultra-perfectionist **Martha Stewart**, is having a less than perfect time in her marriage. According to an East End source, the relationship between Alexis and her husband, New York lawyer **John Cuti,** has hit a rocky patch. Alexis, who sold her East Hampton Gym last summer when she moved back to the city, has not publicly admitted to any problems in the four-year marriage. She would say only: "We're not legally separated." Of their low-key ceremony, Martha once commented: "It was not the wedding I dreamed about for Alexis." We can only guess this wasn't how she hoped the marriage would fare, either.

SOMEONE LIKE . . . WYNONNA? It's not often that **Bono** and **Wynonna Judd** find themselves competing for the same slot. A Tinseltown insider tells us U2's "With or Without You" was slated for the soundtrack of **Ashley Judd**'s latest **Lynda Obst**–produced film, *Someone Like You,* until the starlet's sister, **Wynonna Judd,** decided to compose the movie's closing track at the eleventh hour after seeing it with her sister. Though the music for the film and the soundtrack album had been completed, U2 got the boot to make room for Wynonna. Wynonna's rep confirmed that her song was a late addition and added, "Everyone was surprised they liked the song enough to reopen the movie and rearrange the CD." No one more than U2, we imagine.

Additional reporting by Aric Chen, Paige Herman, and Daniel Keeler.



Miss You Much

We hear those wanting a quiet night out in L.A. recently could just have gone to one of the clubs booked for a party honoring **Janet Jackson**. An inside source confirms that super-trendy club Deep was asked by MTV to reserve space for 80 to 100 revelers (the venue's capacity is only about 200) to celebrate Jackson's immortalization as the first *MTV Icon.* Unfortunately, it seems the music channel forgot about a tent it had already erected next to its studio and, according to the source, reservations that had been made at yet another hot spot, Vinyl, for the same event. The triple-booked diva wound up partying at the tent, while, the source says, someone forgot to let the clubs know, leaving them half-empty on a Saturday night. Vinyl and Deep had no comment, while MTV and the star's rep admit having spoken to Deep and Vinyl, respectively, but deny making any firm plans. With the upcoming release of her new album, *All For You,* look for a launch party or two near you.

Photographs: from top, Paul Skipper/Globe Photos; Retna Ltd.

Red Hot Robin Hood

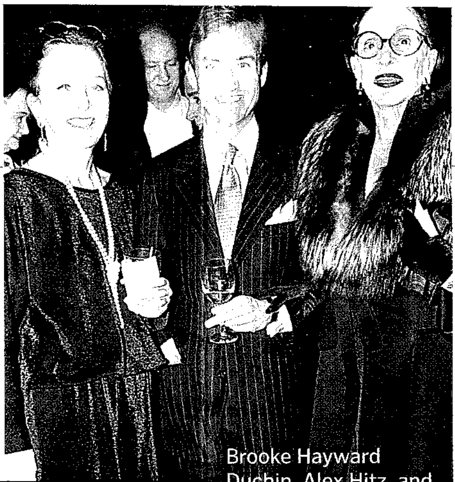
Publicists and socialites—with their balding banker boyfriends and their checkbooks in tow—flocked to Irving Plaza on March 14, where mini-mogul **Lachlan Murdoch** was throwing a party for the Robin Hood Foundation, a charity that helps impoverished New Yorkers by applying investment principles to charitable giving. "What's nice about Robin Hood is that it's really not about being *social,*" explained a foundation flack, as **Jessica Sklar** and **Gwyneth Paltrow** squeezed by. **Conan O'Brien**, the evening's host, played to the insider crowd by announcing "Harvey Weinstein is naked backstage with a tube sock over his dick!" before introducing the Red Hot Chili Peppers. Meanwhile, a bemused **Rupert Murdoch** looked on without nodding his head once. DAVID AMSDEN

Irish Spring

Hollywood's glimmery youth gathered at Tao on March 20 to munch on spring rolls, chat about *Ireland,* and celebrate the premiere of *About Adam,* an Irish love farce. Star **Kate Hudson** was just happy not having to speak like a leprechaun. "It wasn't easy getting that accent down," she said, seated with rocker husband **Chris Robinson.** "It took about a month." Her co-star, Australian **Frances O'Connor**, was equally relieved: "I'll do the accent only if you pay me," she joked. But actor **Stuart Townsend** proudly flaunted his authenticity. "I'm the real thing," he remarked, "from a small Irish fishing town." He then added: "All right, now let's get pissed."

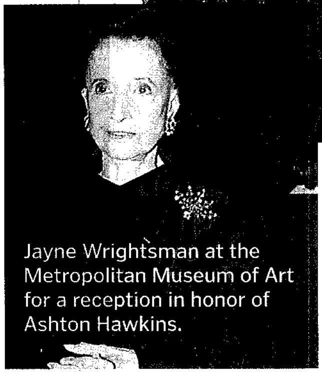
D.A.

Photographs by Patrick McMullan



Brooke Hayward Duchin, Alex Hitz, and Casey Ribicoff at Studio 54 for a cabaret performance by the New York City Opera.

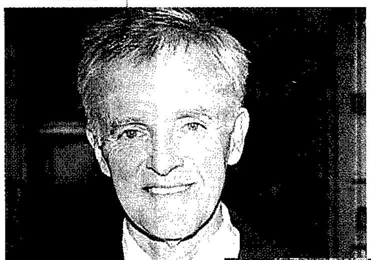
Jonathan Weber, Michael Wolff, Jeffrey Katzenberg, Caroline Miller, and Alan Katz at the *New York/Industry Standard* Comedy Technology Summit at the U.S. Comedy Arts Festival in Aspen.



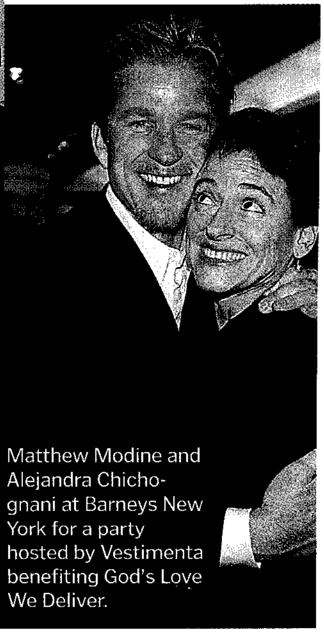
Jayne Wrightsman at the Metropolitan Museum of Art for a reception in honor of Ashton Hawkins.

BC AMERICA
POSSUM

Royston Langdon and Griffin Dunne at the Metropolitan Gallery celebrating BBC America.



Bob Kerrey at Talent Unlimited High School for a meeting about the Center for Arts Education.



Matthew Modine and Alejandra Chichognani at Barneys New York for a party hosted by Vestimenta benefiting God's Love We Deliver.

Debra Winger and Katie Arnoldi at Charles Cowles Gallery to celebrate the publication of *Chemical Pink*, a novel by Arnoldi.

Kate Hudson and Jimmy Fallon at Tao.

Chad Smith, Flea, John Frusciante, and Anthony Kiedis at Irving Plaza.

Photograph: top right, Jeff Kravitz/Film Magic.

Its past far outshines its present. . . . The giants have gone, along with the good days and easy nights—Herb Caen

GOTHAM

G SPOTS
THIS WEEK IN NYC

Edited by Andrew Lee and Carl Swanson

Peter Vallone's election-year plan to ban smoking in bars: If he'd stop wearing that flammable hairpiece, he wouldn't need to worry so much.

Fresh Kills landfill closes: Finally, Staten Island will be able to complete its makeover as a tropical tourist destination.

Donald Trump says Frank Gehry's Guggenheim will ruin the skyline: And everyone knows that ruining the skyline is Trump's job.

N.J. gov nixes mall plans, calling Meadowlands "a precious area": But we thought that malls counted as "precious areas" in Jersey.

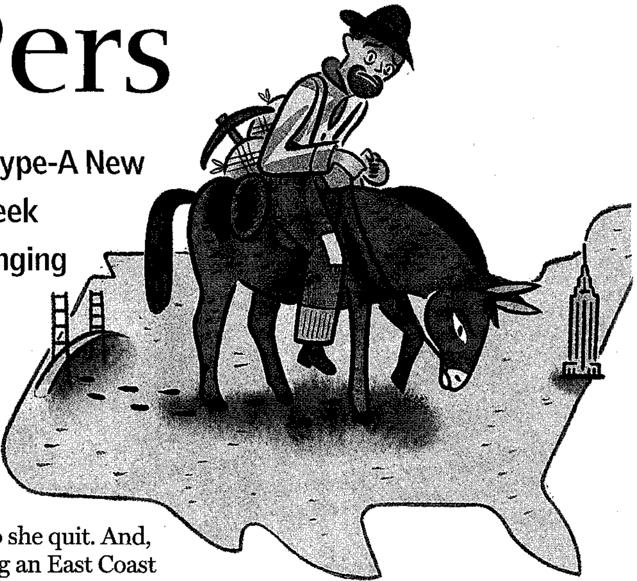
Two Boots Pizza plans IPO, national expansion: Remember when the only things coming out of the East Village were rats and heroin?

Overdesigned Lafayette Street restaurant Belgo shutters: Has the moules-frites bubble burst, too?

Dow hits two-year low: Throw in a crack war, and maybe rents will really go down.

GUY NICOLUCCI

The '99ers



The dot-com gold rush lured type-A New Yorkers to San Francisco to seek their fortunes. The bust is bringing them back. By Steve Bodow

It's always been beautiful, and except for an occasional earthquake, it's always been a more easygoing place to live than Manhattan. But San Francisco wasn't exactly the best place to be an ambitious young careerist—until the past few years. Awash in high-paying media and marketing jobs at dynamic (if unfeasible) companies, not to mention a triumphal sense that it *was* the future, the Bay Area seemed, for a time, the place to have it all.

Then the VCs turned off the taps. With their jobs vanishing but rents not near where they were pre-bubble, a number of New York refugees are trickling back East. Beth Kimmerle spent a year in S.F. before deciding to hit UNDO. Her job—developing a shopping area for the Mormon-owned MyFamily.com—demanded devotional hours without much promise of a big payout: "After a while, I woke up and said, *What am I doing? I'm investing in this company that's not going to be around much longer and is run by a bunch of freaks.*"

So she quit. And, being an East Coast type A, she made a list of things she'd been too busy for and took January off for Golden Gate bike rides and Napa Valley sojourns in a '68 Mercedes. She landed at JFK in early February.

Since then, she's started a company to license art for T-shirts and mugs and such. She could have done it out there, but New York motivates her: "It's not socially acceptable to be out of work, and that's very stimulating."

"Content producers" are returning as well. Michael Dolan, a former editor at the old *Details*, moved out West to be executive editor of college-lifestyle site BigWords.com last August. His wife, a freelance writer, followed soon after. "We really loved living there; it was beautiful. It's a big city, but it's relaxed," he says. But when BigWords folded, Dolan surveyed the Bay Area media scene and realized that "for a while, there was opportunity to do writing that was unrelated to Silicon Valley, general-interest-type stuff. But that went away." With Salon and *The Industry Standard* becoming less ambitious, what was left seemed too techie (or too provincial) for him. Now they're back.

Matt Schwartz moved to San Francisco to work for NextPlanetOver.com, an online comic-book seller (later bought and folded into eHobbies.com). "Six or seven of us went out there," he says. Almost all have returned to New York; he came back last fall. "There's only so long you can stay out there now without getting depressed about what's going on," he says. "If I'm not going to like my job, I might as well come back to New York and not like my job."

Photographs: this page from top, Richard B. Levine; AP Wide World (2); opposite page, John Barrett/Globe Photos.
Illustrations: this page, Michael Klein; opposite page from top, Chuck Gonzales; Michael Witte.

Revivalism

Prep Back

For anyone who spent her youth in Top-Siders, the colors pink and green can conjure up a pimply, not-so-distant age when collars were up, Ray-Bans were huge, and Jake Ryan was a hunk-god in his oxford-cloth shirt and pleated khakis. But suddenly, all the Izod shirts, espadrilles, and bluchers (from L.L. Bean, natch, with barrel-knotted laces) that were such a uniform less than twenty years ago have seismic cultural force—Wink! Michael Kors! Lord & Taylor's full-color "Prep Rally" campaign! (*Vogue*'s March fashion how-to even plugged *The Preppy Handbook*.) Just in time for Bush II, and this *Caddyshack* presidency of his, the preppy look is back. But can anyone stomach actually wearing this stuff again?

For some fashion followers, the return of preppy brings a kind of regressive narcissism. "I was actually pretty cool in sixth grade!" says Abby Messitte, who grew up to be the co-director of an art gallery. "I just saw those whale belts for sale, and it made me feel really good." She can't wait to get her hands on headbands and Pappagallo purses and, it seems, everything pure and simple that came with them. "It was the age of innocence," she says, sighing.

But monogramming isn't always so comforting. "I just can't bring myself to wear that stuff again," declares Beth Gordon, whose suburban Jersey childhood was heavy on Fair Isle sweaters.

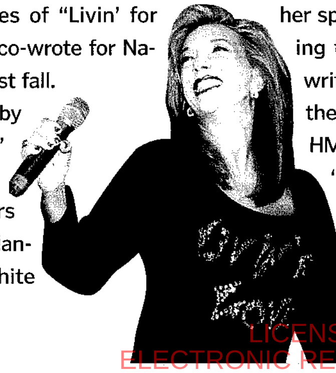
It was a time when all of John Hughes's cool kids had BMWs and big nouveau-Tudor houses and the president weekended in Kennebunkport. "Until I was 18, I could only remember Reagan being president, and then, of course, we got Bush," says Anna LeVine, a 31-year-old photographer. "Our entire adolescence was taken up with the most culturally conservative time. When I was living through it, I never thought of it as having any character."

So maybe it's infantilizing. But can it also be about redeeming your most mortifying metal-mouthed years? "I have more command over it now than before," says novelist Brian Keith Jackson, who owns several pieces from Ralph Lauren's eighties-recycled spring line, some in eggshell yellow. "Before, it was a uniform, and now I feel like it's fun. *I'm* defining *it*. I mean, I'm gonna mix it with Phat Farm."

Or maybe it's just for infants. Gordon admits to buying "khakis for my kids with little web belts attached. And mini blucher moccasins. *I* can't repeat it, but on them . . . it's cute." AMY LAROCCA

Marketing

Making Denise Richer



Notoriety almost always translates into record sales—think Columbine and Marilyn Manson—even for the Fifth Avenue set. The Pardongate controversy has been boosting sales of "Livin' for Love," the single Denise Rich co-wrote for Natalie Cole that was released last fall. "In late January, sales went up by about 900 units per week," says a spokesperson for SoundScan, which monitors record sales. HMV stores in Manhattan even affixed large white stickers reading WRITTEN BY DENISE RICH to the cover of the Cole CD single. Rich doesn't seem to mind: "I think the popularity of the song is amazing," gushed her spokesperson, "and it's even more amazing that a record store would put a songwriter's name up there with the artist." Of the sales spike, Duane Free, manager of the HMV on 46th Street and Fifth Avenue, says, "Things like this happen when there are promotional tie-ins with television programs." So, would Pardongate be the tie-in here? "Uh, yes." ETHAN BROWN

THE BIG QUESTION

The population of New York has topped 8 million. Where *are* all these new people?

Carolyn Maloney, congresswoman: "Crammed into the Lexington Avenue subway, because we don't have a Second Avenue line."

Mike Albo, author of *Hornito:* "I think they suddenly materialized from within one of those huge, strangely clean NYU dorms that keep popping up in my neighborhood."

Elizabeth Wurtzel, author of *Radical Sanity:* "They're living in taxis that are no longer available to the rest of us. It used to be easy—I could flag down a New York cab in Boston. Now they're nowhere."

Gene Russianoff, Straphangers Campaign head: "On my desk, for all I know."

Ivana Trump, CEO, Ivana, Inc.: "They all seem to be jamming the highways coming and going from New York and filling up the streets. *Everyone* wants to live here—who can blame them?"

Cindy Adams, gossipeuse: "One hundred thousand are waiting for some snotty salesgirl in Bergdorf's, 100,000 are on hold with NYNEX or Verizon or AT&T or Lucent or whatever the frick the company is called now, 100,000 are arguing with Time Warner—*it's not the TV set, it's your cable!*—and the rest are stuck in traffic." JADA YUAN

Real Estate EDITED BY CARL SWANSON

Vulture Culture

One little market crash, and the scavengers are circling. But sellers won't let them get something for nothing.

As the media do their victory lap around the twitching corpse of the bull market, beleaguered real-estate brokers are facing down scavengers fixated on the art of the steal. "Expectations are different from reality right now," says Barbara Fox, president of the Fox Residential Group.

David Goldsmith, a broker at DG Neary Realty, just had it happen: "The asking price is a million two," he says of a place he's selling on West End Avenue. "This guy had friends look at it—he's an investment banker in California who's coming back to New York. He sees these articles in the paper and throws us out this offer of $900,000. We tell him to drop dead. So after marching around, seeing a whole bunch of places, he threw us out another low offer, somewhere below a million." Goldsmith once again suggested that he, ah, *adjust his thinking*. Eventually, he offered $1.15 million, and they went to contract.

Buyers "only want to hear about reductions," says Douglas Elliman's Linda Stein. Ruth Goldsmith (no relation to David), president of J.D. Ross Realty, sees it daily. "They say, *We want a two-bedroom, we don't want to spend more than $350,000*. . . . I sent a woman to one place, and she says, 'I don't want to pay more maintenance,' and I say, 'Well, you want a bigger apartment? You'll have to get a bigger maintenance.' They have to get real. I laugh."

Fox, who recalls when the 1975 bankruptcy slump meant "apartments that now sell for $5 million were $250,000," says that any change in prices will take time: There's "a definite lag behind the stock market." But it doesn't stop buyers from trying to negotiate. One broker says that some are trying to reduce their offers after signing contracts ("I had a wife who'd signed and the husband refused until it went down $100,000"). The result? "You have a lot of fights." And meanwhile, the real bottom-feeders—the salarymen who were left out of the jackpot culture altogether—are holding off until the market really does tank.

CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

Out of the Kitchen

Deals in the Oven

Some things are still cookin' in real estate. TV chef **Emeril Lagasse** wanted an apartment, and—*bam!*—he got one, even though its owner had planned on moving in just two days later. Douglas Elliman's Michael Shvo had just sold a 1,600-square-foot, southern-view two-bedroom in the Bridge Tower to a J.P. Morgan guy for about $1 million. But Shvo also represented Lagasse, whose appearances on the Food Network and new gig with NBC required that he spend more time here. Emeril convinced the Wall Streeter to change his plans and rent it to him for $8,000 a month (he "wouldn't have rented to anyone but Emeril," says a source). Meanwhile, across town, the estate of flamboyant restaurateur Warner LeRoy was trying out brokers to sell the 8,000-square-foot duplex he'd assembled on the 59th and 60th floors of 3 Lincoln Center for about $25 million, ice sculptures not included.

MORGAN GOLDBERG

Big Deals

Sutton Place

435 East 52nd Street

4-bed, 4-bath, 5,000-square-foot co-op. Ask: $10 million. Sell: $8.475 million. Maintenance: $6,900. Five months on market.

After making it past a co-op board that rejected Gloria Vanderbilt and Richard Nixon (but accepted Henry Kissinger), the newest residents of the elegant River House have set to work on recombining two apartments into their original fourteen-room sprawl. Now that they're in, they never have to leave: The building's equally exclusive River Club downstairs features a swimming pool, tennis courts, and a ballroom, though its yacht mooring out back was replaced by the FDR Drive. The buyer's brokers, Douglas Elliman's Drew Glick and Richard Ferrari, nervously declined to comment.

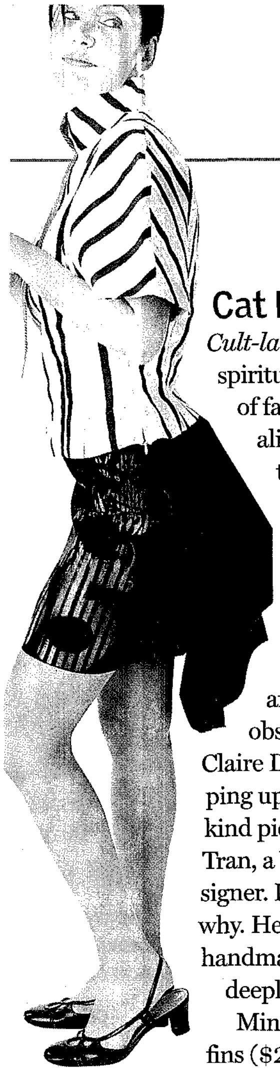
SoHo

37 Greene Street

2-bed, 2-bath, 3,100-square-foot condo. Ask: $1.45 million. Sell: $1.81 million. Charges and taxes: $524. One year on market.

"Not too many people will pay $1.8 million for a five-floor walk-up," says broker Susan Penzner of her vigorous buyers, an actress and attorney who have moved into their loft even though the building's new elevator doesn't work yet. The couple had already waited nearly a year for the sale to close, as the former doll factory made the bumpy transition from a friendly limited-liability partnership between a group of artists to a condo. In a sign that the artists haven't totally abandoned SoHo, a well-known photographer bought the floor below for $1.775 million. EMILY GITTER

Photograph by Robin Platzer/Twin Images. Illustration by Robert Kopecky.

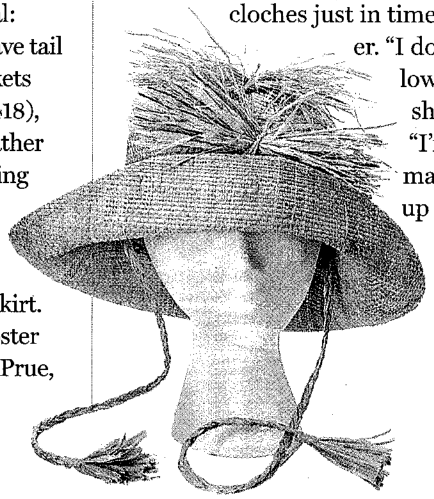


Cat Power

Cult-label alert! Björk, spiritual godmother of fashion individualists, has given it the nod, so it's official: Moi et Cat, a small label from London, is this spring's most-sought-after line. Style-obsessed stars like Claire Danes are snapping up the one-of-a-kind pieces by Moi Tran, a Vietnamese designer. It's easy to see why. Her clothes have a handmade feel and are deeply unusual: Miniskirts have tail fins ($286), jackets have neck ruffles ($418), and an asymmetrical dress has leather ruching and other delirious detailing ($494). It's not, alas, for the insecure—be prepared to explain why there is an embroidered couple making out in the corner of your skirt. (Available at Steven Alan, 60 Wooster Street, 212-334-6354; and Hedra Prue, 281 Mott Street, 212-343-9205.)

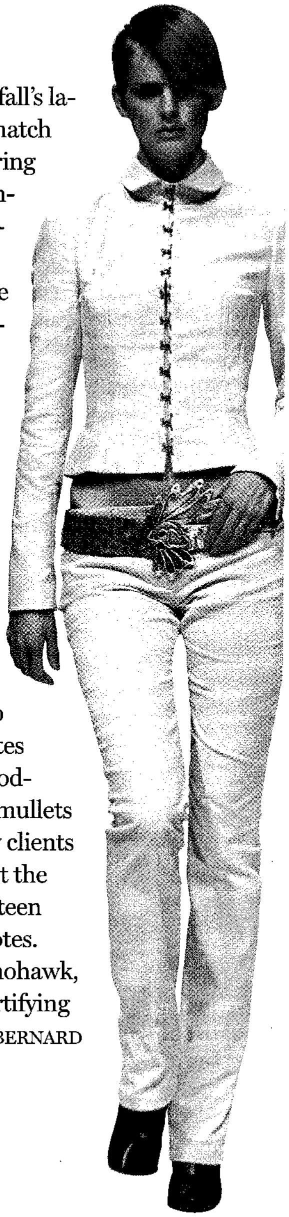
A Head for Business

For seventeen years, Amy Downs had a hat shop on the corner of Ludlow and Stanton Streets, and she became—thanks to her diverse and quirky selection of hats for men and women—milliner to the neighborhood's artists and general-interest hipsters. "Heads are made for hats!" she says of her calling. But then last year's turbo-charged real-estate market priced her right out of the neighborhood. "They think it's the big, fancy place!" she says about the Lower East Side with a laugh. But good news for aspiring Isabella Blow types: Downs has found a new spot on a grungy stretch of 14th Street (227 East 14th Street; 212-358-8756) and stocked it full of funky fedoras and colorful cloches just in time for Easter. "I don't follow trends," she says. "I'm just making it up myself."

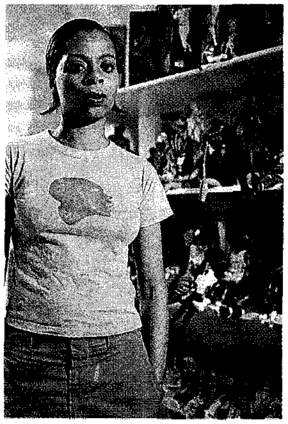


Side Swiped

If you passed on last fall's ladylike bob, you can match your punk-tinged spring wardrobe with the undercut, a drastic hairstyle in which the sides of one's head are shaved but long, floppy layers are left on top. The part-skate punk, part-A Flock of Seagulls look has steadily gathered steam, showing up in rag-trade layouts, on the fall runways, and in Gucci ads. "It's kind of ugly, kind of cool," says Nick Arrojo of Arrojo Cutler salon, who notes that in addition to models—who even sport mullets if they're in style—lay clients have begun to request the haircut. "I've done fifteen since January!" he notes. Not as bad-ass as a mohawk, perhaps, but less mortifying to grow in. SARAH BERNARD



Smart Set



Robin Newland

Although Robin Newland has styled Missy Elliott, Whitney Houston, and 'N Sync, there's nobody she likes dressing up more than her dolls. Newland has thousands of them: GI Joes, Barbies, sports figures like Joe Montana and Muhammad Ali with enormous, plastic pecs—all dressed in miniature hooded sweatshirts or baggy, belted shorts, replicas of the street style she has brought into the mainstream via countless videos and photo shoots. Newland and her dolls are the subject of *Girls and Dolls,* a critically praised, prize-winning documentary by Drena De Niro (daughter of Robert) that premiered in New York two weeks ago—in front of an audience that included Newland's mentor, Patricia Field—and will be shown in June on PBS. The film tells the story of Newland's evolution from a poor girl in the Bronx to an incredibly influential stylist credited with, among other things, pioneering Lauryn Hill's hip, denim look. The dolls are a big part of her story. "They saved my life," Newland says, showing off a Japanese Steve McQueen with incredibly mobile joints. "No matter what was going on, they were there with me. Everything I figured out, I figured it out on my dolls."

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Andrew McCaul; Liz Steger; Retna Ltd.; Nick Ruechel. Hair and makeup for portrait by Lanier Long.

Michael Wolff THIS MEDIA LIFE

Leading Indicator

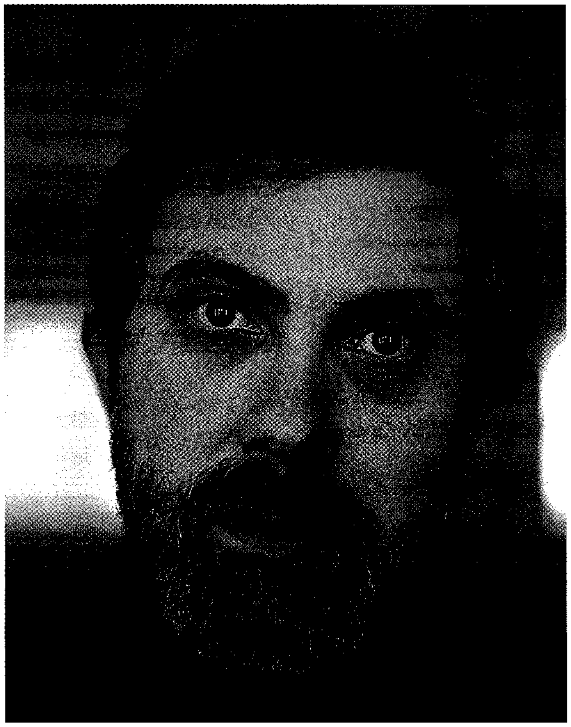
Who is *Times* columnist Paul Krugman and why is he saying those terrible things about Alan Greenspan?

DPAUL KRUGMAN, THE *TIMES* OP-ED COLUMnist on economic matters, thinks Alan Greenspan is the biggest idiot since whoever it is who runs the Bank of Japan (surely the world's greatest idiot).

Almost all the ringleaders of the boom are in a similar image free fall. Goldman analyst Abby Joseph Cohen, the prim, no-nonsense optimist with a pioneer-lady look, still predicting the Dow will go to 13,000, is a ridiculous figure now; Morgan's aggressive and implacable Mary Meeker seems almost demented; only Treasury Secretary Bob Rubin, crisp and Merlin-esque, seems like a fond memory, no doubt because he is safe at Citibank. As for Greenspan, until a short while ago, he was God, for all secular purposes. Now he's a boob.

I've come down to Princeton to see Krugman, who in his other day job is a professor at the Woodrow Wilson School. I've been dutifully reading Krugman's twice-weekly columns since he took over the spot at the *Times* a year and a half ago, but in truth, he's had a certain invisibility. The good times obscured him. Now, though, since the economy's gone into the crapper, he's clearly starting to find himself. I think he's possibly on the verge of becoming the voice of gloom. *The Voice.* The inverse of Abby Joseph Cohen. The wake-up-and-smell-the-coffee guy. *According to Paul Krugman . . .* may soon have a deep and frightening echo.

I make him as the guy who took down Greenspan. This was major—up until he said it, nobody'd said it. And as soon as he said it—that the guy is a political hack, sucking up to Bush, ignoring the market meltdown—it seemed obvious, and suddenly everybody was saying it. But this was a big, ballsy move (my sources at the *Times* tell me there was lots of clucking—even at the *Times* you don't go up against Greenspan lightly).



He stoops to conquer: Paul Krugman.

Then—and this has all kinds of media-culture implications—he's the first guy in a generation who's been allowed to talk about money in a big-time way who isn't rich (I tried, without success, to get a glimpse at the kind of car he drives). With all the other economic analysts and bureaucrats and *momzers,* it was like we shared their wealth. A good economy was their tip to us. Krugman, however, is just a salary guy (although he does have two jobs).

Indeed, Krugman doesn't seem to have been swayed in any way by the New Economy (you might say that he had his tail between his legs during the long boom). The hot macro event in his economic world wasn't the U.S. expansion but the Japanese collapse. The fragility of our assumptions, the quickness of the turnarounds, the certain end of it all, is what gets him going.

"I am sensitive," he says grimly, "to things going wrong."

And, most important, it is Krugman who, almost alone among a pushover press, has, for nearly a year now, characterized the Bush economic proposals as reckless and irresponsible, and the Bush people who have vouched for the numbers in these proposals as incompetents or liars.

Honestly, though, my interest is not so much in the merits of his case but in his presentation. I'm curious about what he looks like; how he acts; what his shtick is. I want to look the face of gloom in the eye—and try to gauge how it will play.

How big, I want to know, can he get?

HE SITS IN A MESSY OFFICE IN jeans and a baggy sweater. He moved down to Princeton from MIT last summer and is still not unpacked. At 48, he has a barely gray-streaked dark beard and a barely gray-streaked mop of dark hair—and in the middle a pink baby face. Significantly, he doesn't look like an entrepreneur or analyst or financial engineer or Beltway guy—or any of those types who seem to grow more and more discredited every day. Krugman is your basic academic—unfriendly, condescending, abrupt. I'm not sure, actually, how different that is from the boom types, but they were certainly salesmen, and clearly he is not.

Right away, we get off on a bad foot when I ask about his media persona—where he sees himself fitting in in the economic sweeps.

Photograph by Martin Schoeller/Corbis Saba.

I try to explain my view here: It's not just the stock market that took off in the eighties but economic news as a great popular pastime. With the end of the Cold War, the economy supplanted nuclear destruction as the thing in the middle of the table of politics and culture. By the mid-nineties, business, the markets, and economic forecasting became the most profitable, and fastest-growing, area of media interest. We check in on the economy as we might follow war reports. (The tenor of the recent coverage, as we move from boom to bust, surely has an element of moving from peace to war.) Certainly, Abby Joseph Cohen, Mary Meeker, Bob Rubin, and Alan Greenspan have learned that the economy is a story, and that every story has to have its characters and competing voices—from news releases to cable chatter to Greenspan's mutterings.

Indeed, Krugman got his twice-weekly spot on the New York *Times* op-ed page, the most coveted spot in journalism, not just because his liberal economics are the *Times*'s liberal economics but because it was the height of the boom. The *Times* had never had someone covering economics on the op-ed page—but all of a sudden the economy was the biggest story in the country. It was bigger than politics. Howell Raines, the *Times'* editorial-page editor, told Krugman that the op-ed page had several people talking regularly about Israel but no one talking about the economy. How out of it was that?

Before the *Times*, Krugman had been at Slate; he'd had a column in *Fortune* too, and before that he'd written a book called *The Age of Diminished Expectations*. Plus, he had a rep for being the Democratic free-trade go-to guy—if you needed a quote, you called Krugman.

"You've been developing your brand," I say (realizing, too late, that I'm using a discredited boom word).

"My brand," he says, caustically.

I'm not surprised that Krugman resists this—not many Princeton guys or *Times* guys are openly comfortable with the black arts of self-promotion and the celebrification process. (I wonder if Greenspan was once media-averse, too?) Krugman also seems to think that when I say media, I mean glamour. He doesn't go to New York or Washington parties, he protests—or even get invited to them.

Then, too, I'll bet the gloomsters, quite in character, *like* to think they're on the outside looking in; whereas the boomsters definitely considered themselves the center of the universe.

"You're not talking about anything that is relevant to me," he says.

Clearly, though, I say, the boom was hot—now the bust is hot. This, not illogically, will give him and other doomers the kind of authority and visibility that the boomers had.

He resists this point—it's not just ingenuousness, I don't think, but also a kind of commercial contempt.

Possibly it's a kind of academic-class disdain. For a second, I think of the Galbraithian hauteur, but Galbraith was a glamour-puss in his own right; Krugman, I suspect, is a puritan. (He refers to Galbraith, whose shadow falls on all media-active economists, as a people's economist rather than as a professional's economist; Galbraith, in other words, unlike Krugman, couldn't do the math.)

I try again to argue that economics has become a media discipline—that it's not just the math you have to understand but the nature of the message (which starts to sound like one of those absolutely obvious economic formulations that they give Nobel Prizes for). You represent the message. You become the message. It's all about who's a player.

"The face of this New Economy (or New *New*) will be, I can see now, a bit pillish, definitely moralistic, certainly **much less fun** than the old New Economy."

I absorb his withering annoyance and condescension.

The face of this New Economy (or New *New*) will be, I can see now, a bit pillish, definitely moralistic, certainly much less fun than the old New Economy.

He tells me how many serious papers he's written and that he's the recipient of the John Bates Clark Medal, which is, he says, the next best thing to the Nobel. "It's actually scarcer than the Nobel," he amends. Larry Summers, he adds, got it in the next go-round. The boom economy was a hyped economy, he says (which is exactly my point). Whereas he sees himself as anti-hype ("On the other hand, no one really sees himself as pro-hype," I say). So many of the people, he says, who talk about economics for the media are people just interested in the drama—"up-and-down economics" he calls what they practice. "I don't," he says, "get my jollies out of that."

It seems important for him not to see himself as doing what people do on cable who talk about the economy (when he says "CNBC," it's with the greatest contempt).

"I'm not going to change who I am," he says (which, it strikes me, everyone who is in the throes of change says).

SO, MODESTY, EMBARRASSMENT, AMBIVALENCE (the way he talks about Larry Summers strongly indicates he's thought the fame thoughts). But possibly, too, as an economist, he is afraid of the implications of his own potential celebrity. He knows that the nature of the forces moving the economy are softer, stranger, more un-economic than ever before. The science becomes ever more dismal when you add media to it.

The day after Greenspan's timid rate cut last week (we now, I notice, refer to the Fed's Open Market Committee with striking familiarity) and the market's big tumble, Krugman's column was all about perception (he called it psychology, but he meant perception). Confidence. Credibility. *Image*. There was no math here. Krugman's analysis had entirely to do with show, with symbols, with heroes and villains, stand-up guys and wimps. Greenspan wimped out was the Krugman analysis—putting him on a par with his nudnik Japanese counterpart. He looked weak. He looked afraid. He failed to do what the drama demanded he do. He disappointed us.

The economy, in other words, is in our heads (Bill Clinton's expansive, reckless, casual economy versus George Bush's stricter, meaner, dressier one).

Krugman's message is not so much that Greenspan has the wrong economics, or the wrong theory, but that he played his part wrong. Greenspan is no longer the confidence builder, no longer the hero. A good economy depended in part on our trust in Alan—and he is squandering that.

Now, what Krugman is also possibly saying is that Greenspan's fault lies in becoming a media whore (you live by the media, you die by it). And possibly what Krugman is saying to me—all his demurring—is that if he ever gets to be Greenspan (or Rubin or Summers or whatever onward-and-upward career path he imagines), he doesn't want to make the same mistake. He doesn't want to become the story. He doesn't believe it has to get personal.

I think Krugman is on his way—but he has a lot to learn about economics. ■

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Michael Tomasky THE CITY POLITIC

Who's Off First

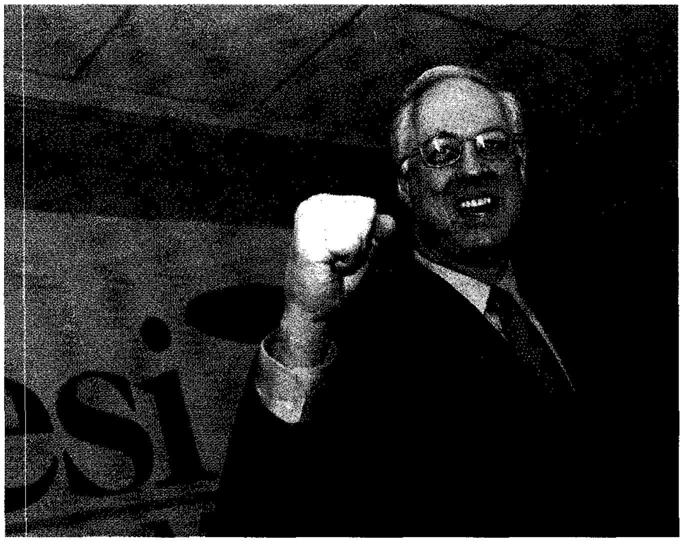
Alan Hevesi beat the pack to declare his candidacy for mayor. But could he ever be pronounced the winner when many can't pronounce his name?

THE FORMAL ANNOUNCEMENT, ONCE A signal event in any campaign that ensured at least a day of favorable coverage, has undergone some reexamination in our age of spin, backspin, and counter-spin. Rudy Giuliani never cared much for the practice; people know who I am, he'd say, and obviously they know I'm running, because why else would I be bouncing around the city scarfing down knishes? At the other extreme, Hillary Clinton last year held one of DeMilleian proportions, with everyone (save her immediate family, which happened to include the president of the United States) from Pat Moynihan to an Ithaca high-schooler offering testimonials.

The media's verdict? Rudy was right. Everyone did indeed know he was running, until of course he wasn't; and the festival of Hillary, which mostly invited catty press commentary about her posters and her salad-making abilities, was judged something of a dud. The formal announcement has come to feel like something out of a badly written political TV movie, like a politician's saying, "I'm glad you asked me that."

So why did Comptroller Alan Hevesi decide to become the first mayoral candidate to submit to the ritual, which he did last Tuesday afternoon in a cleverly too-small (and therefore overflowing) ballroom at the Sheraton? Tradition-bound responses usually arise from traditional problems, and Hevesi's problem is as old as democracy itself. In a multi-candidate field, somebody has to be in last place. This year, that happens to be him.

And so last week he made his move. A press conference Sunday about nursing-home funding. The leak last Monday evening, right around the dailies' deadline time, that he would announce, and then the announcement itself, ensuring that the event made the papers not once but twice. A major education speech last Wednesday, at which teachers' union president Randi Weingarten happened to be in attendance, saying very nice things about the plan. And finally, the first TV spots of the campaign, unveiled by his consultant, Hank Morris, late last week. Five days of mostly positive stories. So he's taxied away from the gate; can he achieve liftoff?



Pressed conference: Alan Hevesi declares his mayoral candidacy.

Photograph by Richard B. Levine.

SO FAR, ABOUT HALF OF THE CITY, ACCORDing to polls, doesn't know who Hevesi is. His physical presence, aside from his height, isn't particularly striking. Though handsome enough, he's one of those guys who look like a lot of guys, and I suspect the average citizen has to see him a few times to place him. Even his name is open to interpretation (it's HEH-vuh-see), and his aides go so far as to suggest that one reason he's registering poorly in polls right now may be that the lackadaisical undergraduates who actually do the telephoning for these polls are mispronouncing his name half the time. I've been a poll respondent, and, believe me, this is not as far-fetched as it sounds.

So what's the battle plan? Patience, says Hank Morris. "He's the class of the field," Morris says. "He's the only one with fiscal and legislative experience. A leader on abortion rights and gay rights. Passed 108 laws. It's a story that's just waiting to be told, and we're going to tell it."

New York political history is strewn with the corpses of candidates who were front-runners when the forsythia started blooming, and it's a history that Morris knows particularly well. In 1993, Hevesi challenged incumbent comptroller Liz Holtzman. As late as June of that year, Hevesi registered at 4 percent in one poll; he finished first among three candidates in the September primary and then clubbed Holtzman in a runoff. In the spring of 1998, another Morris client named Chuck Schumer was running third behind Geraldine Ferraro and Mark Green. You know what happened there.

"Hevesi can take off," says consultant Norman Adler, who doesn't have a horse in this race, "and the reason is that there are no planes flying. Forty percent of the electorate doesn't know who's running. And of the other 60 percent, I'd say a vast majority could move. Early polls remind me of TV psychics. They ought to put FOR ENTERTAINMENT VALUE ONLY across the bottom."

Adler's right. Forget the polls you've

seen and the polls you will see in the next three months and remember this one. A *Times* exit poll from that '98 Senate primary showed that 39 percent of voters settled on a candidate in the final week of the race. Most of them rushed to Schumer, who by then had the smell of victory about him. This year, the Democratic primary is September 11. You can start watching in late August.

However, that doesn't change the fact that a few hundred of us are already watching, and since we're the few hundred who decide who's up, down, in, and out, Hevesi will need a breakout moment or two. Insiders will sniff if he doesn't inch up in the next round of polling. Weingarten is said to want to endorse him, which would be a nice morale boost if it happened.

He needs, most of all, to sell his angle. Bronx borough president Fernando Ferrer has introduced the expression *Rudy-lite* into the campaign, by way of insisting that he's not. Hevesi is running as Ferrer's exact opposite. He and Morris are gambling that Rudy-lite is exactly what voters want. There is a base to support both arguments, and then there are voters in-between who go back and forth on the question. The candidate who closes the deal with the last group is the one who will win, and right now that's neither Hevesi nor Ferrer but Mark Green, who has straddled the two sides of the post-Rudy fence most adroitly so far.

Morris has completed Hail Marys before. Of course, it bears remembering that in 1993, Hevesi benefited from the fact that Holtzman was hit with the only scandal of her career, and it crescendoed exactly as the primary approached. If that hadn't happened, Hevesi would not have defeated her. And with regard to the Schumer miracle of 1998, let's just say that $8.2 million—the amount Schumer spent as his opponents spent a fraction of that—has a way of helping to make miracles happen. On the topic of money, all candidates have agreed to a $5.5 million spending cap, so no one will have an advantage there. And one doubts that Hevesi can bank on a Mark Green scandal (although Morris, who has a fondness for going negative, may try to create one). But the first order of business is to make sure voters know how to say "Hevesi." ■

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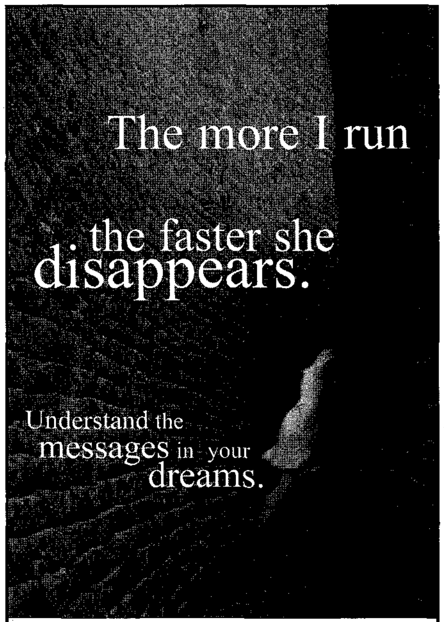

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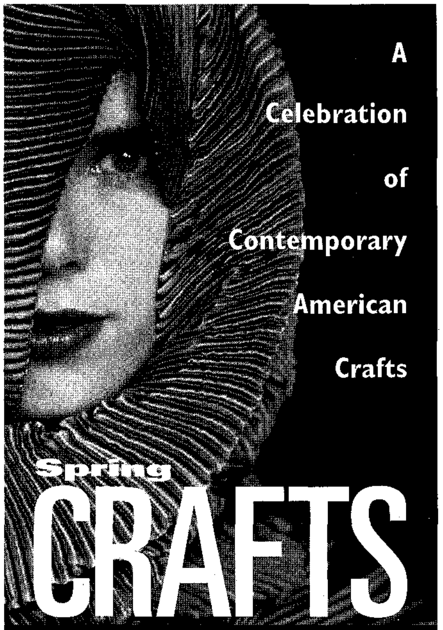

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Tucker Carlson THE NATIONAL INTEREST

March of Dimes

Granny D.'s campaign-finance-reform campaign has the style of a Frank Capra movie. Does it have the substance of one, too?

MY 4-YEAR-OLD ISN'T INTERESTED IN CAMpaign-finance reform. I learned this the other night when Granny D., a 91-year-old campaign-finance-reform activist from New Hampshire, came over to the house to meet my kids.

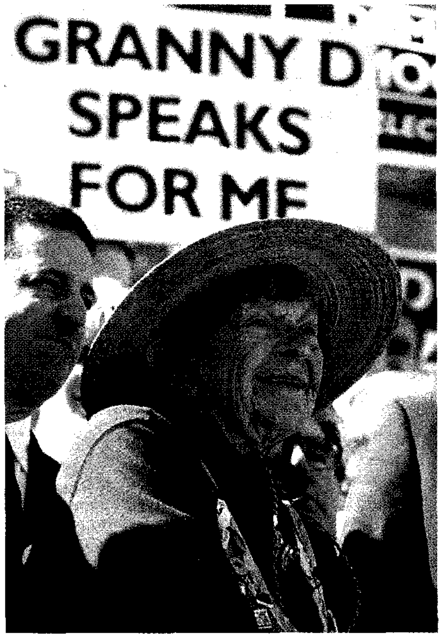
You may not have heard of her, but Granny D. is huge in certain circles. A couple of years ago, when she was still Doris Haddock, a retired shoe-factory employee living on Social Security, Granny D. set out to walk across the United States. Her mission: to wake America to the corrupting influence of big money in politics. She started in Pasadena and walked east, ten miles a day, six days a week, until she reached Washington, D.C. The trip took fourteen months. She did interviews with newspapers and television stations virtually every day. By the end, she was a B-grade folk hero.

Granny D. is still on the road. She came to Washington last week to lead rallies in support of the McCain-Feingold campaign-finance-reform bill. "Why don't you bring her back to your house?" asked the guy who was handling her press. He seemed to think she'd make a good interview but didn't want to risk my being mean. "That way you couldn't skewer her too much once your family fell in love with her," he added.

I thought he was kidding. He wasn't; and the next night, Granny D. was standing in my living room explaining campaign-finance reform to three small children in pajamas. They were sleepy, but they perked up when she mentioned John McCain. My kids don't know anything about politics, but they understand John McCain. Most kids do: The bad guys tried to make John McCain criticize America. He wouldn't. The bad guys kept him in prison and tortured him. Therefore, John McCain is a hero.

That was their understanding. But Granny D. added a twist. "John McCain," she explained, "is very brave because he is going against most of his colleagues and stands up for campaign-finance reform." My son looked confused. I could tell he wanted to ask if "colleagues" meant "bad guys."

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT CAMPAIGN-finance reform that can give otherwise-normal people a faraway look. Warren Beatty once kept me on the phone for more than an hour speechifying earnestly about why all federal campaigns should be paid for by tax dollars. It was a beautiful day in Los Angeles, and I wondered: Doesn't he have anything better to do? You'd think a guy with his hobbies could find something more interesting to talk about. Then it struck me: To Beatty, nothing was more interesting, because nothing else unraveled so many vexing and seemingly unrelated mysteries. Nothing else shed so much light on the way the world works.



We shall overcome: Granny D. on the Hill.

This is the beauty of campaign-finance reform: It doesn't just explain why lobbyists exist. It explains why bad things happen. It's a theological concept. The Theory of Everything.

Look at it right, and there is almost nothing imperfect or unjust about American society that can't be explained by the way campaigns are financed. Pollution. Low test scores. HMOs. Racial tension. Lopsided tax cuts. Global warming. The new bankruptcy bill. In every case, these are evils visited upon America by bad campaign-finance laws. It's that simple. Ask the campaign reformers. They'll tell you so, without embarrassment.

It's exciting once you understand the code. Salon.com maintains an entire archive of stories about campaign-finance reform. Collectively, they explain a lot. Ever wonder why California is having an energy crisis? Confused as to how an American submarine could have accidentally sunk a Japanese fishing trawler? There's a three-word answer waiting for you online.

At some point, you begin to wonder if this is really a debate about public policy, or if it's a religious denomination. Administer the test yourself: Scroll through Salon's archives. Replace "permissive campaign-finance laws" with "malevolent spirits." You'll find that the tone and logic of the stories remain essentially unchanged.

On the other hand, this isn't all superstition. Individuals and corporations and ideological groups do use money to influence legislation. This is a frustrating thought. But does it mean that democracy is a sham? And even if it does, what do you do about it? Ban certain forms of political advertising, as the McCain-Feingold bill proposes? Publicly finance all campaigns, as many good-government groups advocate? Maybe.

But what about the First Amendment? Do Americans, even those who belong to interest groups, suddenly not have a con-

Photograph by Alex Wong/Liaison Agency.

stitutional right to express their political views through advertising? And if you use tax dollars to fund campaigns, who decides which campaigns to fund? And what about candidates who want to fund their own campaigns? Can you prevent them from doing it?

It's not a conspiracy of moneyed special interests that has blocked campaign-finance reform. It's the details. They're complicated. Not that you'd know that by talking to the reformers.

THE FIRST THING YOU NOTICE ABOUT Granny D. is that she's old. Really old. She graduated from high school during the Coolidge administration.

She's amazingly spirited, considering. Despite arthritis and emphysema (Granny D. smoked Salems for 50 years), she gets around like a fit 70-year-old. The desire to separate money from politics fills her like a life force.

She wasn't always this way. The spirit first came over her in the mid-nineties, shortly after her husband died. One morning, she read an op-ed piece in the Boston *Globe* about legislation that had been influenced by a tobacco company. Outraged, she began collecting newspaper stories about campaign-finance reform. She filled one scrapbook, then another. Suddenly, before you could say "mission from God," she was trudging across the continent.

Not that this bothers me. I like religious people. The other day, I went to the Capitol to see Granny D. lead a march. Organized labor isn't supporting McCain-Feingold this year, so there weren't many people at the rally. Those who showed up tended to be young, intense, informed, and wearing black. These are the sort of lefties who still smoke. It was nice to see them.

And they love—absolutely love—Granny D. One speaker introduced her as the "personification of democracy." He likened her to Dorothy Day, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Rosa Parks. I heard someone else compare her "presence" to that of Martin Luther King Jr., one degree from holiness.

Granny D. looked embarrassed. She may believe this stuff, but she doesn't show it. Granny D. has ironic distance.

After her talk with my kids, Granny D. told me about the interesting people she had met while traveling. It sounded like a wonderful trip. You ought to do it, she said. You ought to walk across America. She grinned thinking about it. "It was fun," she said, "certainly more fun than staying home in New Hampshire, playing Scrabble with the shut-ins." ■

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MALE VANITY

YOU'RE SO VAIN

YOU PROBABLY THINK THIS STORY IS ABOUT YOU. AND IT IS IF YOU'RE AMONG THE NEW BREED OF URBAN MEN CLAMORING FOR FACE PEELS, HIP FASHION, EVEN CHIN IMPLANTS—ALL IN THE NAME OF GUY POWER. **BY ALEX WILLIAMS**

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IT'S A RAINY LATE-WINTER THURSDAY, AND A generation of former frat boys who never got over the Thursday-night beer bashes off-campus have re-created them at Light, a velvet-rope nightclub on East 54th Street, trading the Rolling Rocks for $10 Absoluts. Many work at the investment banks and white-shoe law firms that line Park Avenue.

It's a standard New York scene: moneyed young men in cobalt-blue button-down shirts blowing off the steam built up on the trading floor, as they did through the whole manic nineties boom.

But something's missing tonight—in particular, the boom itself. Drinks are still flowing, but the high-fives are few, and the post-closing-bell bellows have been dialed down twenty decibels or so. That smugness that stuck in your clothes like Camel smoke only a year ago—before the NASDAQ disappeared down an open manhole—is conspicuously absent.

"Look at these guys. They look like dorks," says a brooding 31-year-old man with a helmet of black hair. He's wearing a thin, black merino-wool Kenneth Cole sweater with a shallow V-neck. His grooming stands out more than his penetrating, judgmental eyes. He wears a tiny, meticulous Satan beard chiseled into a little diamond point on his chin. A pleasant, if indistinct, fragrance wafts gently around him. He is, however, a guy's guy. Do not forget that.

"Do I go for that kind of feminine grooming stuff? No way," he snaps. "Well, I get manicures, yeah," he allows. "But that's it."

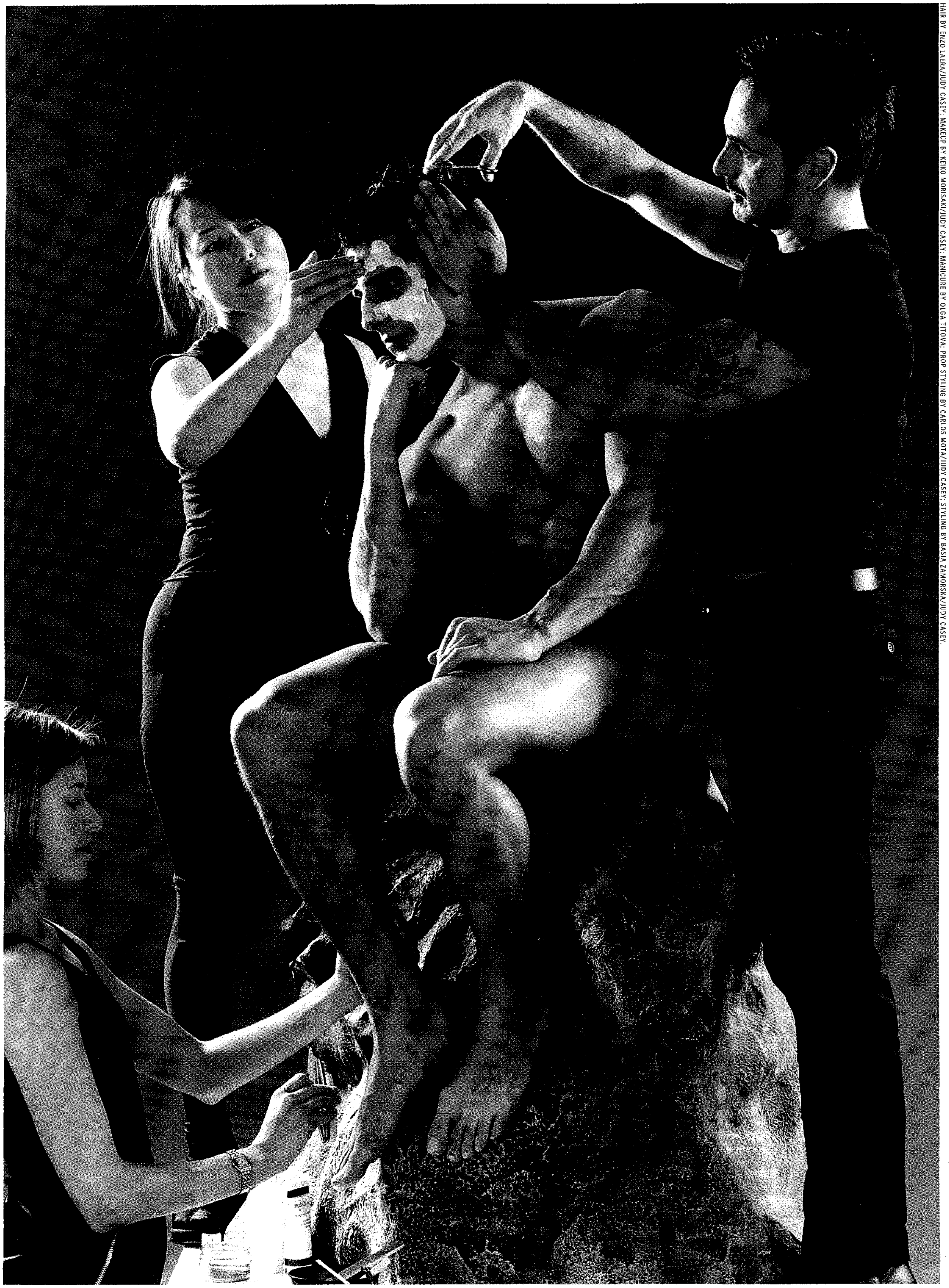
Well, that's not quite it. He also gets his hair cut every two weeks and frets as much as any Canyon Ranch–hand about those puffy lower eyelids, which sport Benicio Del Toro bags as dark as game-day eye-black. "I wouldn't mind something for my eyes. Concealer, maybe? I have these dark circles . . ." He shrugs. "Women are already doing this stuff. I guess you gotta meet them halfway."

A couple *yo dudes* away, a hollow-eyed guy in sports marketing is standing there sipping a Corona in that same Kenneth Cole, merino-wool sweater with that shallow V-neck.

"Yeah, it's weird. All my friends are going for manicures all of a sudden," he says. "I think they're just going for, you know, the 'massages' in back," he says, chuckling salaciously.

A young Swiss banker with a gel-flecked 'NSync–ish brush of hair has plenty of energy to expound on perfect grooming and the benefits accrued to building up "Brand Me": "A lot of people think I'm gay because I like to dress well, to look my best. But it's important. You need to stand out, whether at work or with women or whatever."

The bull may be slaughtered, but Power Pampering, strangely, is exploding in ways unthinkable even in the first great Age of Product, the go-go eighties. "You've seen *American Psycho*? The first five minutes, where he's getting dressed



HAIR BY ENZO LAERA/JUDY CASEY; MAKEUP BY KEIKO MORISAKI/JUDY CASEY; MANICURE BY OLGA TITOVA; PROP STYLING BY CARLOS MOTA/JUDY CASEY; STYLING BY BASIA ZAMORSKA/JUDY CASEY.

and using all those face creams and everything?" asks one square-jawed young man with the authority of a quarterback. "That's how it's done," he says, glowing with admiration. "*That's* the ideal."

The testosterone-soaked narcissism that emerged with gym culture has entered a new chapter.

"I get facials. And I'm such a regular at the nail salon, I've learned Korean," Marc Streisand tells me the next day. Streisand, 33, is the top lieutenant to high-end Upper East Side custom wardrobe designer David Lance. "I mean, I grew up in New Jersey playing sports. I used to *bite my nails*. But when I got into the business world, I'd be sitting across the table from guys making $5 million. They didn't just have the Rolex. They had perfectly manicured hands. You need the full presentation to match the personality. Women have always known this stuff."

The city's having its hangover moment right now. We partied. We woke up. We look like hell. Enter the responsible self-indulgence—the conspicuous consumption that is bag-free eyes, the affordable luxury that is a Kiehl's moisturizing mask. It's still indulgence, sure, but it's indulgence that might actually help you hold on to that tenuous analyst's salary until Silicon Alley—with its next round of options—finally rises from the ashes. These are scary days. What better time to hide behind the mask of Superman?

"THE AUDIENCE FOR ALL THIS IS NOT WOMEN," SAYS FEMINIST SUSAN FALUDI. "THIS IS MIRROR GAZING."

LOVE-HANDLED CORPORATE LAWYERS UNdergoing triple-oxygen facials. Television-sports producers anxiously debating the Atkins diet. Male-pattern-baldness-type corporate lawyers filling shopping bags with bottles of Clinique. At first glance, this explosion of male vanity might lead you to believe that men have at long last embraced their softer, feminized selves, 40 years after Betty Friedan fired the first salvo at the patriarchy. A decade after Iron John, are we all just giving up on our inner child in favor of our inner Marcus Schenkenberg?

"At first, it was just the curiosity factor. My wife got facials," says Jared Boshnack, 28, who works in production at ABC Sports and tried his first facial at Reebok Sports Club last year. "But the curiosity turned into a habit. I work hard, and I probably don't give myself enough treats on the side. Now I get manicures as well. I even forced one of my best friends to get one before his wedding. Hey, you look better, you feel better."

Often, the male primping impulse starts with a simple massage at a day spa—the need to decompress after a brutal day in corporate combat. But for men who begin down the road of ladies who lunch, that's not always where it stops.

"I always had a weak jaw. It runs in my family," confesses Dennis, 32, a management consultant. "And the way I looked made me feel very self-conscious, especially when I was dealing with female clients."

Six months ago, a friend got a chin implant. Dennis was surprised, but intrigued. It made a difference. Dennis dropped in for a consultation with a "hot" oral and maxillo surgeon (in an age when such a thing is possible), Dr. Mark Moses, on the Upper East Side. Moses showed Dennis a computer simulation of what he could do with chin and mandibular implants. One week and $3,500 later, Dennis was a retooled corporate warrior.

"People knew something was different, but they didn't know what had changed. I just looked better. They asked if I had lost weight," he says. "It gave me a more powerful jaw, a better profile. I'm no longer worried about how I look. I can just get down to business."

"These days," Dr. Moses says, "stuff like this has really just become an extension of working out."

Bruce, a television-news producer, recently skulked off to the dermatologist for the unthinkable: Botox, after seeing his wife eradicate her crow's-feet.

"I've got a lot of lines in my forehead. It's the only place I really show my age," says Bruce, 40. For $500, the doctor made about 30 tiny injections of botulism toxin along the frown lines traversing Bruce's brow, paralyzing, for six months, the muscles causing the trouble. "It feels a bit strange. You try to furrow your brow, or raise an eyebrow in skepticism, and you just can't. But nobody noticed, and I look five years younger."

A decade ago, psychologists estimated that one in ten people suffering eating disorders was a man. Now, some say, the figure could be as high as one in four.

Feminists are certainly intrigued to see the female Beauty Myth foisted upon men. Susan Faludi, author of the male-angst exegesis *Stiffed*, thinks the modern urban male's overnight Adonis Complex has everything to do with economic realities.

"There's been a shift from the Industrial Age to the so-called Information Age, which has crafted this new vision of what it means to be a man," Faludi says. "Instead of being based on work and brawn, it's all based on what you can buy and put on your body to prove your manhood. It's an ornamental vision of masculinity. The men who are the most susceptible are the men who feel their work is ephemeral. The more it's about pleasing other people instead of producing things, the more they buy into this."

"Appearance has become a class issue," *The Nation* columnist Katha Pollitt says. "The higher you go in the hierarchy, the more rigidly people have to display this self-control."

ALL CLOTHING BY DOLCE & GABBANA.

Feminists aren't the only ones taking note. "I've had conversations with a number of women who've said their 'Gaydar' doesn't work anymore. They can't figure out what a guy *is*," says Lionel Tiger, author of the curmudgeonly *Decline of Males*. "But I don't think this is a case of 'men getting in touch with their female sides.' Men are just doing things that will enhance their maleness."

To be sure, this is not an outbreak of campy androgyny. Nor is it dandyism. "The audience for all this is not women," Faludi says. "This is mirror-gazing."

It is, rather, a detectable shift by a generation of ambitious young urban males who have suddenly come to believe that by co-opting female and gay personal-care rituals, they can construct a more bulletproof masculinity. These products, these procedures, aren't Pentium Age peacock feathers. They're just a new suit of armor for the bloody corporate wars.

TEN THINGS THAT LOOK TOO GAY

Gay is good. Gay is great. But isn't sexual orientation so much more fun when you have to guess a little? **BY GLENN O'BRIEN**

1. CLOGS: If you are not a chef, or lack some other compelling podiatric reason for wearing them in public, clogs are a little too, uh, cloggy. It looks like you belong on a paint can or with your finger in a dike.

2. TOO INTERESTING FOOTWEAR: This includes anything that looks like it was once part of a pony. Or patent-leather shoes—especially white Guccis with hardware. The only reason for having a bit on your shoe is if you plan on putting your foot in your mouth.

3. TWO EARRINGS: I don't care if you're a power forward in the NBA, wearing earrings in both ears—especially matching ones—is a little too symmetrical. If *The Odd Couple* were made today, Felix Unger would wear two earrings.

4. LEATHER PANTS: Ooh, mack daddy! Where's the motorcycle? Probably parked at the Y-M-C-A.

5. SYNTHETIC-FUR COATS: The teddy-bear- or gorilla-looking variety—like the one that the spandex guy on *Queer as Folk* wears. There should be a People for the Ethical Treatment of Synthetics.

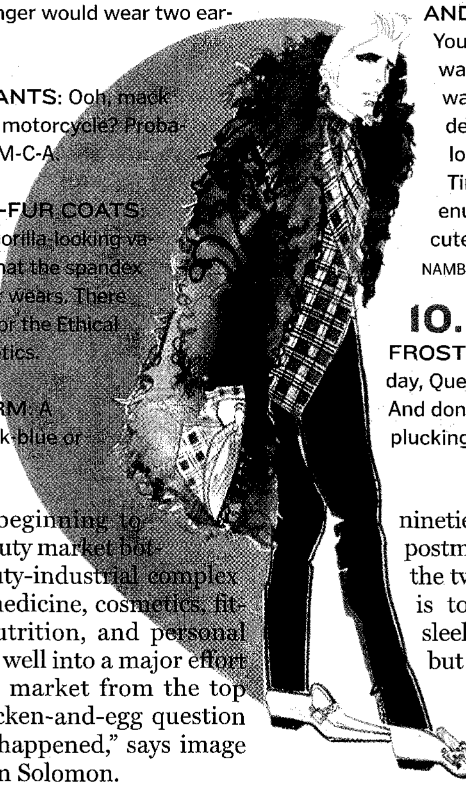
6. THE UNIFORM: A monochromatic dark-blue or black Gucci or Prada head-to-toe ensemble with peg-leg pants doesn't really make you look too gay—it makes you look too gay-hotel-doorman.

7. PATTERN ON PATTERN: A plaid buttondown under a plaid jacket with a Burberry tie? It might have looked good on that mannequin in the window—but he never moves. Too display-department.

8. TIGHT STRETCH SPANDEX OR LYCRA: Unnecessary muscles are way demodé, especially when worn in conjunction with tight T-shirts. Pumping irony is much preferable.

9. GOATEES, CHIN PUBES, AND TIN TIN HAIRCUTS: You know that butch crop, waxed up in the front like a wave about to break? Suddenly, there are an awful lot of guys who look like Tin Tin on lower Eighth Avenue—and even he looked cuter when he was 12. Too NAMBLA.

10. BLEACHED OR FROSTED HAIR: Billy Idol today, Quentin Crisp tomorrow. And don't even *think* about plucking your eyebrows.



SIX YEARS AGO, I WAS SITTING ACROSS A Lenox Room banquette from William Lauder, a president at cosmetics behemoth Estée Lauder, fêting the launch of Tommy Hilfiger's Lauder-backed cologne, Tommy. Lauder began to speak in general about the selling of beauty. The problem was that the women's market was mature and the male market, at that point, was almost wholly unrealized—an Alaskan North Slope of untapped consumer potential. In answer to this, Lauder explained, his company had unveiled the unisex body-care line Origins to help bridge the gender gap. All men needed, he said, was to be *educated.*

Five years later, men apparently are in grad school. Last fall, the conglomerate's Aramis division unveiled a men's-cosmetics line of a very different sort, Surface. There was Surface Healthy Look Gel, essentially a self-tanner, and Surface Skin Smoothing Gel, basically a concealer.

"We knew we couldn't call it makeup, that's for sure," says Aramis marketing vice-president Terry Darland, who helped create the brand. "The M-word is taboo. It couldn't have color. It couldn't be detectable. Guys don't want to paint themselves. They have a real problem with that."

Zirh Skin Nutrition, the product of a Lauder-like vision by a group of Arizona entrepreneurs a half-decade ago, has since moved to New York and gone international. The core product is a series of face treatments—packed into aluminum canisters shaped like artillery shells—that sound like they were named by a Parris Island drill instructor: Prevent, Clean, Correct, Restore, Scrub. Some handy product-placement cameos in *Sex and the City* and *Eyes Wide Shut* haven't hurt sales, either. Last year alone, receipts at the Zirh counter in Bloomingdale's rocketed 307 percent.

"All of a sudden, products that would be called Windsong Majesty for women were being renamed Lab Series Scruffing Lotion for men, as if it was something you'd use to work on your carburetor," writer Paul Rudnick says, laughing.

It was a propitious collision of forces: At the very moment that anxious urban careerists were beginning to create a male-beauty market bottom-up, the beauty-industrial complex (encompassing medicine, cosmetics, fitness, fashion, nutrition, and personal care) was already well into a major effort to pry open this market from the top down. "It's a chicken-and-egg question why this has all happened," says image consultant Lauren Solomon.

The impulse to power-pamper has also surged because two primary archetypes for ambitious young professionals have collapsed. The puffed-up, Macanudo-chomping Wall Street "hitter" in his Gucci-loafer "deal wheels" got punctured by "corporate casual" sometime around 1997. His antithesis, the smugly rumpled dot-commer "Yettie"—young entrepreneurial technocrat—tanked quicker than Priceline shares over the past year. What resulted from this implosion of the reigning nineties clichés was an oddly postmodern attempt to fuse the two. The goal, suddenly, is to be hiply casual yet sleek, to be outside the box but still a *player.*

James Jurney, 31, was crunching equity derivatives for Morgan Stanley when corporate casual got its start a half-decade ago. "My friends and I got a huge kick out of the Dockers-and-polo-shirt look. We called it the 'Blockbuster uniform,' " Jurney says. Looking to capitalize, Jurney and his wife, Gwendolyn, founded casual-but-chic custom clothier Seize Sur Vingt on Elizabeth Street. Already, he sees many of those confused young professionals suddenly catching on.

"It's sort of a last aspect of that nineties

Illustration by Bil Donovan.

'aficionado' gig," Jurney says. "First, it was the wine-speak and the cigar-speak. Clothing is the latest thing. We get people coming in every day asking for Sea Island cotton or Super 100s, even if they're not sure what that means. They've picked up these terms somewhere."

Even the big fashion houses like Hugo Boss and Zegna are seeing an explosion of men's business tied to evolving American-male tastes. Gildo Zegna has noted that "the feminization of men's fashion," which he says started with the move toward corporate casual in the United States, has led to an increased male literacy in everything from accessories to cosmetics.

"Now that men in the media are being objectified the way women always have been, there's a margin of men who are responding to that," says Simon Doonan, Barneys' creative director. "But remember, if you went to a deli in New York in the fifties, you'd find straight guys with matching tie pins, cuff links, and pinkie rings, and they would have *glazed nails!* There was always a permission for this sort of thing among a certain class of urban men. It's just the language has changed. Now if you're a 'regular sort of dude,' you want to go for a groomed sort of *Friends* look."

Doonan laughs.

"I know some insane guys who have had *everything* done. They spent hundreds of thousands of dollars on hair plugs. They spent Christmas down in Brazil. Plastic surgery is very good there, and it's cheaper. I just said, 'You do realize that nobody cares, right? You're a *guy.*' I'm mystified by it. Unless you're Antonio Sabato Jr., nobody's looking, honey."

"WE COULDN'T CALL IT MAKEUP," SAYS AN ARAMIS VP. "THE M-WORD IS TABOO. GUYS HAVE A REAL PROBLEM WITH THAT."

STILL, FOR MOST MEN, BEING LURED INTO the beauty subculture involved overcoming some resistance. To enter was to swallow the fear, like when you're sent to buy tampons for your girlfriend. If men were going to get dragged into this netherworld, we at least needed to be coaxed in along a comfortably familiar path. That path, it turned out, was any boy's best friend: high technology.

Frank Carfaro, 30, is fashionable, is straight, and runs the Desiron custom-furniture showroom in SoHo. Carfaro devotes maybe ten minutes every morning to slathering on skin products from Prada's pricey new unisex skin-care line. "Even Origins is a little foofy," he says. "But to have something in this extruded polypropylene tube, where you have to open up a Tyvek package to pull it out, that's just the greatest gadget."

Day spas are luring in men by translating their socialite-friendly treatments into scientific-sounding procedures. At Yasmine Djerradine on East 60th Street, the "nonsurgical face-lift" is a two-hour process. I tried it. Nathalie Dinoia, a Bond-girl sort of French stunner in a lab coat, electro-massaged my cheeks and chin with two small sponge-coated electrodes. You don't work out your facial muscles; you have them worked out for you. All you do is shut your eyes and watch the strobe-light show flickering in your skull. It's all very no-pain-but-gain. Boys like that.

"You have to understand: One of the reasons cosmetic surgery is becoming more appealing is that it's becoming less invasive. Men will put up with a lot less than women will—in terms of scarring, in terms of recovery, in terms of pain," says Dr. George Beraka, a Park Avenue plastic surgeon.

One of Beraka's patients, Ron, who despite his day job—hairdresser—gives off a seriously regular-guy Springsteen vibe, decided to give himself an eye job and laser peel for his 50th birthday.

"Before, I looked really weathered. I looked like hell. Now I don't look a day over 35. No joke," he marvels. "It's outrageous. My girlfriend is twenty years younger than me. She's younger than my son. And she has no idea I had anything done." He laughs. "It's expensive, but so what? It's a midlife crisis. I would have just spent it on a Harley anyway."

The male panacea of this plastic-surgery moment is the "mandibular glove" chin implant that runs up the jaw, giving men that Heath Ledger jawline via the miracle of silicone.

"The last three face-lifts I did were men," says star-kissed cosmetic surgeon Dr. Thomas Romo, head of facial plastic surgery at Lenox Hill. Romo has seen his male practice spike from 25 percent to 40 percent in only five years. Men are particularly motivated toward his youth-enhancing endoscopic brow-lifts: recovery time, three days.

"The Wall Street guy will come in," Romo says. "You know, he gets out of college, he gets a little age on him, he starts eating steaks at Morton's and sitting around on his butt. He starts getting a heavier neck. The way to improve that neck is with liposuction and a chin implant. That's just a great way to go."

IT'S NOT SURPRISING, IN FACT, THAT PHYSIcians are at the forefront of the explosion in male vanity. While beauty has been techified, it's also been given a reassuring medical overlay. Business is burgeoning for a new generation of doctors who are convincing men that ugliness is something of a disease. To deny the Adonis within is almost irresponsible, like smoking.

"What I'm really trying to do is to educate men to go to the next step," says Brad Katchen, owner of the new, aggressively unisex vanity palace SkinCareLab. "Men have always been really skittish about getting manicures, getting pedicures, body exfoliation . . . " He shakes his head. The operating-room glare in the space, so brilliant as to be antibacterial, is actually no accident. It's not a spa. It's a "lab." Each $150 enzyme facial is a matter as grave as a biopsy. The Lab, in fact, is an outgrowth of Katchen's thriving medical practice one floor below.

"Society is changing," says the Helmut Lang–clad Katchen, who exudes the same clubbish, bright-eyed giddiness as the late Steve Rubell, despite the Johns Hopkins pedigree. "Through advertisements, movies, television, we constantly see a new body ideal, the Super Body, the Brad Pitts. This is the body ideal. It's really had an impact on the male body image, on the self."

Perhaps there's a link: Nearly 40 percent of SkinCareLab's clientele were men during its first month, a stunning number in spa-land.

A generation of guys raised on *The Six Million Dollar Man* are perfectly happy to let the technology rebuild them. Still scarred by teenage acne? Check out microdermabrasion, where doctors like Katchen blast your skin with aluminum-oxide crystals and sandblast away those *very* 1993 Tommy Lee Jones acne scars.

(Continued on page 108)

Photographed by Firooz Zahedi

MALE VANITY

AN "INSTANT FACE-LIFT." A LASER THAT ELIMINATES BACK HAIR FOR GOOD. A MASSAGE THREESOME. MORE THAN TWENTY WAYS TO TAKE IT LIKE A MAN.

BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL

THE MAKING OF MR. RIGHT

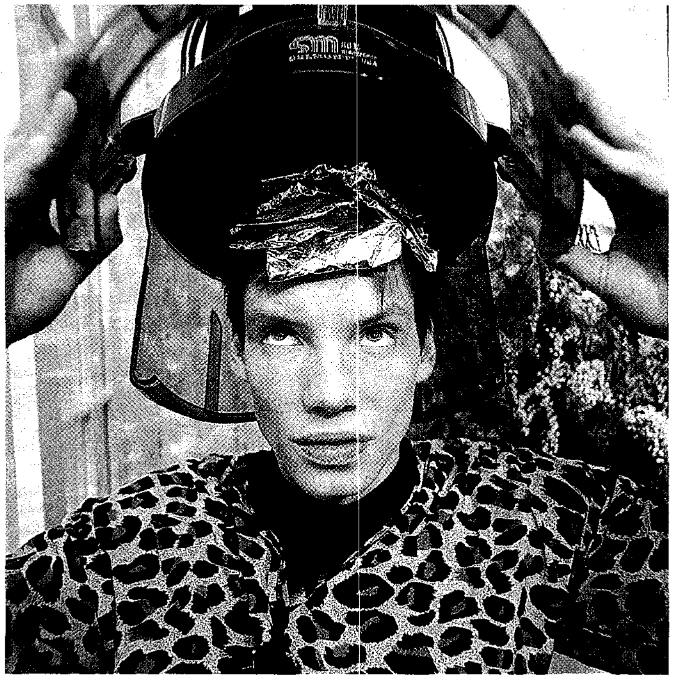
IT'S NEVER BEEN A SHOCK TO SEE, for instance, Brad Pitt having his hair bleached at John Frieda salon or Gabriel Byrne emerging from the facial room at Josephine Beauty Retreat—that's grooming in the line of movie-star duty. But until recently most New York men kept their beauty regimens—if they had them—in deep secrecy. Only their hairdressers knew the ugly truth.

Now, more and more members of the stronger sex are realizing that there's no shame in wanting to appear easy on the eyes. Lawyers and bankers and admen are getting into the act, slipping off during lunch hours and using weekend afternoons for color touch-ups or stress-relieving soaks at Frédéric Fekkai and the Four Seasons. "You should see what we do to these guys," says Chantal Gouy, a hairstylist at Ishi in midtown. "We remove the hair from inside their ears, pluck their eyebrows."

Meanwhile, "Gentlemen's Facials" and "Executive Shaves" are popping up on spa menus all over town. Estée Lauder, DKNY, and Clinique have all introduced men's lines, and Kiehl's reports that guys now make up 40 percent of its client base. Cosmetic dermatology, with its artillery of botox and collagen injections, is now offered to men at gym spas like those at Equinox and Sports Club L.A. In some cases, of course, the pursuit of beauty is not purely narcissistic. "Men realize it's not so bad to be surrounded by women," says Luke Casatta of Simon Salon. But one look at an otherwise elegant fellow—his head coated in dark-brown goop under a shower cap with a tiara of cotton—at AKS and it's clear that not every moment is ripe for a set-up.

And then there's the thrill of mastering a whole new technology—call it the beauty-industrial complex. "They're just in the learning stage," says Steven Victor, the Upper East Side dermatologist on call at Sports Club L.A.'s 61st Street location. "But men end up being bigger junkies than women."

GUY MAINTENANCE



HAIR COLORING AT SIMON SALON

ACUPUNCTURE FACIAL

WHAT IT IS: A superficial cleansing followed by 20 to 45 minutes of strategically placed needles, intended to increase circulation, tone skin, and diminish wrinkles.
WHERE TO GET IT:
Skin & Body Contour Spa (1100 Madison Avenue, 212-737-9604; $125); **Vital Gate** (225 East 64th Street, 212-759-7733; $185).
THE INSIDE SCOOP: Don't worry, boys: The needles are hair-thin. Once you get over any initial squeamishness, it's actually quite relaxing—and your skin will look rosier and less tired.

BODY SCRUB

WHAT IT IS: A head-to-toe rubdown with an exfoliating agent that sloughs off dead, dull, scaly skin to reveal fresh, soft layers.
WHERE TO GET IT:
Life Is Beautiful (177 Prince Street, 212-475-1431; $95).
THE INSIDE SCOOP: It feels like a massage on the beach and helps prevent breakouts on the back and chest caused by sweat from sports. Walnut shells and coffee grounds are the abrasives—they even throw in a foot massage.

BOTOX/COLLAGEN

WHAT IT IS: It's like having a face-lift without the surgery: Botulinum toxin is injected into forehead furrows to eliminate lines. Fillers like collagen and hyaluronic acid are injected into wrinkles to plump up areas around the nose and mouth.
WHERE TO GET IT:
Sports Club L.A. (330 East 61st Street, 917-286-9700, Dr. Steven Victor; $500, varies); **Equinox Spa** (140 East 63rd Street, 212-750-4671, Dr. Stephen Bosniak; $750, varies); **Dr. Fredric Brandt** (317 East 34th Street, 212-889-7096; $150 per syringe, number varies by patient).
THE INSIDE SCOOP: Creepy as it sounds, for years women have flocked to get these incision-free, age-defying procedures—and men will be just as keen. "They love anything that has no recovery time or telltale signs," says Brandt. "Men can't use makeup to hide surgical scars the way women do."

ELECTRONIC FACIALS

WHAT IT IS: Microcurrents of electricity are used to stimulate muscles to create firmer tone and tighter skin.
WHERE TO GET IT:
Yasmine Djerradine (30 East 60th Street, 212-588-1771; $180).
THE INSIDE SCOOP: You'll look younger—at least for that day. The "Remodeling Facial" uses small sponges to help conduct electricity, and they'll show you one half of your mug after it's been worked over, for a dramatic before-and-after display.

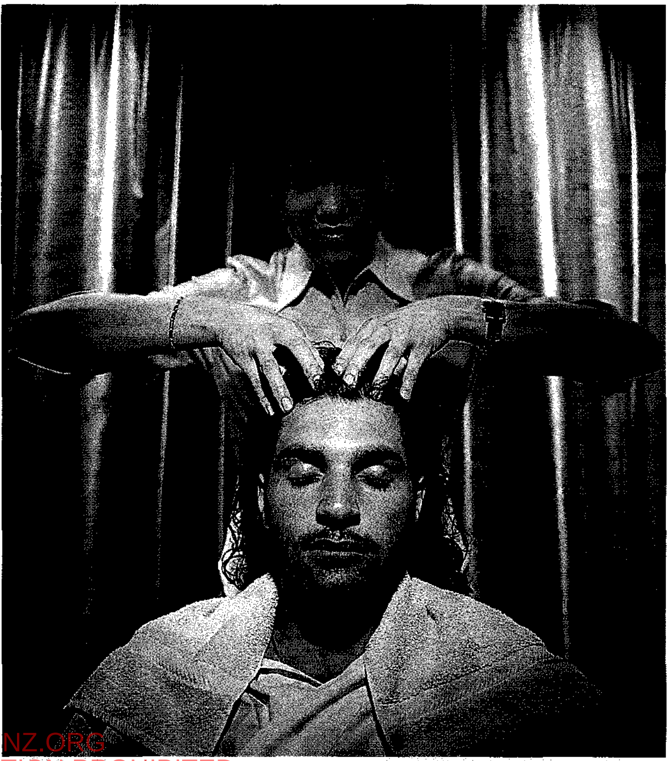
THE EXECUTIVE RECHARGER

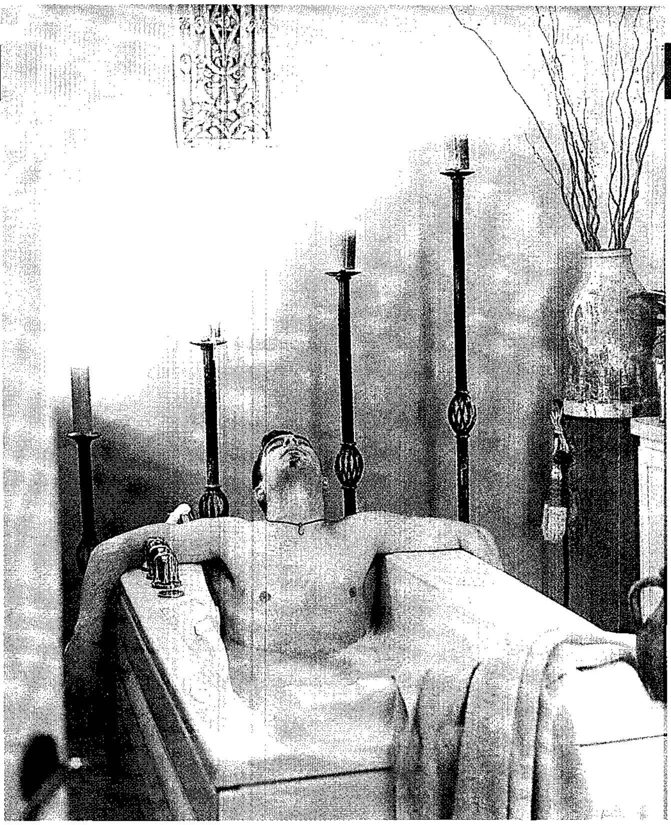
WHAT IT IS: A three-hour zone-out session of aromatherapy massage, aromatherapy facial, and a manicure and pedicure.
WHERE TO GET IT:
The Four Seasons Hotel (57 East 57th Street; 212-350-6420, $335).
THE INSIDE SCOOP: When you emerge, you'll be incredibly tranquil and smell like juniper (but not from Tanqueray).

THE EXECUTIVE SHAVE

WHAT IT IS: The Super Bowl of shaves with cleansing, exfoliation, and hydrating followed by hot towels soaked in chamomile and lavender.
WHERE TO GET IT:
Equinox (140 East 63rd Street, 212-750-4900; $85).
THE INSIDE SCOOP: A great shave is the ultimate indulgence, and this one is a favorite with the uptown set. You'll feel like a prince—plus, the exfoliation helps rid your beard of ingrown hairs.

SCALP MASSAGE AT ISHI





HOT SALT BATH AT SAM C'S SPA

THE FLOTATION BED

WHAT IT IS: A jacket wrapped around your body while you're lying down is filled with water to impart a feeling of weightlessness. Think isolation tank—without the wetness and *Altered States* freak-out.
WHERE TO GET IT:
Sports Club L.A.
(330 East 61st Street, 917-286-9700; $85).
THE INSIDE SCOOP: Because this treatment allows you to "float," you won't have to move a muscle during a totally unique experience in which you won't even feel the bedsheets beneath you. Generally accompanied by a body wrap or head-and-neck massage.

GENTLEMAN'S FACIAL

WHAT IT IS: A steaming and cleansing of the skin, followed by exfoliation, clearing of pores, and a toning mask.
WHERE TO GET IT:
Sports Club L.A.
(45 Rockefeller Plaza, 212-218-8600; $90);
SkinCareLab
(568 Broadway, suite 403, 212-334-3142; $150);
Peninsula Spa (Peninsula Hotel, 700 Fifth Avenue, 212-903-3910; $110).
THE INSIDE SCOOP:
At SkinCareLab, the facial is as high-tech as the *Architectural Digest* interior. Three facial-mask layers (hot-cool-pulsating) and simultaneous shoulder massage.

HAIRCUTS, SALON-STYLE

WHAT IT IS: Unlike the scalping your regular barber administers, a salon stylist tailors the cut to suit your face, hair, and bone structure.
WHERE TO GET IT:
Ishi (70 East 55th Street, 212-888-4744; starts at $63);
Antonio Prieto
(25 West 19th Street, 212-255-3741; starts at $85).
THE INSIDE SCOOP: The treatment at Ishi is all about luxury, from the cappuccino to the head massage. Don't you think it's time you got a look instead of a shear?

HAIR COLORING

WHAT IT IS: Sure, there's gray removal. But now there's also guy-friendly highlighting (that means adding subtle streaks of color to your hair, big guy).
WHERE TO GET IT:
Salon AKS (694 Madison Avenue, 212-888-0707; starts at $135);
Simon Salon
(22 East 66th Street, 212-517-4566; starts at $95).
THE INSIDE SCOOP: "Mostly teenagers and rock-and-roll types used to color," says AKS's Alexis Antonellis. "But now I have lots of professionals who want a few blond highlights." Simon specializes in "lowlights" to tone down gray.

HOT SALT BATH

WHAT IT IS: Imagine a 104-degree bath filled with ten pounds of mineral salt and topped off with lavender, seaweed algae, and essential oils. During the 30-minute treatment, an attendant provides a neck, face, and head massage.
WHERE TO GET IT:
Sam C's Spa (166 Fifth Avenue, 2nd floor, 212-675-9355; $60).
THE INSIDE SCOOP: Clients usually take this treatment before or after a deep-tissue massage to further loosen muscles. It's fairly decadent—as you melt into the steaming tub, cool water is dribbled onto your head, and you're fed fresh orange juice.

INTENSE PULSE LIGHT FACIAL

WHAT IT IS: Laserlike pulsed light beams onto your face to reduce fine lines, dark sun spots, spider veins, and rosacea.
WHERE TO GET IT:
Completely Bare
(764 Madison Avenue, 212-717-9300; $450).
THE INSIDE SCOOP: You'll be joining more than a few well-known actors in trying this newfangled facial. Two to five 45-minute treatments should produce a noticeably more even skin tone.

LASER HAIR REMOVAL

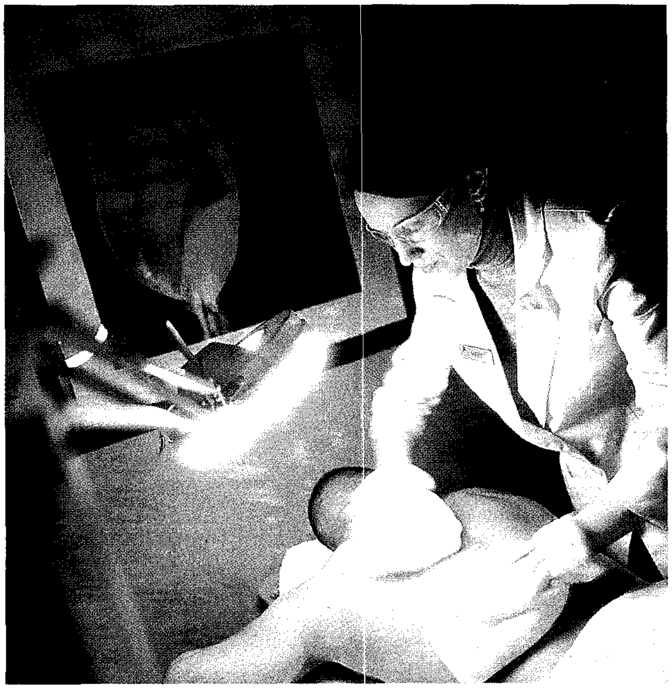
WHAT IT IS: Laser or pulsed light targets follicles to zap hair roots. Four to six treatments usually result in the permanent elimination of

ACUPUNCTURE FACIAL AT SKIN & BODY CONTOUR

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCOTT JONES

80 percent of hair in the treated area.
WHERE TO GET IT:
The Greenhouse (127 East 57th Street, 212-644-4449; $450 per back treatment);
Dr. Howard Sobel Skin & Spa (960 Park Avenue, 212-288-0060; $800 per back treatment).
THE INSIDE SCOOP: The elimination of hairy backs, chests, and shoulders has become pretty mainstream. Eyebrows, upper arms, and even legs have also become prime targets. A much quicker and far less painful treatment than electrolysis, the slow and excruciating electrocution of individual hairs.

BACK FACIAL AT SPORTS CLUB L.A.



LIVE MUSIC MASSAGE

WHAT IT IS: A one-hour massage treatment: During the first half, the masseuse works your entire body; during the second half, she does the same . . . while also playing Tibetan singing bowls.
WHERE TO GET IT:
Dorit Baxter (47 West 57th Street, 212-371-4542; $75).
THE INSIDE SCOOP: Therapists are specially trained to massage and play the instrument simultaneously, to truly soothe the savage beast. Besides, real men need not be subjected to endless verses of Enya.

MANICURES

WHAT IT IS: Massaged hands, cut and filed nails, trimmed cuticles—just like the women's version, minus the pink polish.
WHERE TO GET IT: Josephine Beauty Retreat (200 East 62nd Street, 212-223-7157; $20);
Pierre Michelle (131 East 57th Street, 212-593-1460; $25).
THE INSIDE SCOOP: It's not as prissy as you think and gives a clean, well-maintained appearance. After all, if you're going to spend $5,000 on the watch . . .

MUD THERAPY

WHAT IT IS: Self-heating volcanic mud is applied to the body to ease aches and pains.
WHERE TO GET IT: Frédéric Fekkai Beauté de Provence (15 East 57th Street, 212-753-9500; starts at $45 for neck and shoulder).
THE INSIDE SCOOP: Within minutes, the mud begins to bubble like some witches' brew. Warm, soothing, and not as messy as it sounds.

PEDICURES

WHAT IT IS: Want perfect feet this summer? They'll be bathed, massaged, scrubbed, clipped, and filed.
WHERE TO GET IT:
Mezzanine Spa (62 Crosby Street, 212-431-1600; $100);
Karen Wu Beauty and Wellness Spa (1044 Madison Avenue, 212-737-3545; 1377 Third Avenue, 212-585-2044; starts at $29).
THE INSIDE SCOOP: At Mezzanine, the aesthetician brings out a case of surgical cutlery worthy of the dentist in *Marathon Man* (don't worry—it's virtually painless, and not a bump or callous will be left standing). For a quickie version, Karen Wu's more standard buff and trim requires no reservation and comes with a reflexology option. Believe it or not, women actually notice your feet in those sandals.

POWER PEEL

WHAT IT IS: Microcrystals of aluminum oxide are propelled onto the face and vacuumed out again to deeply exfoliate the skin and stimulate collagen production.
WHERE TO GET IT:
Bliss (568 Broadway; 19 East 57th Street, 212-219-8970 for reservations; starts at $200);
Lia Schorr (686 Lexington Avenue, 212-486-9670; $175).
THE INSIDE SCOOP: Like sandblasting the face. At Lia Schorr, they recommend feeding the fresh skin afterward with a seaweed mask and a finishing blast from an oxygen tank. Your face will look instantaneously younger and firmer, but caution: It will also be more sensitive to the sun.

SPORTS MASSAGE

WHAT IT IS: The jock's massage performed by professionals.
WHERE TO GET IT:
Physical Advantage (139 East 57th Street, 212-460-1879; $75);
Sports Club L.A. (330 East 61st Street, 212-355-5100; 45 Rockefeller Plaza, 212-218-8600; $85).
THE INSIDE SCOOP: If you've overdone it on the elliptical trainer, you'd better find someone who knows a deltoid from a teres minor. "If you want your feet tickled, this isn't the place," says Laurie Tower of Physical Advantage. Sports Club L.A. offers techniques for specific sports: Runner's Revenge concentrates on the legs; Fore is geared to golf and tennis players.

THAI MASSAGE

WHAT IT IS: Loose clothes are worn while a therapist twists you into various nonsexual but still rather appealing contortions.
WHERE TO GET IT:
Paul Labrecque (160 Columbus Avenue, 212-595-0099; $110–$140).
THE INSIDE SCOOP: They call it lazy man's yoga—which means you'll love it. Sting is a regular here.

TWO-WAY STRETCH

WHAT IT IS: One massage therapist works on your neck and shoulders while a second covers your legs and torso.
WHERE TO GET IT: Origins Feel-Good Spa (Chelsea Piers, Pier 60, 23rd Street and Twelfth Avenue, 212-336-6780; $150).
THE INSIDE SCOOP: The classic male fantasy—spa-style. ■

Photographed by Scott Jones

DUDE, WHERE'S MY CONCEALER?

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the power shower
Jack Black
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PHILOSOPHY Power Shower Body Wash ($22)
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JOHN FRIEDA Shaping and Glossing Balm ($5)
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CALVIN KLEIN Protective Moisture Cream ($30)
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KING OF SHAVES Alphagel Supercooled Menthol Shaving Gel ($6)
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THE ART OF SHAVING Shaving Cream and Alum Block ($19 and $15)
ARMANI Body & Hair Shampoo ($25)
Ê SHAVE Pure Badger Shave Brush ($45)

HERMÈS
EAU D'ORANGE VERTE
Resurfacing Cream
THE ART OF SHAVING
Shaving Cream
ê

King of Shaves available at Bigelow (414 Sixth Avenue); Brandt, ê Shave, Cellex-C, and Philosophy products available at Sephora (636 Fifth Avenue, at 51st Street); Clinique, Armani, and DKNY Men available at Bloomingdale's; Robert Kree available at Robert Kree Salon (375 Bleecker Street); Hermès, Calvin Klein, and Prada available at Saks Fifth Avenue; Dr. Thomas Loeb products available by calling 212-327-3700; the Art of Shaving and Jack Black products available at the Art of Shaving (373 Madison Avenue, near 45th Street); John Frieda products available at most drugstores; Jules & Jane available at Henri Bendel.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SPENCER JONES

MALE VANITY

THE MACHO MAKEOVER

WHAT WOULD THREE FASHION DESIGNERS, TWO BOUTIQUE OWNERS, A HAIRSTYLIST, AND A FITNESS TRAINER DO TO IMPROVE YOUR LOOK? FIFTEEN MANHATTAN MEN FIND OUT—THE HARD WAY. **BY BEN KAPLAN**

THE PANELISTS:

John Bartlett: Fashion designer known for body-conscious cuts and highly imaginative pieces.

Frédéric Fekkai: Upper East Side hairstylist whose client list includes Liv Tyler, David Bowie, and Bill Clinton.

Patricia Field: Fashion stylist for *Sex and the City* and owner of her eponymous 8th Street boutique.

Jeffrey Kalinsky: Owner of Jeffrey, the hyperhip meatpacking-district purveyor of Helmut Lang, Jil Sander, and Gucci.

David Kirsch: Personal trainer and owner of the Madison Square Club, the Flatiron gym frequented by James King, Naomi Campbell, Heidi Klum, and the city's top lawyers, investment bankers, and CEOs.

Andy Spade: Owner and designer of Jack Spade, the new menswear label best known for its messenger bags and totes.

John Varvatos: Fashion designer who debuted his minimalist, masculine, eponymous line last summer after cutting his teeth at Calvin and Ralph.

NICK BARLETTA

40, vice-president of finance, Greenwich Village

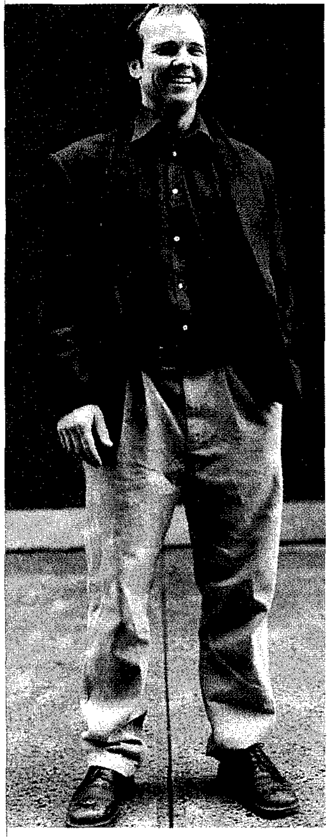
Kalinsky: "He should be wearing a suit jacket."
Field: "I agree."
Kalinsky: "Tweed pants are in, but I love peg bottoms—they're more modern."
Spade: "I like the pants and the leather jacket, but he needs a touch of something . . . maybe a bright sock."
Varvatos: "The shoes look dated. They're square-toed, which isn't happening."
Bartlett: "I'd love to see him in a gray shirt, gray pants, and gray tie with that jacket. It's a little Regis, but edgier."
Field: "A short jacket over a suit looks dumpy. And the shoes need to be pointy or more structured—these are too soft and wrinkly."

DOUGLAS KEISLER

33, fashion editor, TriBeCa

Field: "None of this works. The pant is sitting in an odd place; it should be lower to elongate his torso. The shirt and hair just fail. But the dog is great."
Fekkai: "He looks like his dog!"
Kirsch: "He's skinny, but he'd make progress in a short time because his bone structure isn't as tiny as his body suggests."
Varvatos: "The crease on the flat-front pant looks great. The belt, the shoes—the outfit pulls together, but the shirt is pretty bad. I'd untuck it. He'd pull this off if his hair were together. Wash it, man."
Spade: "He either just got out of the shower or could really, really use one."
Bartlett: "He's my favorite, very cool. His shoes and belt look expensive, then the shirt is seventies Salvation Army. The pants are a little serious. He'd be better with an old pair of polyester bootleg Levi's."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MAGDALENA CARIS



MARK SWEENEY

31, plumbing contractor, Upper West Side

Kirsch: "This is carb face. He eats too much bread, popcorn, pizza. His chest looks developed, but I don't see legs. You need symmetry more than size."

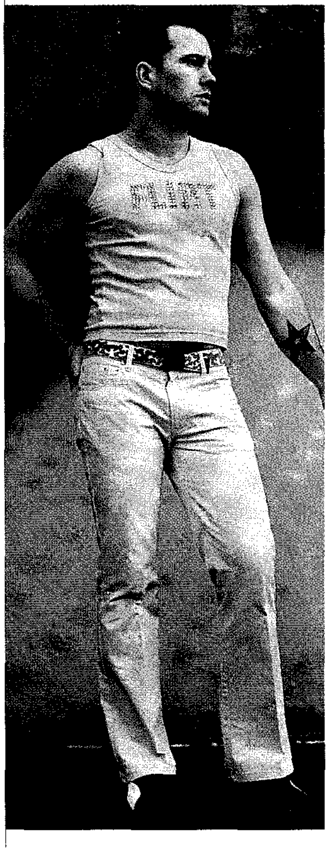
Varvatos: "The sport coat is too short, the shoulders are too wide, the notch on the lapel is dated, and the pants are narrow at the bottom, wide at the top—all problems."

Bartlett: "The pleated khaki is a big no-no. He needs to get rid of them and that blazer—they look borrowed from the Brat Pack in 1986."

Spade: "There are elegant-looking bums on the Bowery who look great disheveled, but this isn't as thought-out."

Kalinsky: "He'd look better in a leather jacket—every man should have one. And a flat-front pant would be very modernizing—Banana Republic or Helmut Lang."

Field: "Yuck."



JOHN ARSENAULT

29, photographer, East Village

Spade: "Men should never wear a midriff."

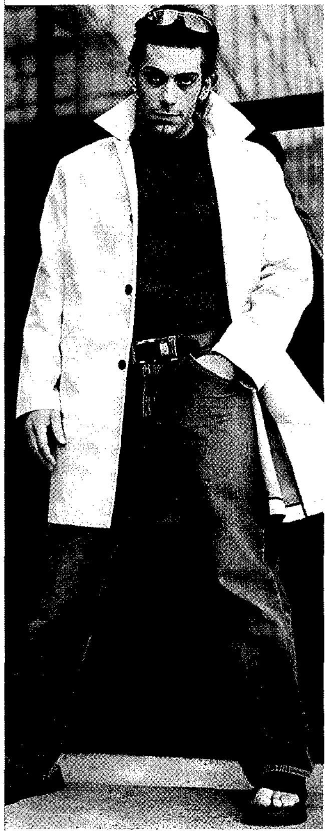
Kirsch: "I'm not sure if he wants to be Britney Spears, but his abdominals need work."

Field: "Everything is too tight. If he's going to wear a tight shirt, he should relax the pants. I don't know about the shoes, but at this point, they don't even matter."

Varvatos: "He needs a tan—he looks like a big ball of flesh. And I hate the shoes. The belt looks cool, but I'd put on sandals or a beat-up sneaker—or go total rock and roll in snakeskin boots."

Bartlett: "I like it, but he needs to go up one shirt size. The camouflage belt and the soccer shoes are cool, and the haircut is good—a *faux*-hawk."

Kalinsky: "He looks great. Just ask Madonna—word T-shirts with stones are very in."



VINNIE TUNNERO

24, hairdresser, midtown

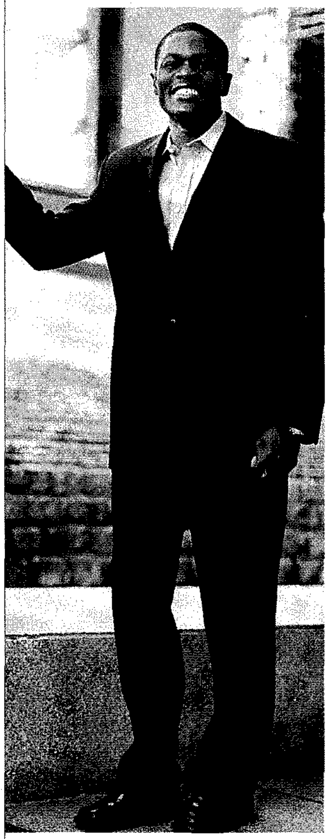
Varvatos: "He should drop the slides, and get a good black boot, then kill that cheap brown belt."

Kalinsky: "And if the shirt was untucked, he'd have a cleaner line beneath his coat. A black Chelsea boot would be better."

Spade: "Or a Wallabee shoe or desert boot. He's sure of himself, so he doesn't look bad. And he takes his look seriously. You know, he looks pretty good—considering."

Bartlett: "Everything works but the mascara beard. It's a complete boy-band look, and that's no good. But I like the tee tucked in, especially with a good belt, and his is nice and chunky. And I love the rain mac—you can see the cool red piping."

Field: "The blue against the white looks good. He's better than most of these guys, but doesn't need the sunglasses on his head for effect."



KEDRICK-PETER SACKEY

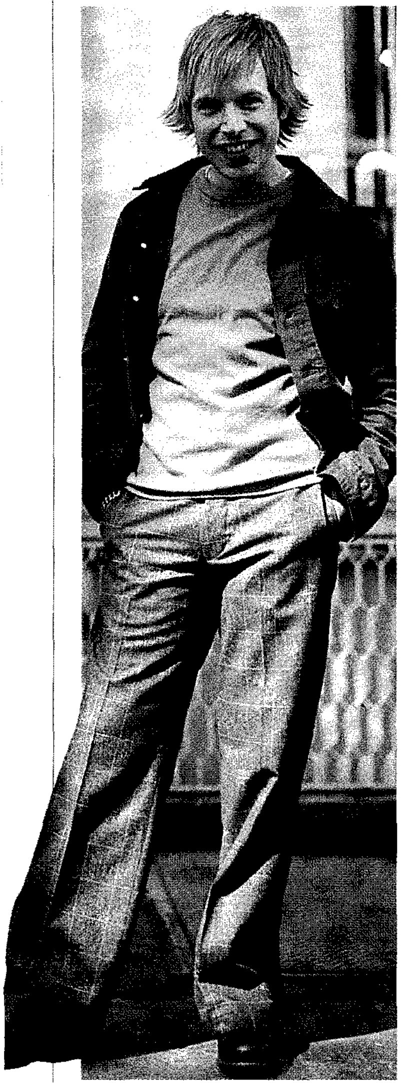
34, investment banker, Flatiron

Kirsch: "No legs. None. Zero. Even in a suit, when someone's in shape, you see it from head to toe. You've got to work the legs. He needs squats—desperately."

Bartlett: "This is what casual Friday should be: A well-tailored suit, a great colored shirt, no tie. I always call three-button suits a JFK: It's a classic American look. Never button the bottom button, always button the top—he's got it down."

Spade: "The pant seems long, the break too big. He looks sharp, but I like to see a tie with a suit this formal. A pattern shirt would look better, or a stripe would be nice."

Varvatos: "This is an ill-fitting suit. And the shoes look cheap. A nice pair can make a suit—even a bad one—look great."



MARCO ERBI

34, costume designer, SoHo

Spade: “He almost looks as bad as my brother David.”

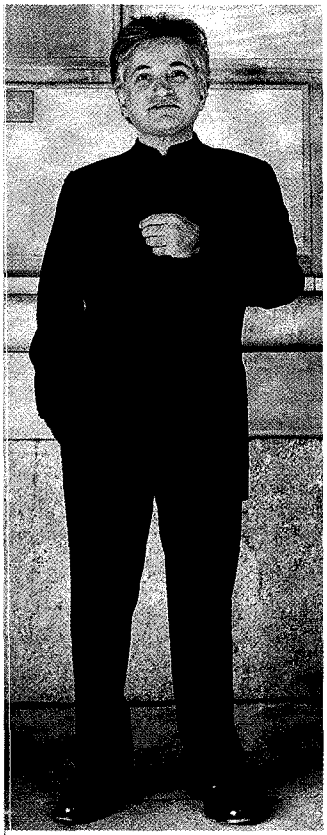
Field: “Here’s a man in pink who shouldn’t be. This T-shirt has a soft shape and color, and he’s soft. You really need to have the body to handle it.”

Fekkai: “His hair looks like Meg Ryan’s!”

Kirsch: “And he doesn’t work out at all.”

Varvatos: “I like this guy. The T-shirt is a little big to wear with such a slim coat, but the pants fit nicely. He has cool style. The pieces look fashiony but also classic.”

Bartlett: “It’s great and disheveled. He has an I.D. bracelet on, and the hair is good. He’s groovy without being obnoxious.”



OMAR NOMAN

44, United Nations exec, Upper East Side

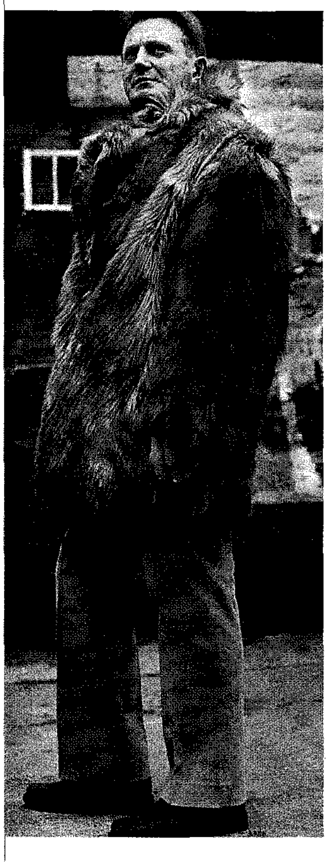
Varvatos: “This pulls together nicely; he definitely has his own look. I like this a lot.”

Fekkai: “He looks like a doorman. His hair should be longer on the top and shorter on the sides: It would make his face less round.”

Kirsch: “He’s a lean guy, so I wouldn’t bulk him out but tighten him up with a cardio-sculpting-toning routine. But he’s an older guy, so a lot of stretching.”

Kalinsky: “You can never go wrong in black. If someone doesn’t know what to wear, I say, ‘Black.’ ”

Bartlett: “Is he a doorman? This looks like a midlife-crisis suit—you’d think he’d have a bad ponytail. He’d be better in tailored Zegna. And while I love a head-to-toe uniform where everything matches, this looks too Donna Karan—or doorman at the Royalton.”



BOHDAN KOCHANSKYJ,

48, party coordinator, Chelsea

Spade: “Chewbacca!”

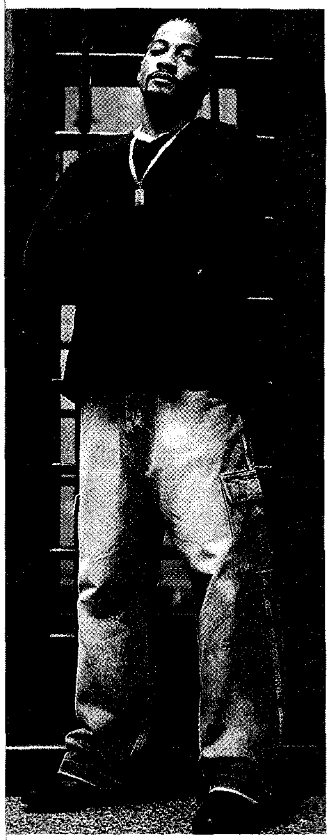
Varvatos: “My first word: scary. To pull off this coat, he needs an old pair of jeans and boots.”

Fekkai: “The hair and the fur are the same thing!”

Field: “They both look past their prime.”

Bartlett: “Fur on men is a bit . . . difficult. This would work on Puff Daddy—or the Flirt guy.”

Kirsch: “Carb face.”



MICHAEL GIBSON

24, retail detective, Murray Hill

Bartlett: “He needs more jewelry—a gold tooth, bigger chains.”

Field: “The chain gives him flash and sensuality. When I see a man in a gold chain, I’m drawn in.”

Fekkai: “I’d shave his head.”

Kalinsky: “If he had a hot date, I’d tell him to put on a pair of black boots—they’d make the outfit much sexier.”

Varvatos: “Kill that necklace, kill the gold.”

SEBASTIEN DERENONCOURT

28, graphic designer, East Village

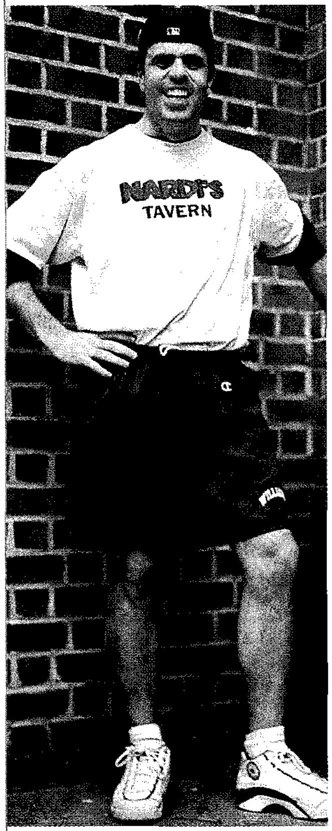
Spade: “I like the sweater and the sock with the interesting pattern. It matches the outfit, but not too much. The cap-toe shoes look great. He’s the best one.”

Fekkai: “He’s pretty cool, like a cyber-guy. I like his hair and goatee, but the socks go one step too far.”

Varvatos: “The socks suck.”

Bartlett: “I love the socks! I like the sweater, love the glasses and hair, but the problem is the jeans look acid-washed. The shoes are so great that the pants look too anal.”

Kalinsky: “I’d put him in a Prada Sport shoe. The long lapel is groovy with the sweater, and color is always in. When you wear color it makes you accessible—as long as it’s not earth tones.”



PAUL BURKE

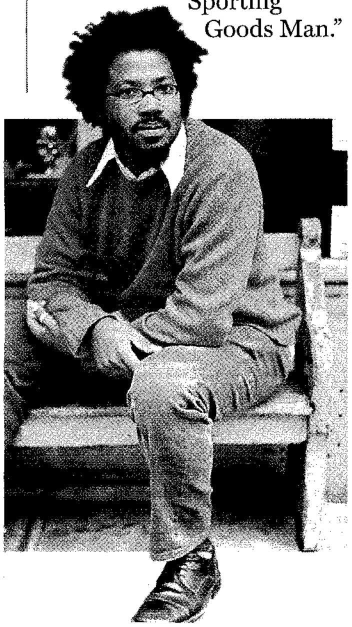
27, college counselor and teacher, Upper West Side

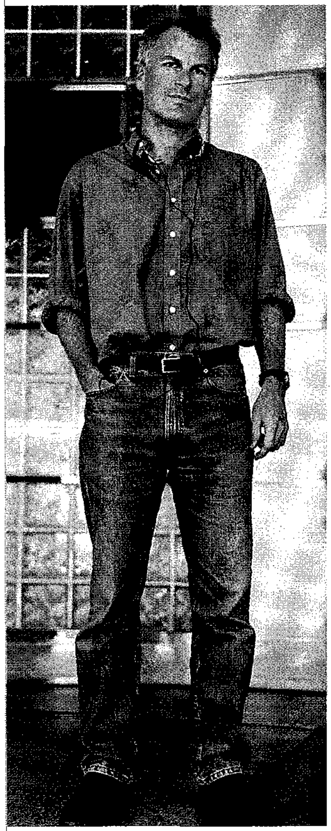
Kirsch: "Carb face!"

Varvatos: "Take that shirt out of those pants!"

Bartlett: "One of the big fashion no-no's of all time is wearing your baseball hat backwards. Never. You just can't—ever."

Field: "I think that he's a total success for what he is: Mr. Suburban Sporting Goods Man."





DAVID CONROD

40, investment manager, Upper East Side

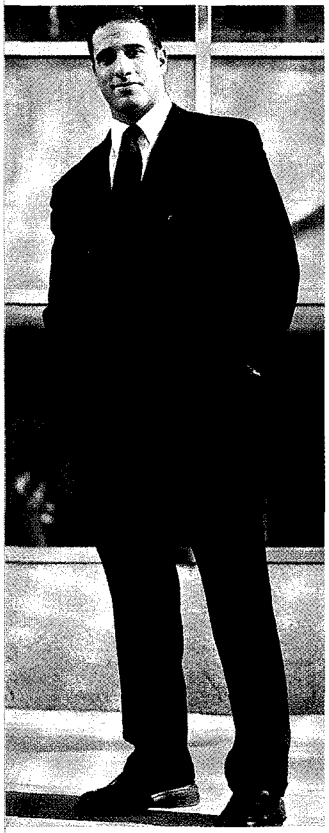
Varvatos: "Classic preppy: button-down shirt, old Levi's, and a great watch—he's very cool, all-American, and the suede shoes look great. But without the dress belt, he'd look more hip."

Fekkai: "To minimize his balding, he should cut his hair close to the scalp, or put shine into it with gel or cream. It needs texture so it's not so dry, gray, and clean-cut."

Kirsch: "I want him as a client! He needs meat on those bones, and better differentiation between his hips and shoulders."

Bartlett: "He needs personality. It's good he's matched his shirt to his eyes, but he's too normal. Lose the oxfords for a high-tech gym shoe or an old pair of Adidas."

Field: "Ugh. Some men are just so repressed. It's not his fault—that's how they're raised."



MICHAEL FISH

25, environmental analyst, Wall Street

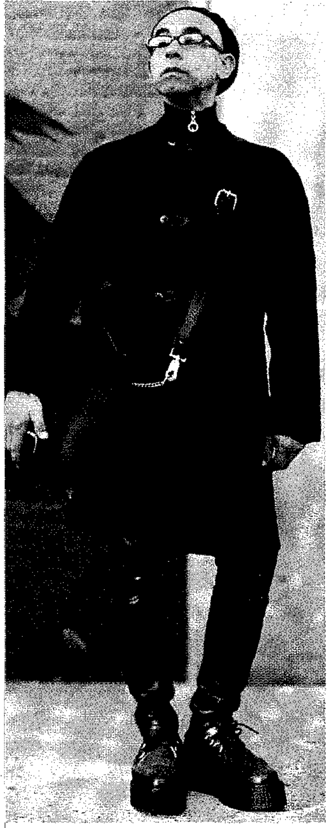
Varvatos: "He looks like a guy who'd wear a bad-fitting suit. He's too big on top for double-breasted. I'd put him in a three-button and a new pair of shoes—those rubber-soled, casual-dress ones bring the whole bad suit even further down."

Bartlett: "He looks like a cross between a Secret Service agent and a televangelist."

Spade: "Solid ties work, but something else would be more interesting."

Field: "This suit is fifteen years old. That jacket, it's kind of terrible. For his shoulders, the peak lapel is a good idea with a single-breasted or a one-button or low two-button jacket."

Kalinsky: "A darker-colored tie would be more current, maybe a beautiful shade of wine. His shoe looks modern, but I'd love this with a light-blue shirt and a dark-blue tie."



BENJAMIN REY

39, landscape designer, NoLIta

Bartlett: "Great sense of style: Johnny Rotten meets Chairman Mao."

Kirsch: "A wisp of a man!"

Varvatos: "I love him. I think he's totally cool—he didn't throw this together in two seconds."

Bartlett: "Fantastic. The shoes are Trash & Vaudeville, circa '84—very urban, really cool. I love the black leather jeans and the Zen top. If you wear 501 jeans, you should wear leather pants, and the best are at Leather Man on Christopher Street."

Fekkai: "If I could change one thing, I'd change the jacket—well, the jacket and that hat."

Kalinsky: "I'd lose the red shoes—too overwhelming. Black shoes make guys look taller, as would a coat length that accentuates his narrow pants."

Spade: "He's . . . doing his own thing."

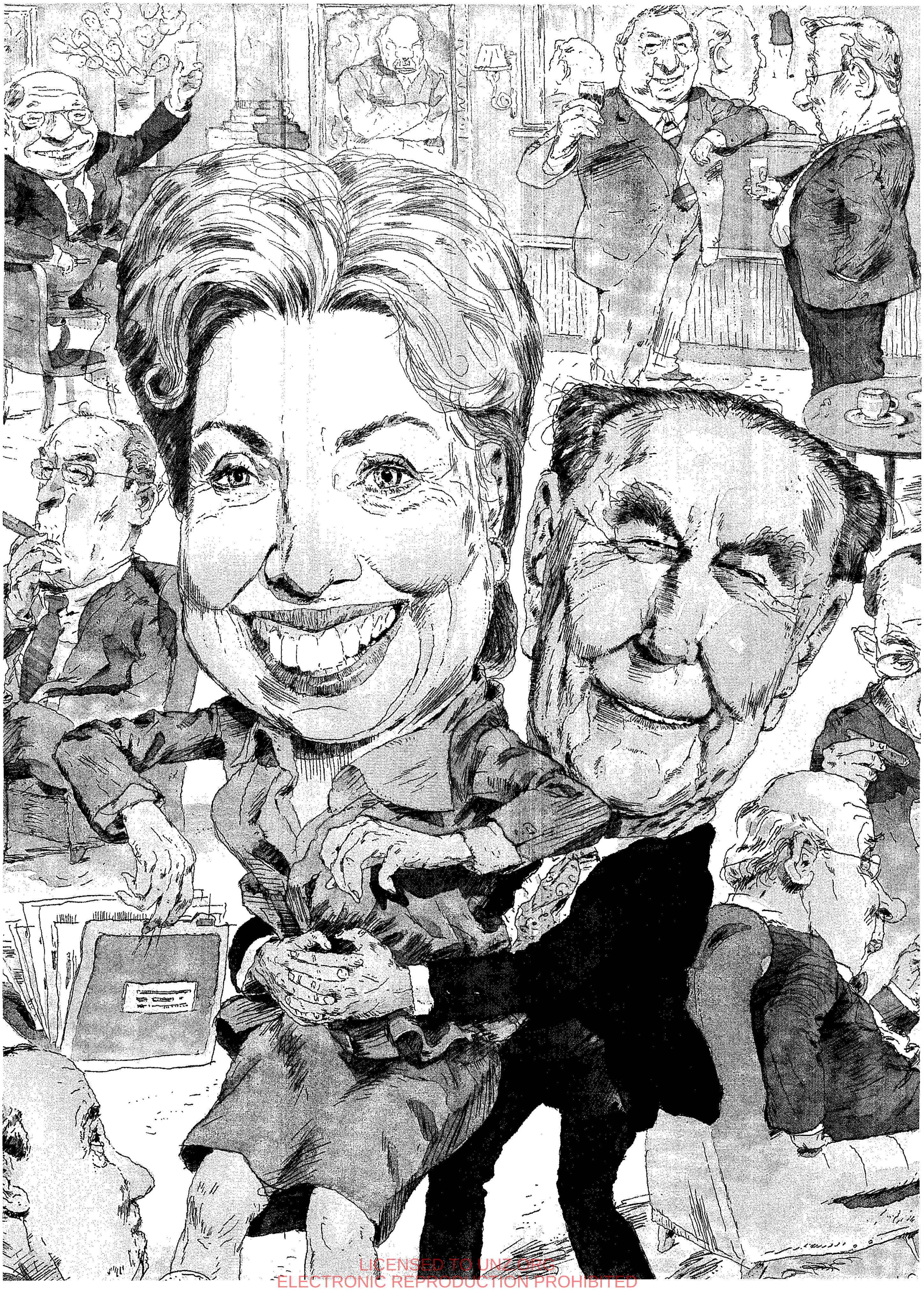
HILL CLIMBING

One might think that Hillary Clinton would be about as reviled by her new colleagues as, say, her husband. But the *Survivor* world of the Senate makes for the strangest of bedfellows. Even Jesse Helms gets a kick out of her—though that doesn't mean he likes her.

BY JENNIFER SENIOR

JUST MINUTES AFTER STROM THURMOND'S MORTIFYING GUERRILLA HUG ON SWEARING-IN day, Hillary Clinton walked back up the aisle of the Senate chamber and plopped herself down next to John Breaux. If you're going to be strangled by a subsentient nonagenarian on your first day in public office, Breaux's the best man to turn to for comic relief. An easygoing Democrat from the Big Easy, he's a charmer, a bit of a rogue, and one of the few senators who don't take themselves or the pomp of their station all that seriously. Clinton looked at him. Breaux looked at her. "Well, Hillary," he said, shrugging, "welcome to the Senate. Now it's your turn to deal with him." • Even if Thurmond, 98 and still horny as a brass band—he's been known to blurt his admiration for the female form at the most horrific of moments—hadn't ambushed Clinton and squeezed her speechless, it would have been a peculiar afternoon. Ted Kennedy didn't know whether to call our new senator Mrs. Clinton or Hillary, didn't know whether to hug her or to shake her hand. Hours before she took her oath, rumors were whipping through the Capitol that she'd have to be sworn in ahead of the other senators because of Secret Service considerations. And the president—*of the United States*—was sitting in the gallery

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN CUNEO



of the chamber, nearly weeping, surrounded by dozens of Senate wives in updos.

But it was Breaux, a pal of the former president's (both are southern centrists and set on the same devious frequency), who zoomed in on the most awkward part of the proceedings.

"Look at all those Republicans," he whispered as her colleagues rose, one by one, to plant their hands on the Bible and take their oaths. "Lookin' at ya, all wishin', or at least thinkin', that they'd finally gotten rid of the Clintons, and here you are—*they're baaack!*"

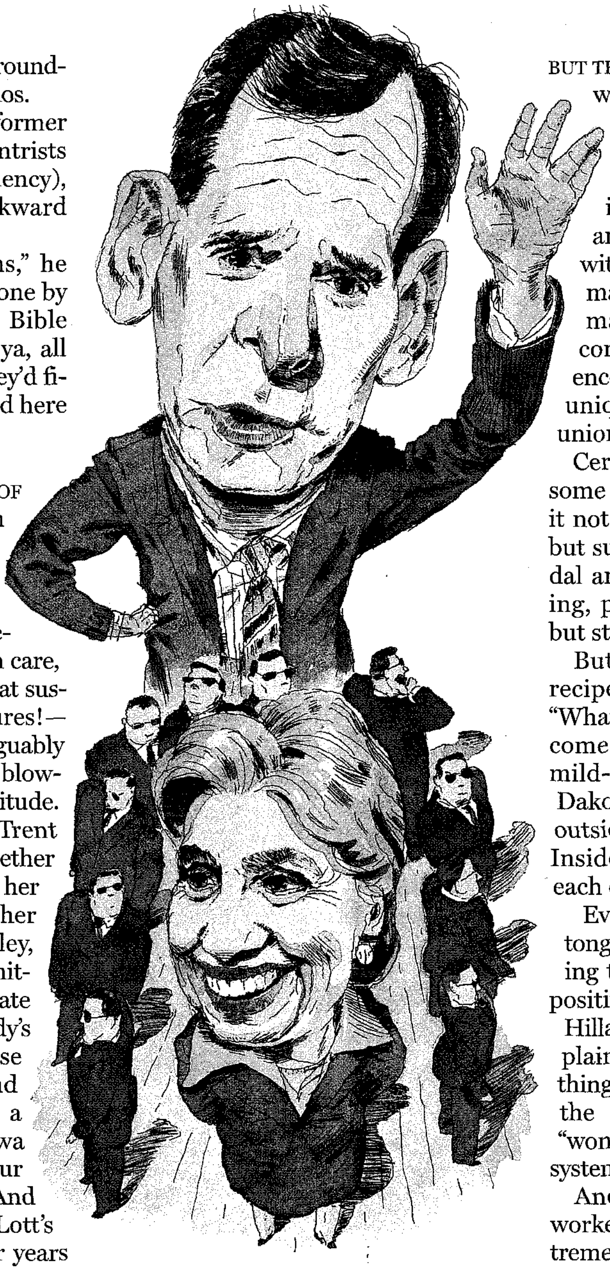
AND HOW. AFTER SEVEN YEARS OF running Bill Clinton through a steady rinse cycle of hatred and contempt, congressional Republicans are now in the terribly awkward position of seeing his wife—that bungler of health care, that concealer of billing records, that suspicious profiteer from cattle futures!—every day. To them, Hillary was arguably even worse than he was, the very blow-dried embodiment of political turpitude. And now, she's their colleague. Trent Lott, who idly wondered aloud whether she'd be struck by lightning before her arrival, wasn't even the worst of her Senate antagonists. Chuck Grassley, the chairman of the Finance Committee, made several trips to the Senate floor in 1996, decrying the First Lady's involvement in the White House travel office and Whitewater. (And he's one of the Senate good guys: a plainspoken, 67-year-old Iowa farmer, the sort who'd pitch in if your John Deere conked out on you.) And then there was Don Nickles, Lott's deputy. He blithely predicted four years ago on CNN that she'd be indicted.

President Clinton's mad pardon spree in his last 24 hours in office, combined with the revelation that the brothers Rodham had been involved, only managed to confirm what everyone already knew.

"People weren't shocked," said John McCain, charming and outspoken as ever, when I asked him about Marc Rich a couple of weeks ago as he was heading down to the Capitol basement. "Did you see that Clinton's conversations with Monica Lewinsky were taped by the Russians?" He pulled out the *The Hotline,* a Beltway tip sheet summarizing the day's papers, and started to skim. "Accused spy . . . Russian . . . Hanssen . . . *here:* 'Seventy hours of phone sex, some from Air Force One.' " He looked at me helplessly.

So Pardongate pales in comparison?

"I'm saying it's . . . " He shrugged, at a loss for words, and climbed into the Senate Subway. It let out an evocative *clang-clang,* like a San Francisco trolley.



It's what?

"Interesting!" he shouted as the car pulled away.

What he probably meant was that Pardongate was just one more obstacle for Hillary to climb over. A huge obstacle, certainly: forcing her to roll out her plans for New York in a less timely fashion, driving her into hiding, consuming most of her time with the media (at her first press conference, more than half of the eighteen questions were about gifts and pardons, while others were about Giuliani, the Giants, and her hair), and—worst of all—enraging her Democratic colleagues, who once again had to gnash their teeth as she and her husband gaudily dominated the news. (When I recently told Joe Lieberman I was looking for good Hillary anecdotes, unrelated to pardons, he told me: "Good—otherwise I might have had to jump off this escalator.")

BUT THE SENATE IS A FUNNY PLACE. IN SOME ways, it's a lot like a posh northeastern boarding school: clannish, predominantly male, spilling over with rich people of only middling intelligence. But it is also clubby and self-congratulating and stuffed with large, fragile personalities. Its climate—a neurotic combination of camaraderie and strained formality, comity and vitriol, ego and deference—is, to say the least, sociologically unique. From this tension, strange unions and friendships are born.

Certainly, Hillary's arrival has created some turmoil and irritation. How could it not? She's a goodie-goodie do-gooder but surrounded by a penumbra of scandal and stink; she's opaque but charming, polite but condescending, courtly but stubborn, ingratiating but aloof.

But in the Senate, none of this is a recipe for permanent pariah status. "What is most surprising for people who come here," muses Byron Dorgan, a mild-mannered Democrat from North Dakota, "is that what appears from the outside is not always true on the inside. Inside the institution, people respect each other, generally."

Even Phil Gramm, the Tabasco-tongued Texan who spent years tormenting the Clinton administration, sounds positively expansive when he evaluates Hillary's prospects. "In the Senate," he explains, "if you work hard, and you get things done, nothing else matters. So in the end, it"—meaning Pardongate—"won't matter. That's the fairness of the system."

And Hillary is nothing if not a hard worker. In fact, there has always been a tremendous gulf between Hillary the icon and Hillary the grind. Hillary the icon earned sixteen months of campaign coverage and attracted 50 reporters to her first coffee with the twelve other Senate women. But Hillary the grind went on a listening tour of New York, can dutifully list all the reasons why New York State should be in the Northeast Dairy Compact, and exited a high-speed-railway press conference last month exclaiming to a colleague, "Boy, wasn't Kay Bailey"—Hutchison, Republican of Texas—"terrific? She knew all of those subsidies!"

No one in the Senate likes a show horse. But a workhorse can command admiration, if not warmth, from her colleagues. "I knew my colleagues in the Senate would like Mrs. Clinton once they got to know her," explains Barbara Mikulski, dean of the Senate women and Democrat of Maryland, "because she's *crazy* about homework and briefings."

And a very fast learner, apparently.

Hillary has already figured out how to cope with Strom. The next time she ran into Thurmond, notes Breaux, she gave him the "Clinton-Arafat handshake—that is, you take your left hand and grab his shoulder, so he won't get any closer." He demonstrates, his arm outstretched, like a mime desperate to keep a door closed. "She was very nice, very polite . . . and *verrrrry* cautious."

SO THIS IS THE WEIRD, PREP-SCHOOL hothouse that Hillary has joined: A few weeks ago, I found myself in a SENATORS ONLY elevator, taking a ride down to the basement of the Capitol. Its other occupants were Paul Wellstone, the lefty professor turned senator from Minnesota; Sam Brownback, a conservative Christian who replaced Bob Dole; and Gramm. Wellstone, a full head shorter than either of his two colleagues, tugged at Brownback's sleeve. "I wanted to ask you about your trip!"

Brownback nodded, explaining to Gramm in haiku: "Thailand. Sex trafficking."

Gramm raised his eyebrows suggestively. Wellstone lunged at him. "Phil, don't say anything!" he said, shaking him by both his elbows. "We're in an *elevator* with a *reporter*! I am protecting you, do you understand? I am *saving* you from *yourself*!"

Gramm, grinning, couldn't resist. "Well," he drawled, looking expectantly at Brownback, "how closely did you look into it?"

THE OFFICIAL LINE AMONG SENATE REPUBLIcans is that Hillary had earned her rightful place in the Senate, and that she is therefore entitled to the benefit of the doubt. In Gramm's words: "She's Hillary Clinton, not Bill Clinton. Judging my wife based on me, that's not fair." He pronounces "wife" *wahf.*

But for the first month of the legislative session, some Republican senators couldn't quite conceal their contempt. In late January, I asked Tim Hutchinson, an Arkansas Republican, whether his new colleague had disarmed him yet with her charm. He looked at me blankly. "No," he said. "But I did have a colleague ask, 'Does she ever smile?' "

Two weeks later, I asked Judd Gregg, a boyish New Hampshire senator who serves on two of the same committees as Hillary, whether he'd spoken to the former First Lady yet. "Uh, we said hello from a distance." Pause. "Over the heads of the Secret Service." Another pause. "She's surrounded by a *cadre*. She's like an aircraft carrier with a task force around her."

McCain, meanwhile, was appalled by the $8 million book deal and the $190,000 worth of gifts she'd made off with—"As the author of the gift ban, it doesn't get her off on the right foot with me"—and Jeff Sessions, the spitfire former Alabama attorney general, was fuming about the pardons for the four crooked rabbis in New Square. "It is troubling," he said. "Very, very troubling. To give a pardon for political votes is *beneath* contempt."

You could really see the hostility on the Senate floor. There were a few moments when Hillary talked to virtually no one—she just stood by herself, awkwardly looking around. A few Republicans seemed to go out of their way to snub her. On the day of her third vote, Nickles spent a good three minutes standing directly in front of Clinton, waiting to approach the desks where votes are tallied. He kept his back to her the entire time.

BUT IT SOON DAWNED ON THE SENATE Republicans: How vindictive could they really afford to be? Most of them realize that tormenting Hillary Clinton—or any female senator, for that matter—usually backfires, because they come across as a bunch of bullying, overbearing husbands. Even Arlen Specter (known among Senate staffers as Mr. Burns) didn't discuss Hillary's brothers at his pardon hearings. "I don't know if it was because she's a fellow senator," says Sessions, who sits on the Judiciary Committee, "or if it was because there was no evidence to show she did anything wrong. I suspect it was both."

As a rule, alienating your Senate colleagues is a pretty bad idea, no matter how much you loathe them or their politics. "Because if one senator decides that there are people he or she won't work with," explains Dorgan, "at some point, somewhere down the road, that senator is going to have legislation. And it's going to wind up in some subcommittee where those people he or she slighted have the opportunity to say, 'Thanks a lot—here's your payback.' "

Getting along is especially important given the Republicans' knife-thin margin. Though no GOP senator dares speak about this directly, Strom Thurmond's health, once actually taken for granted, is now on all of their minds—remarkably, it looks like he may finally surrender to age. ("When Strom sneezes," a top GOP aide ruefully told me a few weeks ago, "49 senators scramble to hand him a Kleenex.") If Thurmond dies, the governor of South Carolina, a Democrat, gets to choose his successor, and the Democrats become the majority party. In the 2002 election, if the Republicans lose so much as one seat—and twenty of them are up for re-election, as opposed to fourteen Democrats—again, Democrats will win control of the chamber. And Hillary, within a couple years (even months!), could be just the subcommittee chairman Dorgan was talking about.

"WE SAID **HELLO FROM A DISTANCE**. OVER THE HEADS OF THE SECRET SERVICE. SHE'S LIKE **AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER** WITH A TASK FORCE AROUND HER." —JUDD GREGG

"So you see Republicans come up somewhat sheepishly and shakin' hands with her, sayin' hello," says Breaux. "I saw Shelby"—first name Richard, an early and rather vocal foe of Bill Clinton—"talkin' to her yesterday. I thought that was good."

"Senator Lott has been gracious in the way he has talked to her personally," adds Tom Daschle, the Democratic leader. "Far more gracious," he ruefully notes, "than what his public comments would have anticipated."

Gramm now brags about how he never *personally* attacked the First Lady. "If you ask people to list who killed her health-care bill," he says, "they'd say me, but *never* did I call it anything but the president's bill. Other people called it 'Hillary Care.' I never did that."

A butcher could not slice baloney this thin. But a senator can.

THE DAY THE STARR REPORT CAME OUT, CONgressman Pete King saw Hillary. It should have been an excruciating experience. It wasn't. Just a couple weeks before, the

Long Island Republican had been on a trip to Ireland with the First Lady, and she happened to have met his mother—who at the time was in the middle of a logistical nightmare involving her plane ticket home. Now, as King sat awkwardly in the Diplomatic Reception Room of the White House, his head aswarm in the strangeness of the moment, Hillary strolled right up to him. "Your mother ever catch that plane?" she asked.

"That's Hillary," King says. "You see her a month later, and she asks you an obscure question about your last conversation. Unlike her husband, who only listens to about maybe half of what you say to him, she really listens to *everything*. That has to disarm all but the most hard-assed senator. When she asks, 'What happened to your grandson at Communion?'—that's gonna weaken some of that hatred."

Her charm offensive has already begun. Almost the moment she set foot in the Senate, Hillary greeted Jesse Helms. "She came over to say hello," he marvels, "and she had a hairdo just like everybody else! And I said, 'I believe I read in the newspaper that you're now a United States senator.' She just laughed. I said, 'I hope I see you.' "

"SHE CAME OVER TO SAY HELLO, AND SHE HAD A **HAIRDO** JUST **LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE!**" —JESSE HELMS

The 79-year-old senator, who now scoots around the Capitol on a motorized wheelchair, seems to bear her no grudge. "I always got a kick out of her," he says. "She said I was the head of a vast right-wing conspiracy—on TV! A few weeks after, I was on the receiving line at a State Department dinner, and I said, 'Vast right-wing conspiracy reporting for duty, ma'am.' " He salutes. "It didn't faze her."

Ben Nighthorse Campbell, the Senate's only Native American (he has a long, frizzy ponytail and got special dispensation from the Rules Committee to wear his bolo ties on the Senate floor), offered Hillary a ride on his motorcycle. Chuck Hagel, a handsome, fiftysomething GOP maverick from Nebraska, had Hillary to lunch in the privacy of his office. He says he didn't tell his colleagues. But he didn't keep it a secret from them, either. "I think she, uh, has come into the Senate under a considerable glare," he explains, "and that probably has put her in a bit of an awkward situation with her colleagues, so I figured she probably hasn't had many invitations just to talk a little bit, and just to get acquainted. She certainly is very charming and very gracious and very lovely and very smart."

Charming, gracious, lovely, smart? Good Lord—didn't this man get the *memo*?

Dorgan is right: These people need each other—sort of like the contestants on *Survivor*, another narcissistic group of strangers thrown together under artificial circumstances. So even as the pardon hearings were coming to a boil, and even as he was lamenting Bill Clinton's ethics on TV, Jeff Sessions, perhaps the Clinton family's most rabid Senate foe, was discussing his bankruptcy bill with Hillary, hoping she'd support it.

Does this mean he'd work with her? "Sure," he says.

So he won't filibuster a Clinton bill, just for sport? Or stall it in the cloakroom?

"Oh, no," he says. Beat. "Unless it's a bad bill."

IT'S NEARLY NOON, AND CLINTON IS SITting in a dull-as-nails Budget Committee hearing on agriculture and energy deregulation, trying valiantly to look interested in what the witnesses are saying. Because she's the most junior Democrat on the committee, she sits all the way at the end of the horseshoe-shaped table. She writes things down in a spiral notebook occasionally. She cradles her head in her hand.

Because Democrats do not control the Senate, they do not control the agenda at committee hearings, and they can choose few of the witnesses. Yet Clinton still sits through these meetings almost in their entirety, because she knows everyone in the Senate is watching her, wondering how serious she is, wondering whether she's going to be a prima donna or roll up her sleeves and work.

Pete Domenici, the committee chairman, is speaking. He's a friendly man, an old-timer who actually remembers when members stayed in Washington on weekends and had dinner with one another's families. "And then you," he's saying. "Senator Hillary—you're next."

Senator Hillary? Domenici seems to realize he's made a gaffe. He leaps up to whisper something in her ear, throwing his arm around her as he speaks. Whatever he says, it makes both of them grin. She puts her hands to her face, smiles, and stifles a laugh.

I ask him later that week what he whispered to her. Was it to apologize for calling her Senator Hillary? He grins. "I caught that mistake," he says. "It wasn't about that. It was about something else. And I'm not telling you."

The hearing began at 10:30. Senator Hillary got her first chance to speak at 12:20.

DEMOCRATS CARE FOR HILLARY BOTH MORE and less than Republicans do. A number have always found her more reliable than her husband, who embarrassed them with his lying, lost control of Congress for them with his overreaching, and then, once Republicans took over, habitually betrayed them with his triangulating. She, they believe, is the real deal.

Then along came Pardongate. "A lot of people were concerned that so much of the discussion after the election was about Clinton's last few days in office," concedes Breaux. "It was a distraction, clearly, and, um, I think most people wish it hadn't occurred. But look—I'm sure he wishes the same thing! I mean, I've talked to him since, and he wishes it hadn't all happened, but it did."

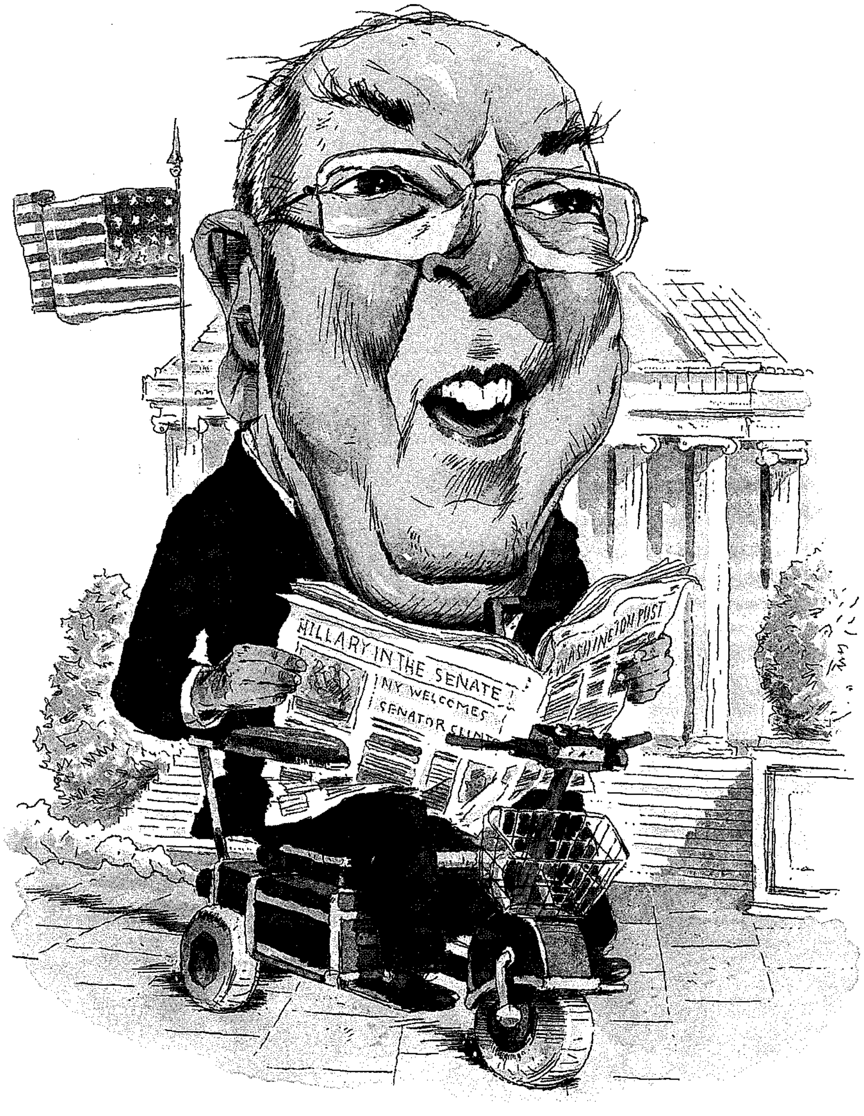
So what was Clinton thinking?

"To some extent, he wasn't."

Even before Marc and Denise Rich became household names, though, plenty of Democrats were toting their own satchel of resentments toward Hillary. "She's like what happened when the astronaut John Glenn got elected—cubed," explains Joe Biden, the Delaware Democrat. "And there's a lot of egos in this place. So when any senator walks into a meeting, into a room, into a crowd, with Hillary, all of you in the press are going to immediately go to her, no matter how much more clout or significance the other senator has. And that's obviously going to generate some difficulty with her colleagues."

Like Chuck Schumer—who, at least technically, is still the senior senator from New York. They say the most dangerous place in the Capitol is between Chuck Schumer and a camera, and if Hillary wanted to, she could occupy that place all the time. Though Schumer undeniably campaigned hard for the First Lady, her presence in the Senate, on some level, must kill him. ("I'm sure he finds it galling," says one of his New York colleagues. "Don't get me started," says another. "They'll eat each other up," says a third.)

Of course, many senators from the same state and the same party wind up disliking, if not outright loathing, each other. Barbara Boxer and Dianne Feinstein. Thad Cochran and Trent Lott. Olympia Snowe and Susan Collins. Robert Torricelli and Frank Lautenberg, when the two were still serving together. (Two years ago, at a Democratic retreat at the Library of Congress, the former famously snarled to the latter: "I'm going to cut your balls off.")



Chuck and Hillary will probably get along better than that.

The day she got sworn in, Biden recalls, Hillary addressed her new colleagues in the old Senate chamber and asked them to forgive her for all the media attention she was going to attract, at least initially. "And she's not speaking up in the caucuses," he adds. "Other freshmen are talking a lot more than Hillary is. A *whole* lot more. At least *three* freshmen have talked *ten* times as much as she has. Hillary listens."

But her potential for refracting the limelight requires constant monitoring. Recently, I called the office of a New York Democrat, and his staff had just completed a legislative meeting, going through their bills one-by-one, trying to determine whether Hillary's involvement would help or hurt their boss. At her first coffee with the Senate women, Hillary's colleagues writhed as the cameras focused almost exclusively on her. The first day the freshmen Democrats gave a press conference, Daschle, who introduced them, told the media each senator was only allowed *one* question. "Of course, she took the *first* question," deadpans Tom Carper, formerly the governor of Delaware and easily the funniest guy in the Democratic caucus. He pauses. "And then all the other questions were, 'So, Senator, what do *you* think about Hillary?' "

Perhaps no Democrat needed to be more persuaded of Hillary's virtues than Robert Byrd. Byrd is one of the Senate's living legends. He's a master of parliamentary procedure and an avid history buff, and on a good afternoon, he can work in references to both Socrates and Pliny the Elder in a floor speech. Byrd may be the only sitting senator to speak in standard written English. He wears three-piece suits to work every day. And at 83, he has supposedly shaken the hand of one of every three constituents in the state of West Virginia.

Byrd wields awesome power within the Democratic caucus, most notably because he's the top member of the Appropriations Committee, which determines how much money gets spent on all sorts of federal projects.

This year, Hillary wanted very much to be on the Appropriations Committee. She was turned down. Byrd did not care for her husband in the slightest.

So the first week of Congress, Hillary went to see Robert Byrd. She spent an hour in his gilded Senate office, with its heavy chandelier and silk-lined sofa and giant oil painting of his wife, and asked him how to be a good senator. And he gave her a disquisition worthy of Polonius.

"I told her: 'To be a good senator, you've got to do your committee work and become an expert in legislation,' " he recalls. " 'Don't talk too often; you will have plenty of chances to speak. Make yourself a workhorse, not a show horse. And remember, behind every curtain and every drapery there is a monster called envy. Don't expect any favors; you start at the bottom, just like any other new senator.'

"And she said, 'I don't.' " He nods approvingly. "I was very favorably impressed. I didn't expect her to have this kind of attitude. I expected that she would come in here and she would expect a lot of special treatment. But there was none of that. She even took notes."

The day of Hillary's first vote, she again approached Byrd, this time on the Senate floor. She told him she was supposed to preside over the Senate that day—to whom should she turn for a quick briefing on Senate procedure? He told her about the parliamentarian, Robert Dove. Then she asked if she could round up the other freshmen later that week so that Byrd himself could give them a little lecture on the Senate rules. "Now, wasn't that something?" he marvels, with a breathy twang. "I thought that was exceptional."

I predict: In two years, Hillary will be on the Appropriations Committee.

"There have been any number of people who've come into the Senate over the decades with a strike against them," muses Congressman Jerry Nadler, the Democrat who represents the West Side from Zabar's to Nathan's. "And hard work changed the opinion. Ted Kennedy is the obvious example. When he came in, everybody knew he didn't deserve to be there. And yet he turned out to be one of the best senators of the century."

Actually, Kennedy thinks Hillary's more qualified than he ever was. "She comes in, really, in a different situation," he says. "Because she was already very much involved in many of these issues—like health and education—as First Lady." While he, the implication is, was not. He was merely a Kennedy.

BACK AT THAT BUDGET COMMITTEE HEARING, Hillary finally has a chance to speak. She thanks the chairman, Domenici, for having this panel—"and the future panels that are planned, including a panel on coal, Senator Byrd, because I do think it is extremely helpful in forming our decisions when it comes to the budget issues we face."

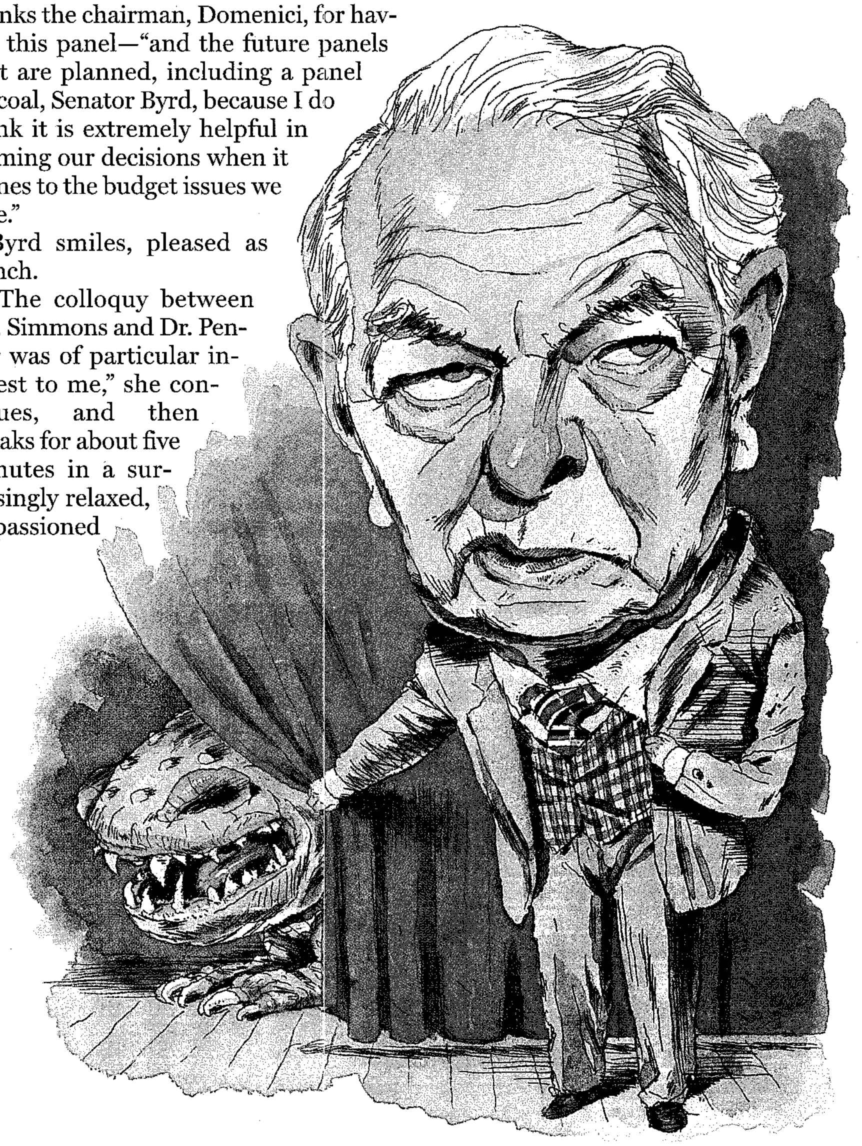
Byrd smiles, pleased as punch.

"The colloquy between Mr. Simmons and Dr. Penner was of particular interest to me," she continues, and then speaks for about five minutes in a surprisingly relaxed, impassioned way, sounding nothing like she does at her heavily scripted press conferences. Her questions are sharp. The witnesses are impressed. If policy-speak were an aphrodisiac, she'd probably be the most seductive person alive.

She brings up Senator Byrd's pet project again. ("It's always struck me as rather unfortunate that we didn't make even greater investments in helping the market respond to clean coal demands . . .") Domenici thanks her. Then he asks whether everyone's finished with his or her statements and questions. The Democrats say they'd love just a few quick follow-ups, but Hillary has a lunch appointment. Domenici asks Byrd whether he minds if she goes before him.

"Well, actually, I'd wait for Senator Byrd, Mr. Chairman," says Hillary.

Byrd beams like a proud father. "I would suggest that the distinguished senator from New York proceed," he says. "I'd like to hear her, and I know she has a luncheon."



THERE WAS TALK FOR A LONG TIME OF Hillary's being a super-senator—the next Ted Kennedy, taking to the floor whenever Republicans crossed some unthinkable Rubicon—or perhaps even the next president. But for the moment, she has no choice but to focus her energies on New York, not just because of her recent pardon troubles but because her colleagues and constituents are closely, warily watching her to make sure she doesn't use the Senate floor as a glorified launching pad for another Clinton presidency. At least not immediately.

Besides, New York will need her full attention. With the recent departures of Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Alfonse D'Amato, the state has lost two seats on the Finance Committee, arguably the most powerful in the Senate. In the House, we're better off. "But if I have to fight and scratch for New York and not feel that I have anyone on the Finance Committee or the leadership over there," says Charles Rangel, Harlem Democrat and ranking member on the Ways and Means Committee, "it would be a problem."

There's another problem, too. "Maybe I'm being paranoid," says Nadler. But in Congress, "I suspect that there's a lot of anti–New York hostility, and that Hillary'll come across it from time to time, in addition to the hostility to *her*. You know, it's partly anti-Semitic, though I think that's fading. And I think New York also personifies, like Massachusetts, liberal Democrats. I mean, Newt Gingrich used to delight in picking on New York as the image of everything that was wrong."

Unfortunately, this anti–New York sentiment has a way of asserting itself legislatively. Nadler remembers when Dan Burton walked out on the House floor and railed against New York's and Los Angeles's generous helping of funding from the National Endowment for the Arts.

"So I got up," says Nadler, "and said I was shocked, *shocked* to discover the prejudice against New York—that we didn't get a *penny* of the *wheat subsidy*! And how much went to *Indiana*!" He bangs his fist on his desk for emphasis. "Never mind that we don't grow any wheat."

OUTSIDE CLINTON'S SENATE OFFICE, A sweaty bike messenger suddenly appears. "I just, like, wanted to meet her," he tells one of her aides, who happens to be walking by. "Do you, like, need an appointment or can you just walk in?" The aide graciously explains that the senator is talking with her staff, but he can probably catch her when she leaves to go to a meeting. Inside, a cute kid with floppy hair is working one of the phones. "I will definitely make a note of it," he's saying. "Where are you from . . . ?"

Clinton's three receptionists estimate that they take more than 1,000 calls per day. Her interns open more than 2,000 pieces of mail per week. And the foot traffic outside her suite, located on the fourth floor of the Russell Building, rivals Disney World's.

Hillary might be a celebrity. But this new job of hers is by no means glamorous. And it is perhaps this humdrum dimension of the job—the grueling, tiresome, quotidian details that go into helping constituents and making policy—that her colleagues say will be the hardest adjustment for her to make. First Ladies browse for china patterns, choose a few pet issues, and travel all over the world. Senators spend their days raising money, commuting, listening to unhappy constituents, racing to meetings, sitting through four-hour hearings, going to parades in far-flung towns, and raising more money. This time three years ago, Hillary was off on an eleven-day tour of Africa. These days, she's spending her weekends in Schenectady.

"She'll find out how tedious it is," says Pete King. "I don't know if she's prepared for that." He thinks. "I'm also wondering how the disorder will affect her," he says after a moment. "There's no orderly life as a member of Congress. One hundred constituents arrive you have to meet with. Committee meetings abruptly adjourn. You're scheduled for a talk in Syracuse, and suddenly Trent Lott doesn't let the Senate go home.

> I TOLD HER: 'REMEMBER, BEHIND EVERY CURTAIN AND EVERY DRAPERY THERE IS A **MONSTER CALLED ENVY**. DON'T EXPECT ANY FAVORS; YOU **START AT THE BOTTOM**. —ROBERT BYRD

"That stuff wouldn't bother Bill Clinton," he continues, "because—and I mean this as a compliment—his life is total confusion all the time. But she's more like an appellate lawyer, having structured arguments in structured ways. Which is fine in normal life. But not in the Senate."

Clinton is bending over backward to make it clear that she doesn't expect any special treatment. In spite of what Judd Gregg says, she has taken pains to wear her three-man Secret Service entourage as unostentatiously as possible: They don't accompany her on the Senate floor; they don't cling too closely in the halls. She chats easily with her colleagues. (On the floor, she's a furious gesticulator.) And already, she has a reputation for being one of the best female senators to work for. (Though the competition isn't stiff. They're a difficult lot.)

But some of Hillary's peers, like Ben Nighthorse Campbell, still can't help wondering how certain questions of protocol will be resolved. Campbell is on the Helsinki Commission with Hillary. The other day, he realized he had no idea what'll happen when they take their first trip overseas.

"Usually, there's a special section of the plane, a private stateroom, for the chairman," he explains. "And then another section with reserved seats for senior senators—it has tables and headphones and even cots for sleeping. And then the freshmen sit in the back, in regular coach seats, with the staff."

He throws up his hands. "The old bulls, they're not used to being upstaged. But if she gets special seating with her Secret Service people, I don't know how they'll take to it. Then again . . . " He hesitates. "Well, it's a little awkward to have the ex–First Lady in the back, with her knees up by her chin, all cramped up, after traveling on Air Force One. Don'tcha think?"

Back in the White House, Clinton could also keep the media at arm's length. But the Capitol provides its press corps with uncommon access to elected officials. Reporters can trap Hillary outside her office in the Russell Building, in the private subway that takes her from Russell to the Capitol, and even right off the Senate floor. The public has almost as much access, and people pretty much stop her every ten feet or so—to take pictures, to say hello, to talk about issues of concern to them.

In one of its cattier moments, the Washington *Times* recently conjectured that Hillary looks worse in photographs these days because she lost her stylist when she left the White House. But I doubt that's the case. I think the reason is because her time is less stage-managed now than it was in the past. Today, there are plenty of random opportunities to catch Clinton staring unbecomingly into space or looking harried as she flies through the halls.

"She's gotta get used to bags under her eyes, her makeup coming off," sighs Congresswoman Carolyn Maloney, the Democrat who represents the East Side. "My constituents have seen me that way. Because I tell you, you spend four hours at these hearings, you have eighteen-hour days, you're running to meetings . . . that's how you *look*."

TWO WEEKS AGO, I REVISITED SOME OF Hillary's biggest skeptics. Predictably, they were singing a different tune. Pardon hearings seem much less interesting to them, for one thing. "Senator Clinton's on my subcommittee," said Hutchinson, who doubtless has seen her smile by now. "I've got to work with her every day. There's just . . . " He stammered. "I'm with President Bush: Just let it go away."

Gregg, presumably, found a way to approach her, in spite of her Secret Service cadre. "This is a person I deal with," he said. "Because when I do business on the Senate floor, I need 51 votes, or 61 votes, and she's certainly one of them. We're negotiating on a couple things right now—I hope to have her join myself and Senator Carper on the charter-school bill."

"Getting to know somebody on a human level can eliminate a lot of misconceptions." That's Hillary herself talking. I caught up with her that day, too, briefly, as she was making her way back to her office after a vote. "I feel that a lot of my colleagues are really—not only polite, but interested in what I really believe in and what kind of senator I'll be. And I think that's good." As we headed toward the subway, four teenage girls stopped her and started to squeal.

"Oh, Mrs. Clinton! Can we take your picture?"

"Sure, though I'm late—"

"Please?"

One nestled herself under the senator's arm. *Flash.*

"Thanks!"

"Bye, girls. Thanks, thanks." We missed the subway.

"Shoot." We started to walk down the long, underground corridor toward her office building.

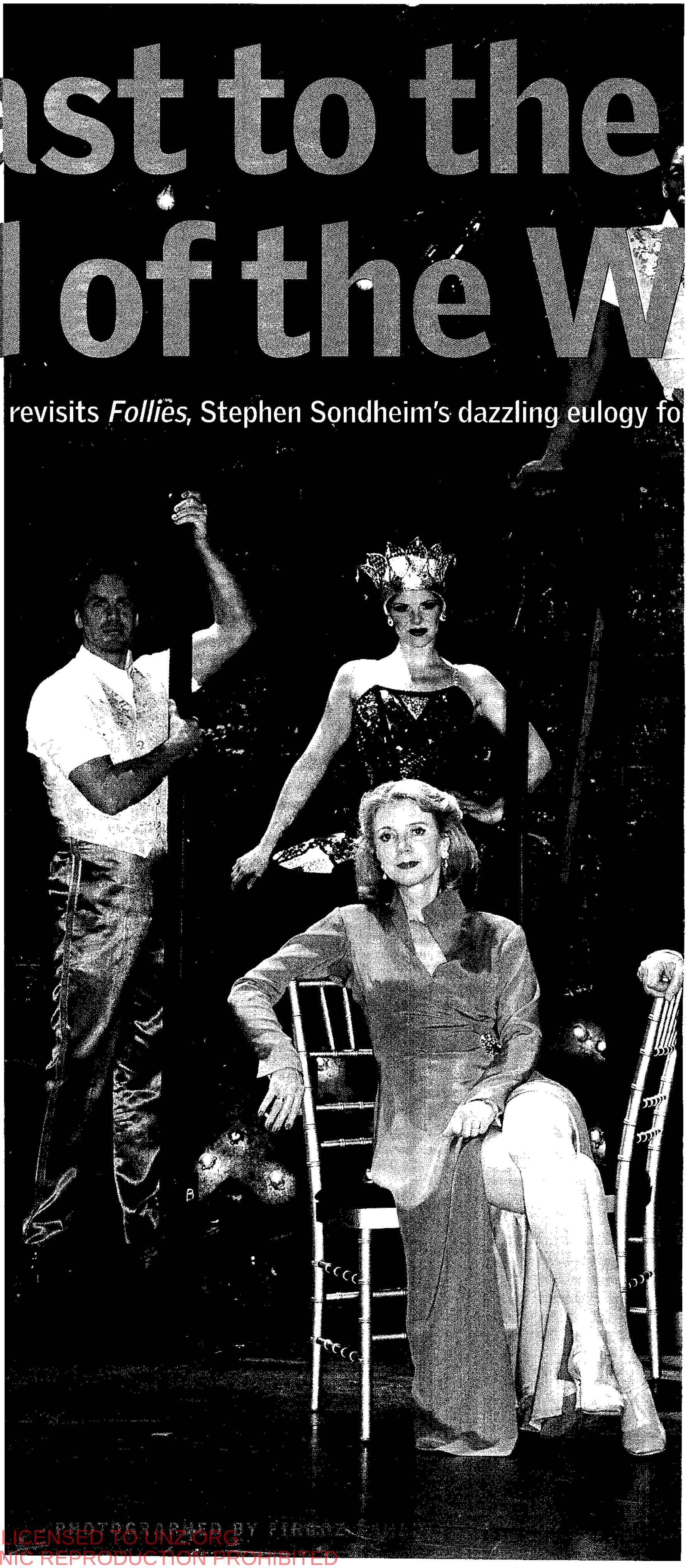
"You know what's surprising?" she continued. "How much goes on at one time." She started recounting a harrowing day when she had to attend two committee markups simultaneously.

"But there's a lot of humorous asides that kind of cut the tension and keep people from taking any of this personally," she said. "Senator Lott came up to me on the floor the other day and said, 'What is it about our *hair*? Why is it that your hair and my hair draw all this attention?' " She gave a weary smile. Lightning didn't strike; she's a senator now. "I suggested we start a hair caucus." ■

A Toast to the End of the W

A troupe of theater luminaries revisits *Follies*, Stephen Sondheim's dazzling eulogy fo

By Jeremy Gerard



PHOTOGRAPHED BY FIROOZ [illegible]

BROADWAY LOVES A BACKSTAGE MUSICAL; something about going out a chorus girl and coming back a star appeals to the cheerleader in all of us. Stephen Sondheim had already written the lyrics for one of the greatest of them—*Gypsy*, in 1959—when his friend and sometime collaborator James Goldman presented him with the idea for another. An Oscar winner for *The Lion in Winter*, Goldman was inspired by a newspaper item about a reunion of cast members from the *Ziegfeld Follies*. *The Girls Upstairs*, as the author called his new show, concerned just such a reunion, focusing on two ex–chorus girls and the stage-door Johnnies they married. Director Hal Prince had a different inspiration: a 1960 *Life* magazine photograph of silent-screen star Gloria Swanson, elegantly gowned, arms outstretched, standing in the rubble of the Roxy movie palace just before it was demolished. Thus *The Girls Upstairs* became *Follies*, a musical about two couples, certainly, but also about the end of an era, the end of opulence, the end of American innocence. At *this* reunion, the world-weary principals are shadowed and partnered by their exuberant younger selves. A brilliant, bounteous score featured Sondheim's pitch-perfect homages to musical-theater titans from Romberg to Rodgers and Hammerstein, along with his own rather darker musings on love, marriage, and survival—songs like "I'm Still Here" and "Could I Leave You?" and "Too Many Mornings" that have become cabaret staples. For this first Broadway revival since the 1971 opening, the company itself comprises the best of the American theater, with Blythe Danner, Judith Ivey, Gregory Harrison, and Treat Williams in the principal roles. But also look for dance greats Marge Champion and Donald Saddler, and just try to keep your heart in its place when Joan Roberts—*Oklahoma!*'s original Laurey!—belts out "One More Kiss." Talk about something to cheer for. ■

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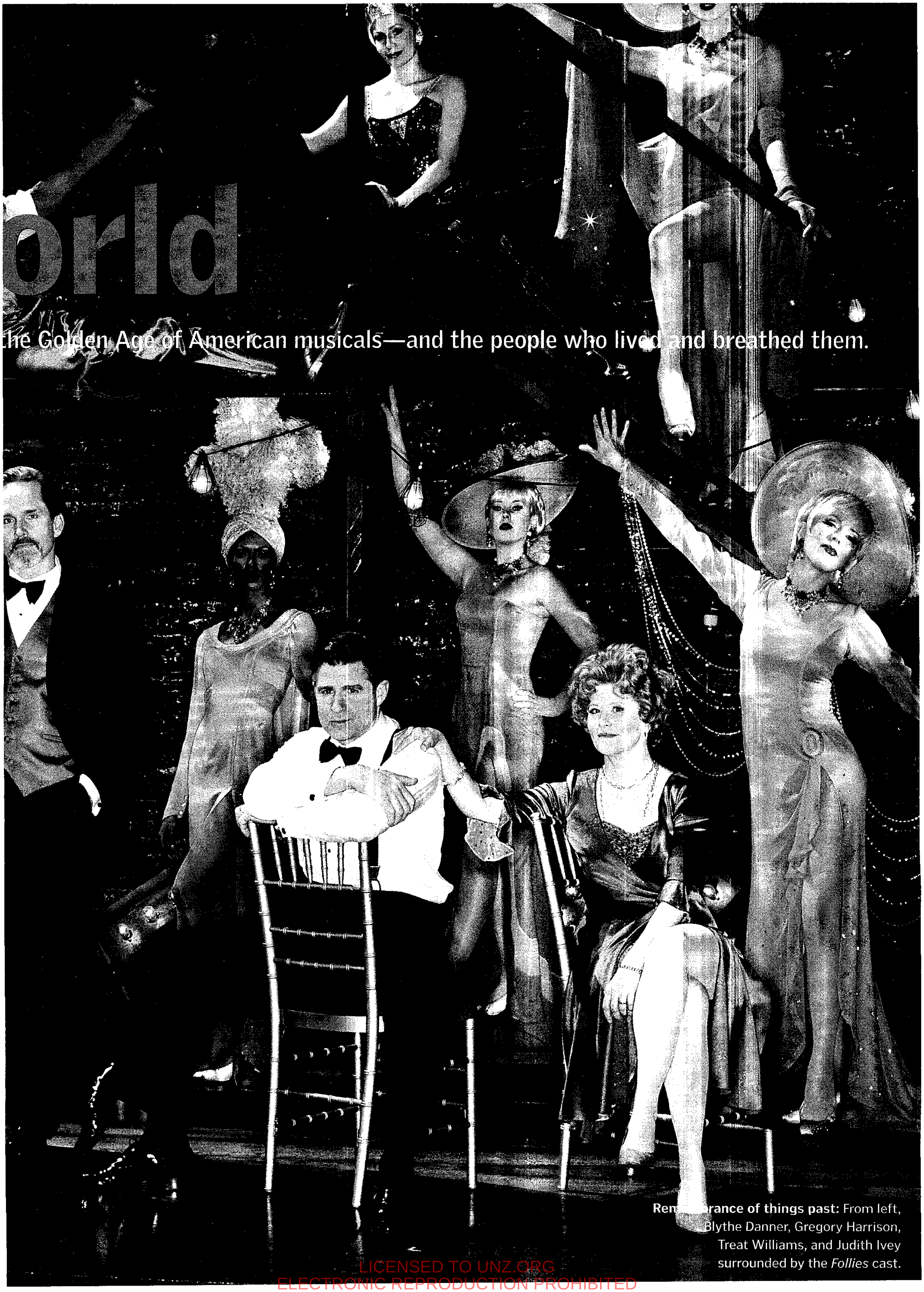
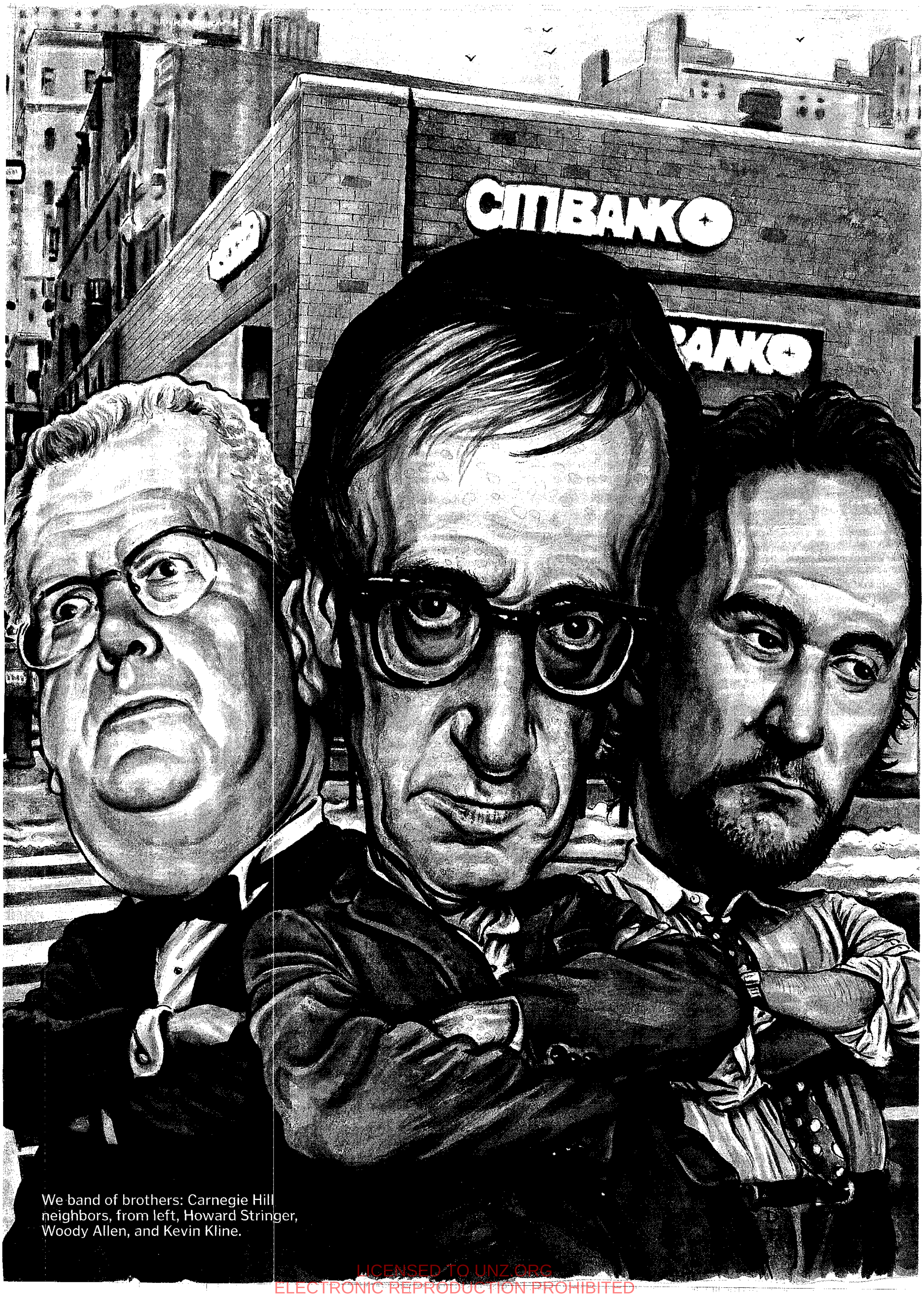
he Golden Age of American musicals—and the people who lived and breathed them.



Remembrance of things past: From left, Blythe Danner, Gregory Harrison, Treat Williams, and Judith Ivey surrounded by the *Follies* cast.


CITIBANK
BANK

We band of brothers: Carnegie Hill neighbors, from left, Howard Stringer, Woody Allen, and Kevin Kline.

By Ralph Gardner Jr.

The Battle of Carnegie Hill

ON THE SURFACE, IT'S A CLASSIC SHOWDOWN BETWEEN HOMEOWNERS RESISTANT TO CHANGE AND NEIGHBORS INTENT ON IMPROVING WHAT IS, AFTER ALL, THEIR OWN PROPERTY. BUT UP WHERE ANDREW CARNEGIE BUILT HIS MANSION, THE RANKS OF THE PRESERVATIONIST ARMY INCLUDE KEVIN KLINE, PAUL NEWMAN, AND THE PATTON OF THE PERAMBULATOR SET, WOODY ALLEN.

JURATE KAZICKAS, A SENIOR OFFICER in the people's army fighting the development of an apartment building over the Citibank branch at the corner of 91st Street and Madison Avenue, was walking down the street last spring when she spotted Citigroup CEO Sanford Weill, whose company had sold the right to develop the property, leaving the restaurant Vico with his wife, Joan.

"Before he could get into his car, I went up to him and said, 'You've got to do something. Please, please, can we have a meeting with you?' " recalls Kazickas, a journalist and the wife of former deputy Treasury secretary Roger C. Altman. "I basically said, 'You have no idea how upset we are,' and I launched into this tirade and said, 'Buy it back. Please buy it back.' He said, 'Why don't *you* buy it back?' "

The billionaire eventually told his assailant, whom he knew socially, to call his office. "We were able to get a meeting with the general counsel of Citibank and the public-affairs person," Kazickas continues. "And they were very upset that the neighborhood was upset. It was one of those things that slipped through the cracks. I really honestly think they had no clue the developer was going to do this horrendous thing the community would go wild about."

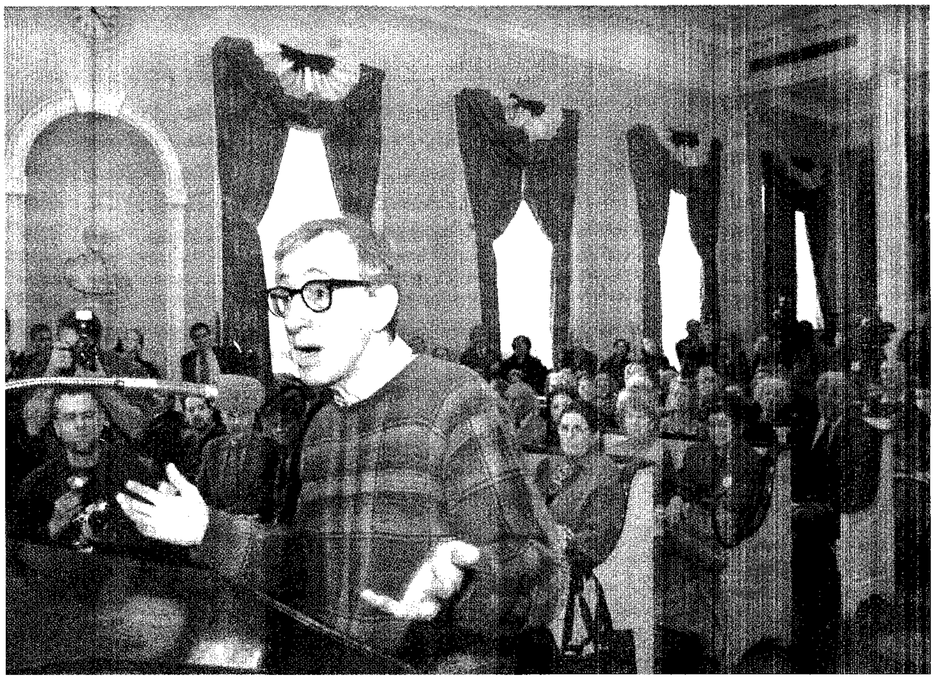
All politics may be local. But in Carnegie Hill it's zeroed in to the level of lintels, cornices, and flower beds, as preservationists and ladies who lunch square off against developers, schools that want to grow, and even one another in an effort to keep the neighborhood safe for nannies pushing McClaren strollers and movie crews seeking authentic nineteenth-century locations for generations to come.

The war between those who want to develop Manhattan, and usually succeed, and those who want to keep it the way it is is nothing new. What makes Carnegie Hill different is that the combatants in one of the city's hottest neighborhoods are more evenly matched. This is less David versus Goliath than Ali versus Frazier, both sides trotting down to the Landmarks Preservation Commission on an almost weekly basis, it seems, with their lawyers and tweedy architects in tow. The opposing camps come out for the final showdown on April 3, when the anti-tower activists hope to persuade Landmarks to make the developer scale back his already scaled-back proposal even further.

If anything, the preservationists appear to have the upper hand, armed as they are not only with righteous indignation, social contacts, and the discretionary income to bankroll their favorite causes but also with their own human missile-defense shield in the unassuming form of Woody Allen.

Allen and his wife, Soon-Yi, moved into a 92nd Street mansion a couple of years ago, and Allen, in whose films Manhattan strides the screen like a lovable colossus, almost instantly became the neighborhood's preservation poster boy. "When I got up to Carnegie Hill, they asked my help almost immediately, and it never stopped," Allen explains, though he's not complaining.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN



How do you get to Carnegie Hill? Protest, protest: Woody Allen, above, addressing the landmarks commission in February; right, Carolyn Maloney, Joanne Woodward, and Elizabeth Ashby at the Citibank site in 1999.

The director has thus far lobbied the landmarks commission against not only the "Citibank tower," as it's been dubbed by its foes, but also the Spence School's plan to enlarge a landmark mansion on 93rd Street and a neighbor who wants to expand the back of his brownstone.

Woody Allen's efforts have even included the making of a short, charming homage to Carnegie Hill that features a soundtrack, trademark Allen voice-over, and special effects. The video, which went into extremely limited distribution—it was screened a couple of times at fund-raisers for CitiNeighbors, the grassroots organization fighting the Citibank building, and sent to every member of the landmarks commission—culminates with a Darth Vader–ish shadow meant to suggest the proposed tower's height, ascending unsociably toward the heavens.

"It isn't a small issue of rich against rich," Allen asserts. "It's people who care about the city versus people who don't care enough about it.

"Carnegie Hill is one of the two or three sections of the city," he adds, "that represent New York City at its most historically charming."

Perhaps unsurprisingly, one property owner insists his stalled project would already be nearing completion were it not for his neighborhood's high-profile residents. "The landmarks people are starstruck," this person complains.

NOT THAT MANY YEARS AGO, CARNEGIE HILL, which acquired its name when Andrew Carnegie built a mansion there in 1901 (today the Cooper-Hewitt museum), was considered something of a backwater, a place for those who couldn't afford the prices south of 86th Street but remained wedded to the concept of the Upper East Side's Gold Coast. In fact, part of its current sex appeal, according to Lo van der Valk, the president of Carnegie Hill Neighbors, a preservation group, is the felicitous result of what he describes as the "Rip Van Winkle" effect.

"We were passed over by major conversions and demolition and rebuilding," he explains. "And by the time Rip Van Winkle woke up, the landmark laws were in full sway."

But the sleep had definitely been rubbed from old Rip's eyes by the mid- to late nineties as well-to-do baby-boomers, flush with their Wall Street winnings and attracted by the neighborhood's private schools and human scale, started to bid up the prices for townhouses. Homes that sold for under $1 million a decade ago now routinely sell in the $3 million-to-$4 million range.

A strong economy also helped the schools, making it easier to persuade wealthy parents to open their wallets, and to upgrade their facilities. And developers, eyeing the neighborhood's cozy restaurants, tony toy shops, and chic children's-clothing boutiques, saw in Carnegie Hill a neighborhood begging for the convenience of condominium living.

"The irony is, the wealth of the first Gilded Age that built the community is being deconstructed by the wealth of the second Gilded Age," claims Van der Valk.

While it's easy to tar the developers as evil, the case against schools such as Spence and the Convent of the Sacred Heart (which also finds itself in the preservationists' crosshairs) is harder to make. They're the reason many families move to the neighborhood in the first place, and they've also proved themselves rather reliable stewards of their property—not just in flush times but also when the economy goes into a tailspin and former masters of the universe find themselves relocating to the suburbs or the Sun Belt.

In 1999, Spence purchased the landmarked Billy Rose mansion, best known as the Smithers center, a former drug- and alcohol-treatment facility whose celebrity patients included pitcher Dwight Gooden. Spence, whose main building is two blocks away at 22 East 91st Street, planned to extend the roof, build an underground gym, and move its lower school there. One might have thought the community would have welcomed the school's well-scrubbed little girls, but the preservationists balked at the plans.

"We're engaged in a process of working cooperatively with the landmarks commission to arrive at a responsible plan to restore and preserve the landmark while also meeting the academic needs of the school," says Arlene Gibson, Spence's head of school.

"I LOVE THE SPENCE SCHOOL," SAYS CARNEGIE HILL RESIDENT WOODY ALLEN. "BUT YOU CAN'T BUY A LANDMARK HOUSE AND GO ABOUT CHANGING IT."

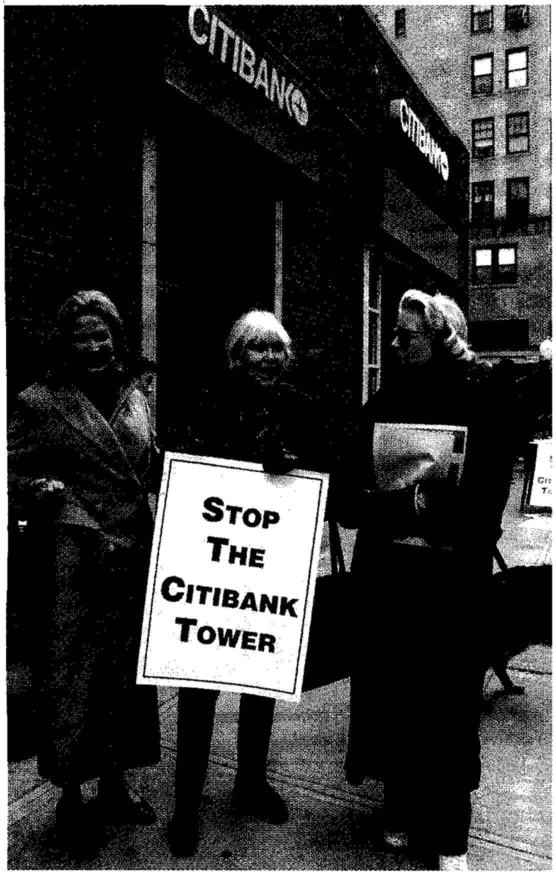
"I love the Spence School," says Allen, whose wife took a brief turn student-teaching there in 1997, "but you can't buy a landmark house and go about changing it." In January, Spence was effectively sent back to the drawing board by the landmarks commission and has since scaled back its proposal, lopping off a proposed sixth floor and making other changes.

In another case, Carnegie Hill Neighbors supported a temporary restraining order in State Supreme Court against the city's Board of Standards and Appeals in the hope of overturning the approval the city gave the Convent of the Sacred Heart to enlarge a rear yard addition that connects the Kahn and Burden mansions, at 1 and 7 East 91st Streets, respectively, both of which the school oc-

Photographs: from left, AP/Wide World Photos; Jennifer Altman/NY Daily News.

cupies. Preservationists oppose the work on the grounds that it's too high and will reduce the light behind the school.

Perhaps the most intimate battle in which Allen found himself engaged involved the plans of a family named Fisch, who live several doors east of him, to expand their brownstone ten feet into their backyard. The Fisches' neighbors, who include gourmet grocer Eli Zabar, claimed that the construction, which requires burrowing seventeen feet underground, would destroy the peace, tranquillity, and natural beauty of the interconnected gardens that the Allens, Zabars, Fisches, and several other families share.



"We all got together and offered to buy the house at fair market value," explains Allen. "We felt perhaps they just picked the wrong house for what they want."

"He was insulted," says Ross Moskowitz, Michael Fisch's lawyer. "He has lived in Carnegie Hill for twenty-some-odd years. He and his family have been stellar members of the community. They were outraged by the arrogance to assume they would leave the neighborhood."

Carnegie Hill Neighbors' Lo van der Valk found himself stuck between the proverbial rock, or rather common rear façade, and a hard place. "I don't like to side with one group of neighbors over another," he explains cautiously, "but this is a unique space."

On February 27, the landmarks commission awarded the Fisches a partial victory, granting them a two-story-high rear-yard extension rather than the five-story addition they wanted.

But, says a neighborhood activist who considers the internecine warfare on 92nd Street a distraction from Carnegie Hill's serious work, "what worries me is all these neighbors were making a scene in front of Landmarks and squabbling among themselves and queering the pitch for the big carbuncle that's going to go up on the corner." She's referring, of course, to the Citibank "tower."

The beauty of that project, so to speak, is that at least everybody agrees on who the enemy is: the Tamarkin Company, whose proposed seventeen-story building, on one of Madison Avenue's last open spaces, allowing in marvelous morning sunlight, has already been whittled down to eleven stories and counting. The movement to thwart the plan started when Carol McFadden, who sold her townhouse to Woody Allen and moved to the hinterlands of the East Eighties but remains active in the preservation of Carnegie Hill, got wind of the proposed tower while chatting with a neighbor.

"It was just a whisper on a street corner," she recalls. "We hired a lawyer. We put our hands all the way around the block" (a show of solidarity at a protest meeting last February). "We had a wreath that said R.I.P.," to call attention to the "death" of the historic neighborhood, she continued, "and quiet Sunday that it was, the media took an interest in us."

McFadden also scissored her Citibank ATM card for dramatic effect, a move she quietly regrets, since it has forced her to bank at an HSBC ATM at 45 East 89th Street, a huge residential skyscraper built during the seventies that creates a howling wind-tunnel effect, and whose construction Carnegie Hill Neighbors was created to fight.

Joining McFadden on the barricades have been Paul Newman and Kevin Kline. On February 8, 2000, CitiNeighbors turned out several hundred strong for the landmarks commission's hearing on the project, an encounter that developer Cary Tamarkin likened to "having my head banged against a wall for five hours continuously."

Sony Corporation of America CEO Sir Howard Stringer, another Carnegie Hill resident, was among those who testified against the project, at McFadden's request. "Everybody else was a housewife," she recalls. "He's a person who actually has a salary. He stepped up into this huge void and gave the most eloquent ten-minute talk I ever heard.

"Kevin Kline came to the second landmarks meeting and quoted *Richard II,*" the ebullient McFadden continues, referring to an event on May 16 where Kline declaimed, "How sour sweet music is, when time is broke, and no proportion kept!" ("It just slayed them in the aisles," she says.)

In June, the landmarks commission unanimously rejected the initial design, and in December, Tamarkin came back with a revised proposal cutting the building from seventeen stories and 214 feet to eleven stories and 142 feet. But that didn't satisfy its opponents. "They have these nice little six-story townhouses," Jurate Kazickas explains, of the Queen Anne row houses just north of Citibank. "We'd like another six-story townhouse."

However, the coalition of groups that has opposed the building may be starting to fray. Friends of the Upper East Side Historic Districts, Civitas, and the Municipal Arts Society are apparently going to give the project their blessing, or at least not oppose it, at the landmarks commission's April 3 hearing.

"Friends doesn't make comment until we testify at Landmarks," says Lisa Kersavage, the organization's executive director. "But [Tamarkin] did come to us, and the height is more appropriate than the previous one. We don't want to turn this into an adversarial situation. That's a big reason we're not commenting.

"They've had so many projects up there," she continues, referring sympathetically to Carnegie Hill, "I think that neighborhood feels under siege right now. They're reacting very strongly to every proposal."

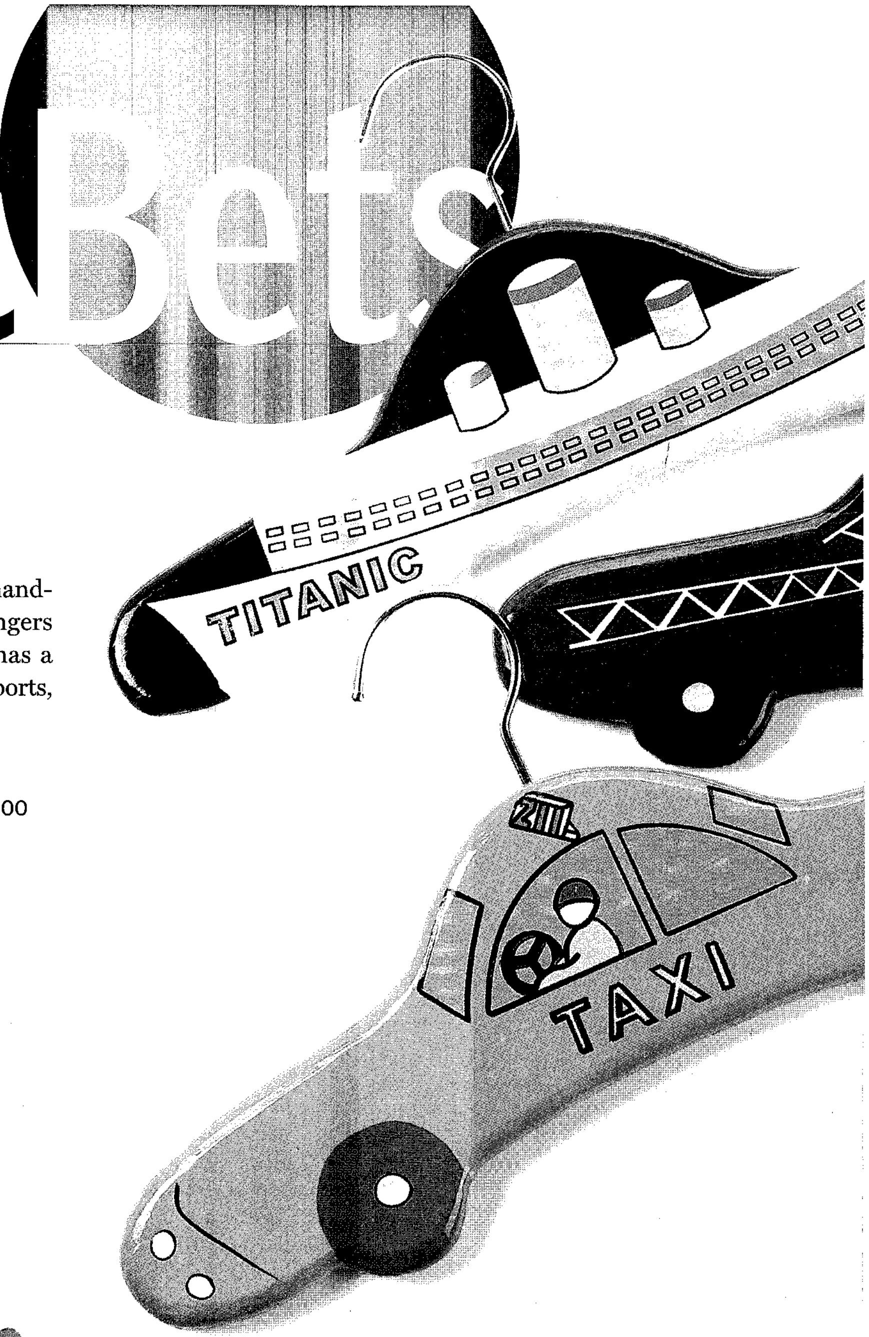
While the momentum may be shifting in the developer's favor, don't count out Carnegie Hill's intrepid band of guerrilla fighters just yet. CitiNeighbors' campaign coffers are perilously depleted, according to one of their leaders, but Woody Allen has agreed to screen his new movie at a $500-a-head fund-raiser for the group this spring.

Whatever the resolution, one thing seems almost certain: Some future Allen movie will incorporate the pageantry and pathos of the Landmarks war.

"I'm sure it will find its way into my work," he says. "The whole thing is quite interesting if you choose to play it for laughs. Of course, when you're there it's dead serious, because there's a lot at stake." ■

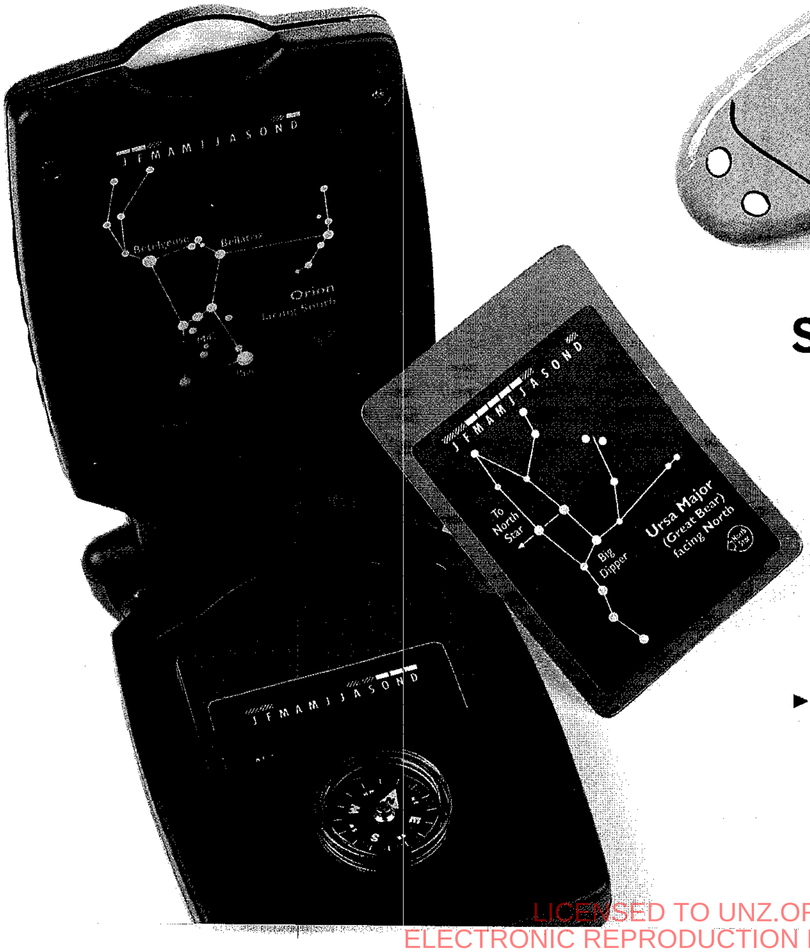
Best Bets

RIMA SUQI


TITANIC
2TT
TAXI

Childhood Hang-ups These hand-carved, hand-painted children's clothes hangers come in sets of four or six, and every set has a theme, including transportation (pictured), sports, and flowers (set of four, $15; set of six, $21).

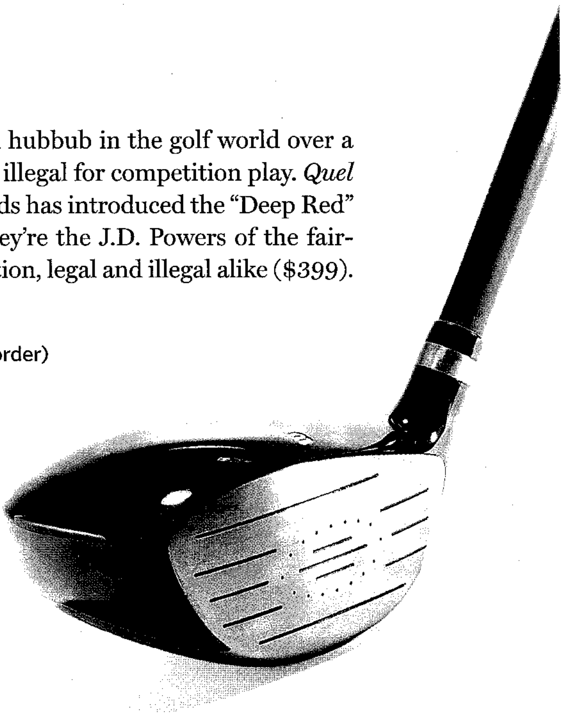
▶ **COZY'S CUTS FOR KIDS**
448 Amsterdam Avenue, at 81st Street/212-579-2600
1125 Madison Avenue, at 84th Street/212-744-1716


J F M A M J J A S O N D
Betelgeuse
Bellatrix
Orion
facing South
J F M A M J J A S O N D
To North Star
Big Dipper
Ursa Major
(Great Bear)
facing North
J F M A M J J A S O N D

Star Power It's hard to wish upon a star when you can't see any. But New Yorkers who do get off the island now and then should get a kick out of Restoration Hardware's Celestial Navigator, which helps locate the position of stars and constellations in the sky. Just match the built-in compass with one of four seasonal night-sky cards (illuminated by a red light) for an overall map of what you're looking at, or opt for one of twenty additional cards that describe smaller, specific constellations ($20).

▶ **RESTORATION HARDWARE**
935 Broadway, at 22nd Street/212-260-9479
103 Prince Street/212-431-3518

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TED MORRISON



Legal Eagle

There has been much hubbub in the golf world over a certain club that just last year was deemed illegal for competition play. *Quel scandale!* Since then, Wilson Sporting Goods has introduced the "Deep Red" Fat Shaft driver. In Rankmark studies (they're the J.D. Powers of the fairways), this baby outperformed the competition, legal and illegal alike ($399).

▶ **NEW YORK GOLF CENTER**
131 West 35th Street/212-564-2255 (by special order)

▶ **THE WORLD OF GOLF**
189 Broadway/212-385-1246
147 East 47th Street/212-755-9398.

Burn Rubber

Only five minutes ago, wearing an armful of rubber bangles was all the rage. Now we know that less is more. Trade in the rings of rubber for a leather bracelet by Gregg Wolf. The bands wrap around the wrist two or more times and feature such sterling-silver motifs as a bulldog, a flower, a Grecian head, or just a plain, very punk stud ($150).

▶ **GREGG WOLF**
346 East Ninth Street/212-529-1784

Bedtime Story

When Zuzka Kurtz went shopping for sheets, all she found were muted colors. "It was so pure and boring," she said. "I wanted something theatrical and sexy." So the fashion and home-accessories designer created sheets of her own. One set is based on a story (Scheherazade and the Falcon); the other is inspired by a storyteller (Omar Khayyám). Both have big, Indian-derived illustrations on the duvet. One shows a woman perched on a daybed with a falcon; the other shows a man and a woman in conversation. Each set—duvet cover, flat sheet, fitted sheet, and two cases—is sold in a rattan box that looks like a book (queen, $650; king, $700).

▶ **ABC CARPET & HOME**
888 Broadway, at 19th Street/212-473-3000

SHARAVAZADE

Photograph by Nedjeljko Matura (Golf Club).

Sales & Bargains

JADA YUAN

Pot Luck

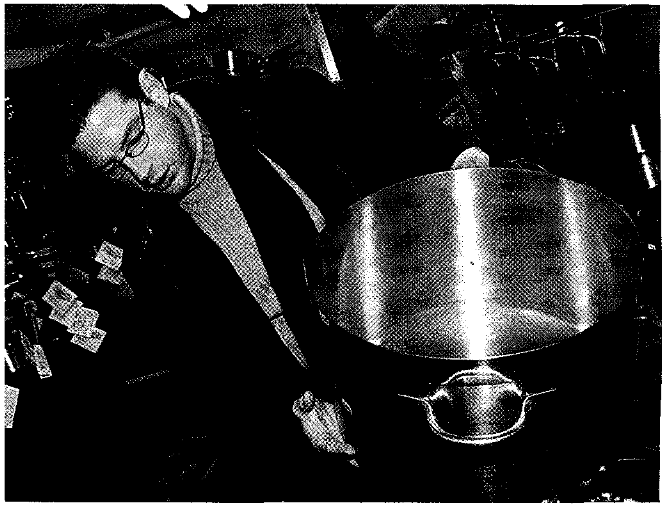
Got a simmering problem? Chef Scott Conant takes us shopping, and shows that serious kitchenware doesn't have to cost you pots of gold.

AFTER BURNING RICE for, say, the eighteenth time, you'll probably realize that the solution lies not in blaming alien conspiracies or your mother but in dumping that dime-store saucepot you've been using since college. According to City Eatery chef Scott Conant, that's a necessary step toward reinventing your cooking self. Since your kitchen is a reflection of you, Conant explains, your pots and pans should be a mirror into your world.

Holding out for a cookware windfall on your wedding day? Then aluminum will tide you over. Only **Johnson-Rose**'s carbon-steel skillets ($10.50 at Chef Restaurant Supplies)—which look as though they were banged out eons ago by a caveman with a rock—are cheaper. A 2.5-quart pot from **Eagleware** ($10 at Paragon Restaurant World) is lighter than most steel pots its size and features a rubber **Dura-ware** handle, which won't melt in the oven. Bear in mind, though, that aluminum tends to warp with prolonged heat and, unless handled properly, can react with citrus, wines, vinegar, and dairy products, often leaving a metallic taste or turning milk gray.

For rustic types, Conant suggests trying Teflon-coated pans like the **De Buyer** blini pans ($7 at Zabar's) for eggs, and cast-iron pans like the **Lodge** ten-inch ($15 at Paragon) for bacon. "My father used cast iron," he says. "It reminds me of New England."

Following the Conant credo, though, you'll find the most satisfaction with stainless-steel or copper pans. "You only need to buy these things once in your life," he says. Seek out the Bowery's restaurant-supply stores or specialty cooking stores, which often discount from list prices and stock hefty commercial ware you won't find at Lechter's. Aluminum-core pans, like the decent **Leyse** one-quart saucepan ($20 at Zabar's) or the high-end **Sitram Profiserie** eleven-inch frying pan ($54 at Bridge), offer price advantages without the disadvantage of having your food touch aluminum. Copper, though, is by far the most prized metal for its fantastic conductive powers. If you're worried about fingerprints, you can buy a **Sitram** stainless-steel 1.69-quart casserole with copper bottom ($46 at Chef), but Conant argues that there's "nothing sexier" than **All-Clad** or **Mauviel** pure copper pots. "If you're trying to impress people, go for broke," Conant says of a 2.5-quart Mauviel that goes for $100 (Paragon). "It's the difference between a Rolls-Royce and a Chevy."



Copper tops: Scott Conant shops at Chef Restaurant Supplies.

Chef Restaurant Supplies, 296 Bowery (212-254-6644); Paragon Restaurant World, 250 Bowery (212-226-0954); Zabar's, 2245 Broadway, at 80th St. (212-787-2000); Bridge Kitchenware, 214 E. 52nd St. (212-688-4220).

Picks of the Week

Henri Bendel has all the cotton sweaters you'll need for next winter, discounted 30 percent. *712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. (800-H-BENDEL); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Wed., Fri.–Sat. 10–7, Thurs. 10–8, Sun. noon–6; through 5/30.*

Gabriele Sanders has cashmere sweaters, Comme Toujours leather pants, Domani underwear, and Kooba and Mitzi Baker handbags, at below-wholesale prices. *33 Bleecker St., second floor (212-260-5600); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–6; 3/26–4/6.*

Vera Wang is selling her coveted bridal and ready-to-wear gowns of satin, tulle, organza, and silk marked down 50 to 75 percent. *Hotel Pennsylvania, 401 Seventh Ave., near 32nd St., eighteenth floor (212-575-6400); A.E., M.C., V.; Sat. 9–5; 3/31.*

White + Warren's sample sale means classic cashmere sweaters from $20 to $100 and plain T-shirts for $15 each. *80 W. 40th St., third floor; A.E., M.C., V.; Fri. 9–4; 3/30.*

Jamson Whyte's giant warehouse sale offers handmade Indonesian teak desks and wardrobes, discounted up to 80 percent. *139 Charles St. (212-965-9405); A.E., M.C., V.; Fri.–Sun. 10–5; 3/30–4/1.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, New York Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

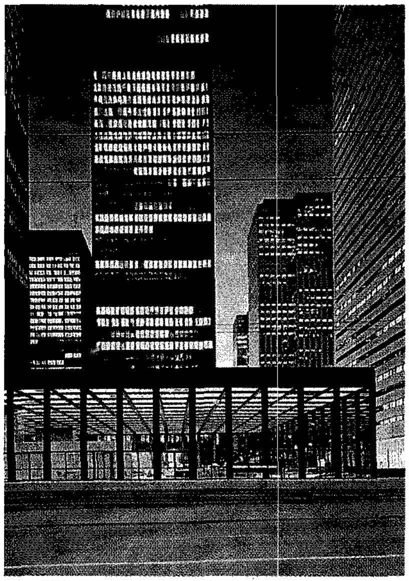
Photograph by Brooke Williams.

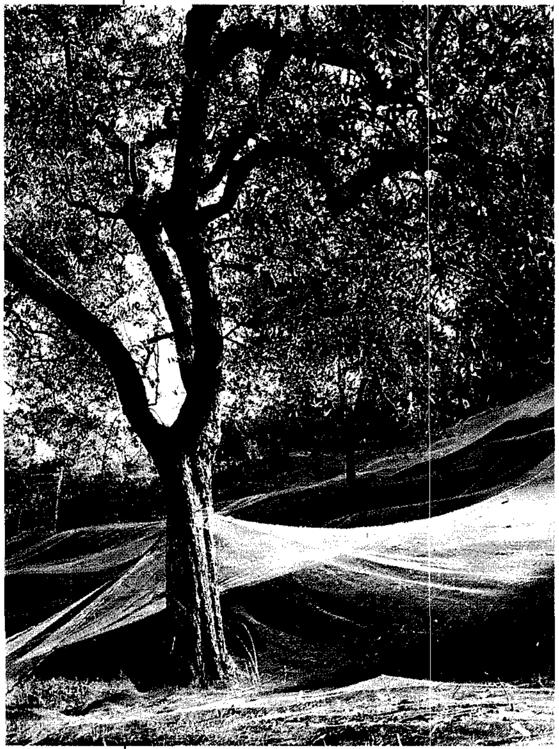
GREAT MUSEUMS

New York's museums are celebrating spring with an unrivaled spectrum of exciting exhibits. Enjoy art treasures from Europe and America, a master of contemporary photography, the artistic expression of digital technology, and the 20th century's leading architects. Travel the vast distances between the stars and investigate the microscopic mysteries of DNA. Explore the outdoors at a renowned Cherry Blossom Festival. Or take a drive to one of Connecticut's leading regional museums. Don't limit your museum trips to the day. Make a night of it while listening to music and sipping cocktails at any number of New York's great cultural escapes.

BEVERLY HOOD ALLEN / CREATIVE SERVICES DIRECTOR CHRISTY CASAMASSIMA / EDITOR
BOLLE DESIGN / CREATIVE LORY CONKLIN / RESEARCH

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART





What would happen if today's most powerful technology fell into the hands of the world's most creative people? It has. "BitStreams," an exhibition now on view at the Whitney, focuses on the extraordinary range of artistic expression made possible through the capabilities afforded by digital technology.

"Computers, digital cameras, video recorders, projectors, sound mixers, the software programs that run them, and the Internet have dramatically and irrevocably widened the dimensions of artistic expression," says Lawrence Rinder, the exhibition's curator. "This is a watershed moment in the entire field of contemporary art, one which will bring new, previously unimagined forms of artistic expression." Over 60 artists are included in this major exhibition, which will fill the entire fourth floor of the museum through June 10, 2001.

Kenneth Josephson is one of America's most inventive contemporary photographers, known for his playful commentary on photographic truth and illusion. Now through May 27, "Kenneth Josephson: A Retrospective," reveals Josephson's relationship to Conceptualism and traces his love of light, composition and design through the wide diversity of his output, from still lifes to nudes to landscapes. In addition to Josephson's well-known images, more than a third of the show consists of works never before exhibited or published. A catalogue with over 174 illustrations is available in the Whitney Museum Store.

Looking ahead to the summer, the Whitney will present the first in-depth presentation of Mies van der Rohe's architectural projects for sites in North America in "Mies in America," opening June 21. A leading figure of the European avant-garde of the 1920s and the last director of the Bauhaus, Mies emigrated to the United States in 1938 where he created new concepts of urban space that are among the ultimate expressions of modern architecture. Also this summer, a full-scale retrospective of Wayne Thiebaud will be on view starting June 28, including his irresistible paintings of cakes, hot dogs, gumball machines, and pastry displays. Through his still lifes, figure paintings, and landscapes, Thiebaud has created a dialogue between realism and abstraction, humor, and Old Master seriousness, sensuous paint application, and rigorous composition.

945 Madison Ave. at 75th St.
Hours: Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 11 a.m. – 6 p.m., Fri. 1 – 9 p.m. Closed Mon.
570-3676; www.whitney.org

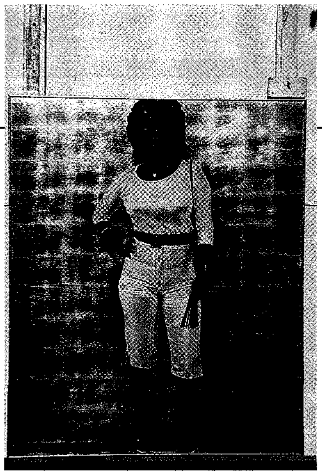
ABOVE LEFT: "MIES IN AMERICA," PETER MACCALLUM, PHOTOGRAPHER, LUDWIG MIES VAN DER ROHE, ARCHITECT.
LEFT: *ITALY*, KENNETH JOSEPHSON, 1997

LYMAN ALLYN ART MUSEUM

As Southeastern Connecticut's leading art museum, Lyman Allyn Art Museum opens the spring season with an exciting contemporary exhibition,

"The Barkley L. Hendricks Experience," on view April 13 through June 17, features the larger-than-life oil portraits for which Hendricks is best known. The scale of these paintings creates the effect of being in front of a "real" person. Hendricks' keen ability to capture the subjects' moods and personalities through photo-realistic documentation of their dress, posture, and expression creates a unique intimacy between the subject and the viewer.

Two ongoing exhibits display perennial favorites from the museum's permanent collection. "Impressionist Paintings from the Lyman Allyn Collection" features Connecticut landscape painters Charles Davis, J. Alden Weir, William Chadwick, and Childe Hassam, among others. "Furniture and Other Decorative Arts in Eastern Connecticut, 1750 – 1800" has as its centerpiece a rare mahogany Chippendale side chair made in Norwich, Connecticut.



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OIL AND COMBINATION
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625 Williams St., New London, CT
Hours: Tues. to Sat. 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.,
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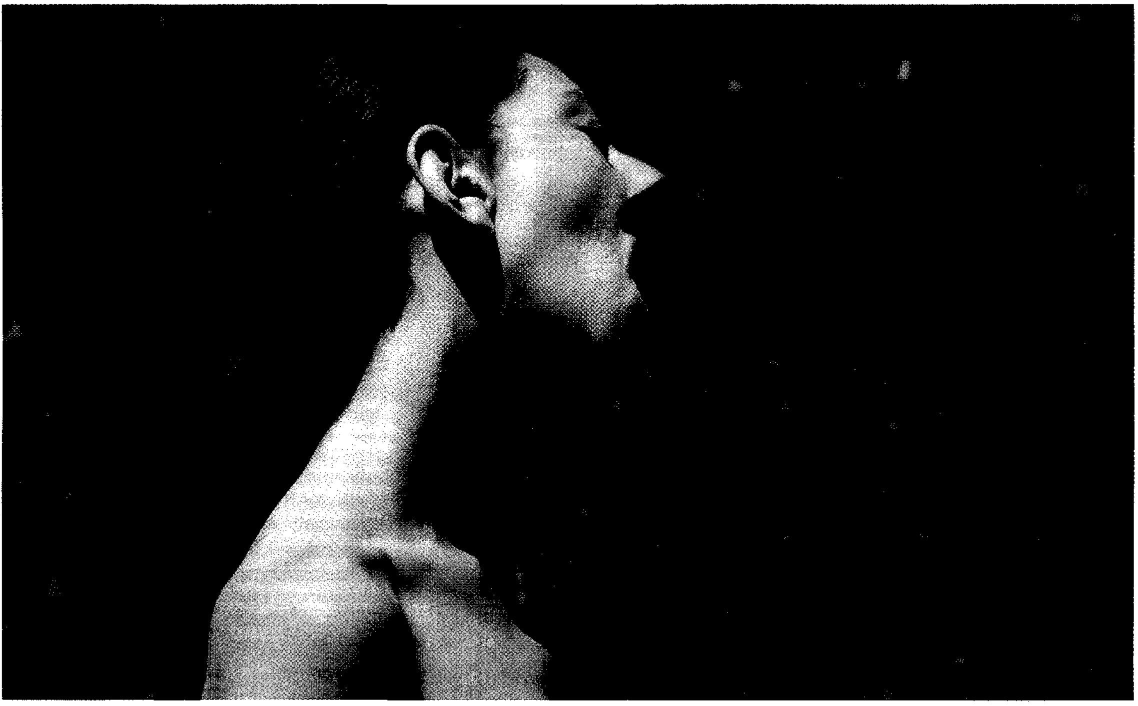
major holidays, 860-443-2545;
http://lymanallyn.conncoll.edu

BitStreams NOW ON VIEW
state of the arts

A PROVOCATIVE PRESENTATION OF CONTEMPORARY ART THAT HARNESSES
DIGITAL MEDIA TO ACHIEVE NEW DIMENSIONS OF ARTISTIC EXPRESSION



Inez van Lamsweerde. *Me Kissing Vinoodh (Passionately)*, 1999.
C-print on plexiglass.

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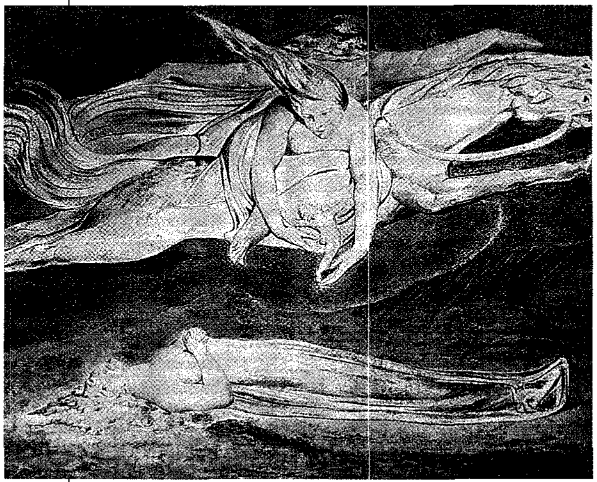
Whitney Museum of American Art
MADISON AVE. AT 75TH TUES., WED., THUR., SAT. & SUN. 11AM - 6PM; FRI. 1-9PM; MON. CLOSED

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

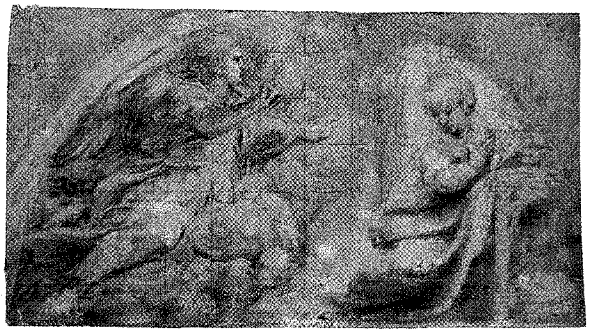
From the luminous paintings of 17th-century Delft and the potent imagery of William Blake to exquisite Italian drawings and the bejeweled treasures of Basel Cathedral, masterpieces spanning some 800 years of European history highlight the Metropolitan Museum's special exhibition roster this season. And an exhibition on Jacqueline Kennedy's White House years will mark the 40th anniversary of her emergence as First Lady and explore her enduring global influence on style.

A major international loan exhibition, "Vermeer and the Delft School," opened March 8, presenting an intriguing view of the Dutch painter Johannes Vermeer and his contemporaries. Fifteen of Vermeer's celebrated scenes of tranquil domestic life—remarkable visions of space, light, and composition that anticipated 19th-century realism—are accompanied by the paintings and drawings of 30 of his fellow artists. A small but superb selection of colorful tapestries, intricately gilded silver, and Delftware faience reflects the sophistication of the period's decorative arts. All of these works cast the familiar "Delft School" in a revealing new light.

Opening March 29 is "William Blake," the first-ever American exhibition of works in all media by this legendary British Romantic. More than 175 of his apocalyptic drawings, paintings, and prints, plus the vibrantly colored illuminated books for which he is best known, explore the artist's creations against the social and political upheavals of his era. What emerges is a vivid depiction of the multifaceted artist as printmaker, painter, and poet, and alternately, as madman, visionary, and prophet.



PITY, WILLIAM BLAKE,C.1795,
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART,
NEW YORK; GIFT OF MRS. ROBERT
W. GOELET 1958

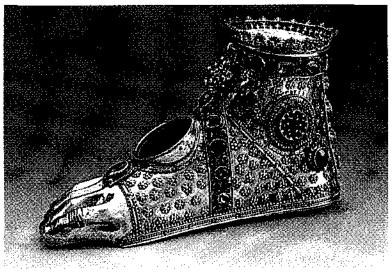


THE ANNUNCIATION, CA. 1522-25
CORREGGIO (ITALIAN, CA. 1489-1534),
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART,
HEWITT FUND, 1917

Works by two of the greatest masters of the Emilian school of early 16th-century Italy are now on view through May 6. "Correggio and Parmigianino: Master Draftsmen of the Renaissance" marks the first time that a major selection of drawings by these artists from Parma has been shown together. The exhibition presents rapid sketches, careful life studies, and monumental finished drawings to illustrate the range of their creative powers. Correggio's magical effects of light and shadow, particularly those in red chalk, and Parmigianino's elegant figure drawing and fluid works in pen and ink, will delight visitors.

"The Treasury of Basel Cathedral"—one of Europe's greatest church treasuries, which miraculously endured an earthquake, the plague, and numerous wars only to fall victim to politics in the early 19th century—has now been reconstructed on Fifth Avenue through May 27. Spectacular ecclesiastical and secular objects dating from the early 11th through the early 16th century, many crafted of silver and gold and encrusted with semi-precious stones and antique gems, are reunited

S P E C I A L
A D V E R T I S I N G
S E C T I O N



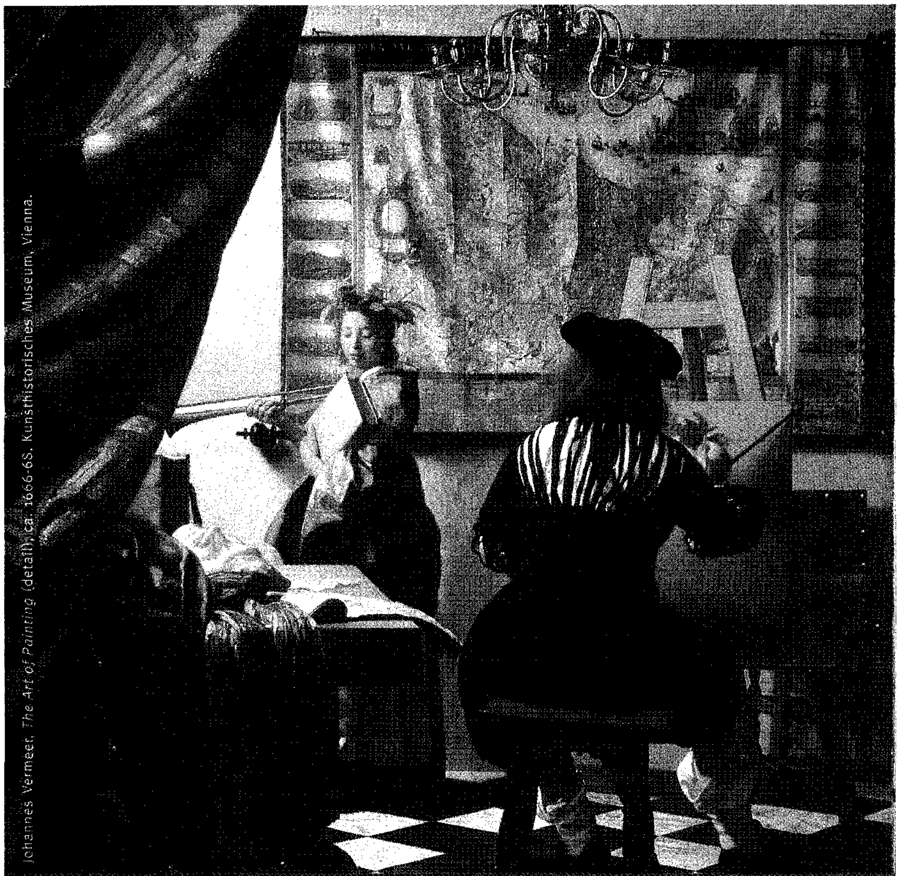
THE TREASURY OF BASEL CATHERDRAL,
FOOT RELIQUARY, BASEL, DATED 1450, ZURICH,
SCHWEIZERISCHES LANDESMUSEUM

for the first time in the United States.

Some 80 original costumes and accessories will be on view in "Jacqueline Kennedy: The White House Years—Selections from the John F. Kennedy Library and Museum" (opening May 1), featuring clothing worn on the campaign trail, during the inaugural festivities, and on state visits around the world. Among the highlights are the regal ivory satin gown worn to the pre-inaugural gala and the red dress worn for the televised tour of the White House.

Fifth Avenue at 82nd St.
Hours: Fri., Sat. 9:30 a.m. – 9 p.m.,
Sun., Tues. to Thurs. 9:30 a.m. –5:30 p.m.
Closed Mon.
535-7710; www.metmuseum.org

JACQUILINE KENNEDY, DRESS BY OLEG CASSINI,
1962, JOHN F. KENNEDY LIBRARY AND MUSEUM



Johannes Vermeer, *The Art of Painting* (detail), ca. 1666-68. Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna.

Vermeer & the Delft School

See the great paintings of the Dutch master
alongside works by his contemporaries.

Now through May 27

THE METROPOLITAN
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Friday and Saturday 9:30 a.m.–9 p.m. • Sunday, Tuesday–Thursday 9:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m.
Closed Monday • Fifth Avenue at 82nd Street • 212 535-7710 • www.metmuseum.org

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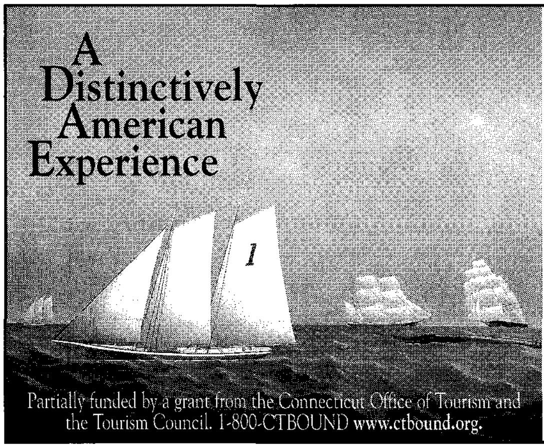
Organized by The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, in collaboration with The National Gallery, London.
Indemnity granted by the Federal Council on the Arts and the Humanities.
Hear the exhibition on ▶ KEY TO THE MET AUDIO GUIDE sponsored by Bloomberg NEWS
Tickets not required for special exhibitions.



Partially funded by a grant from the Connecticut Office of Tourism and the Tourism Council. 1-800-CTBOUND www.ctbound.org.

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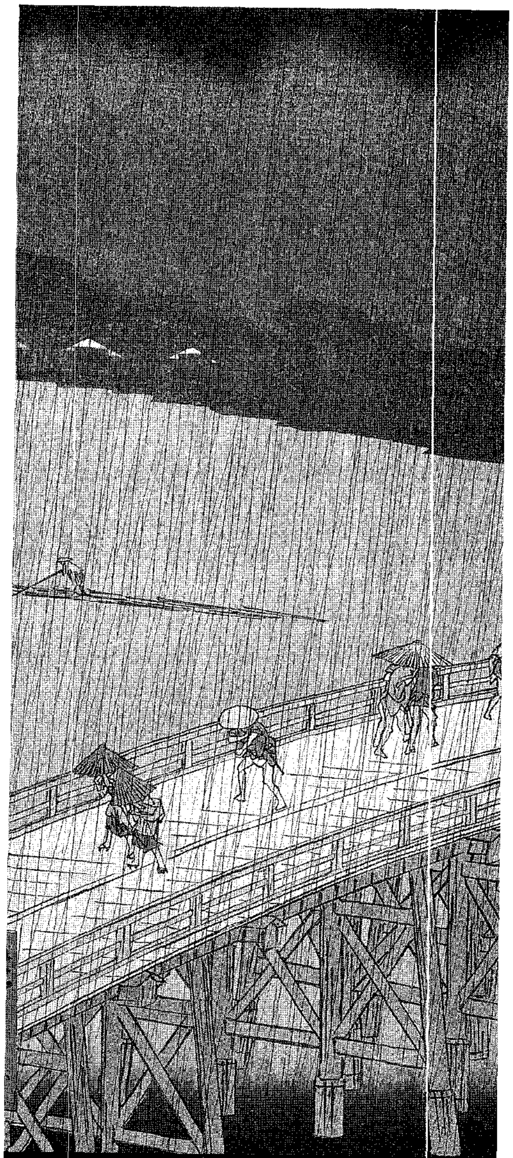


Frank Lloyd Wright and the Art of Japan: The Architect's Other Passion

Japan Society Gallery
March 28 – July 15, 2001

JAPAN SOCIETY

333 East 47th Street
New York, NY 10017

Major support for the exhibition provided by Fidelity Investments through the Fidelity Foundation

Fidelity Investments®

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Journey through time and space at **The American Museum of Natural History**. This spring and summer, take an incredible journey from the vast distances between the stars to the microscopic mysteries of human DNA all under one roof! Founded in 1869, the American Museum of Natural History is one of the largest and most innovative natural history museums in the world, dedicated to discovering, interpreting, and disseminating information about human cultures, the natural world, and the universe. All your favorites are still here, contained in 46 permanent exhibition halls. Whether it's the 94-foot-long blue whale suspended in the Hall of Ocean Life, the Star of India sapphire, the T-rex skeleton stalking the renovated fossil halls, or the giant gleaming sphere of the one-year-old Rose Center for Earth and Space, the Museum is overflowing with eye-opening experiences and wonders for all ages.

The American Museum of Natural History tackles one of the most important topics of the 21st century when "The Genomic Revolution" opens on May 26. This major, comprehensive exhibition will explore the science and technology behind the historic sequencing of the human genome, as well as the ways in which this information will change our lives forever. Interactive exhibits allow visitors to test their hereditary traits and to sequence their own DNA in a state-of-the-art Learning Lab. Polling stations give everyone an opportunity to weigh in on some of today's big questions: Should we use new genetic technology to choose traits for our children, or to enhance our own abilities, or to clone endangered wildlife?

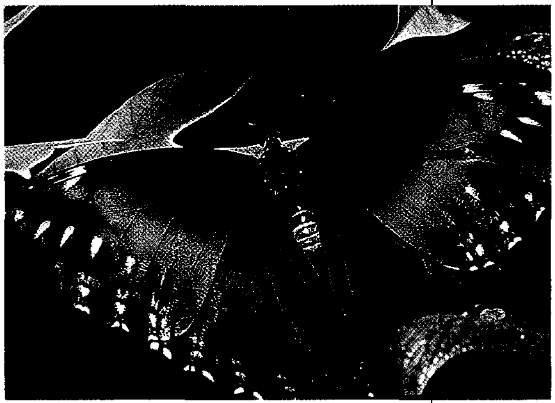
On June 6, families will celebrate the opening of the new Discovery Room. This hands-on "museum-within-the-museum" introduces children ages 5-12 to the wonders of science. They can hunt for hidden creatures in a majestic two-story replica of an African baobab tree, handle real

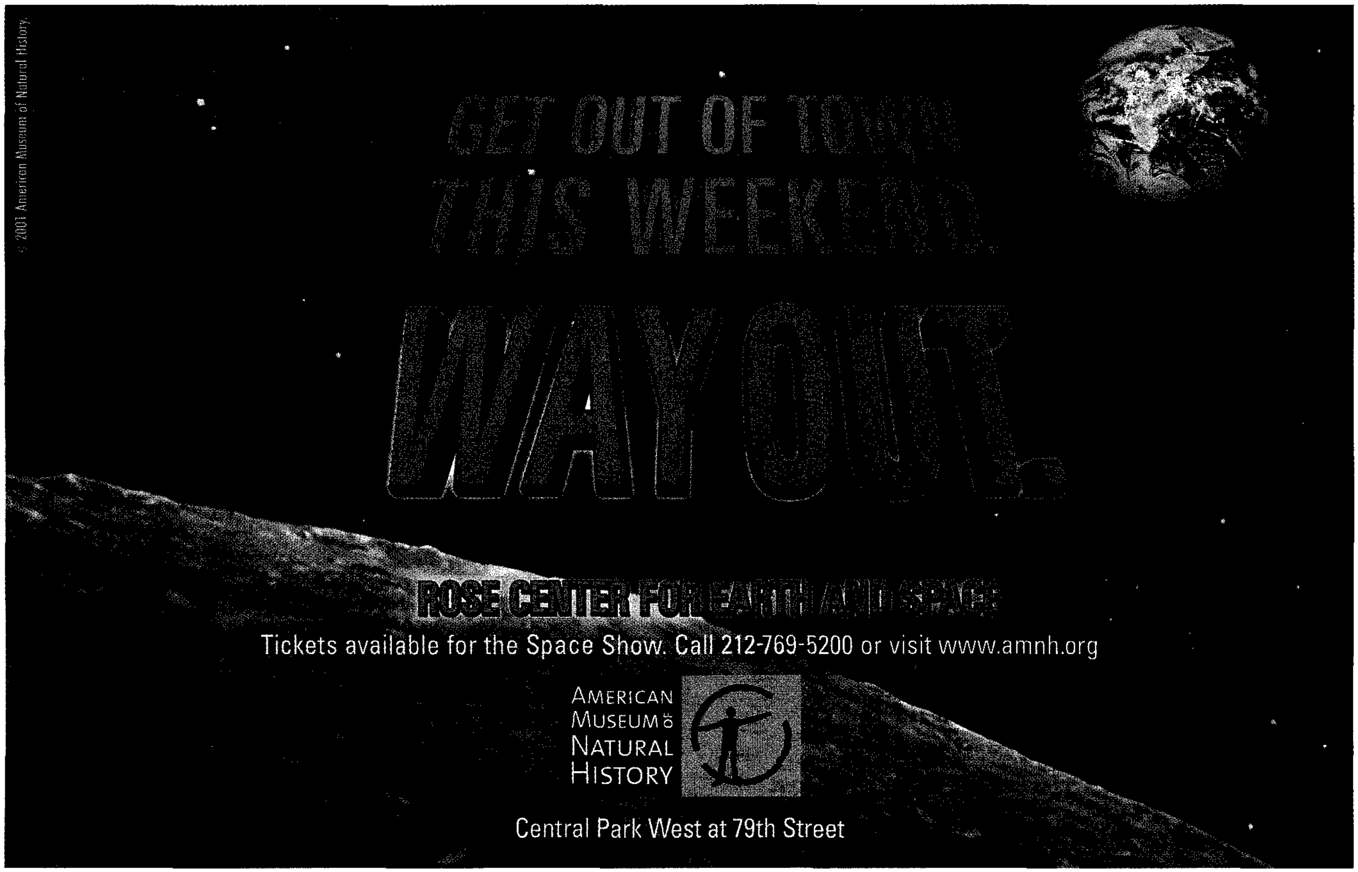
AN OWL BUTTERFLY (CALIGO ATREUS) BONDS WITH SHAKEEMA GETER OVER A DELICIOUS PIECE OF BANANA. PHOTO: DENNIS FINNIN ©AMNH artifacts from various cultures, piece together the skeleton of a prehistoric reptile, and take part in a simulated dinosaur dig.

Everyone has a last chance to enjoy the living colors of "The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter" before it closes on May 28. Visitors can stroll through a 1,300-square-foot vivarium housing more than 400 live, free-flying tropical butterflies from Florida, Texas, Africa, Asia, and Costa Rica. The Frederick Phineas & Sandra Priest Rose Center for Earth and Space, with its 87-foot sphere that seems to float within a 95-foot-high glass cube, has become an indelible icon of the Museum, indeed for New York City itself. Inside the popular Hayden Planetarium Space Theater, featuring the largest and most powerful virtual reality simulator in the world, visitors "fly" through a scientifically accurate re-creation of our Milky Way Galaxy. Coming back down to Earth, they can enjoy the heavenly sounds of today's best jazz during Starry Nights: Fridays Under the Sphere, a celebration at the Rose Center every Friday night from 6 to 8 p.m. Where else can you sample a stellar evening of drinks, hot tapas, and even hotter jazz performed by the Dave Valentin Quartet (April), the Greg Tardy Quartet (May) and Ray Barretto and New World Spirit (June), while surrounded by the cool blue, otherworldly glow of New York's newest architectural treasure?

Central Park West at 79th St.
Hours: Sun. to Thurs. 10 a.m. – 5:45 p.m., Fri., Sat. 10 a.m. – 8:45 p.m.
769-5100; www.amnh.org

BLUE MORPHO (MORPHO PELEIDES).
PHOTO: ©JOEL CRACRAFT

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GET OUT OF TOWN THIS WEEKEND.
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ROSE CENTER FOR EARTH AND SPACE
Tickets available for the Space Show. Call 212-769-5200 or visit www.amnh.org
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
Central Park West at 79th Street

Major individual gifts to the Rose Center have been provided by Frederick P. and Sandra P. Rose, Richard Gilder, Dorothy and Lewis B. Cullman, David S. and Ruth L. Gottesman, and Judy and Josh Weston. Support for the Hayden Planetarium has been provided by a generous grant from the Charles Hayden Foundation. Public support of the Rose Center has been provided by the State of New York, the City of New York, Office of the Mayor, the Speaker and the Council of the City of New York, and the Office of the Manhattan Borough President. Significant educational and programming support has been provided by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA). Major support from Eastman Kodak Company.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM

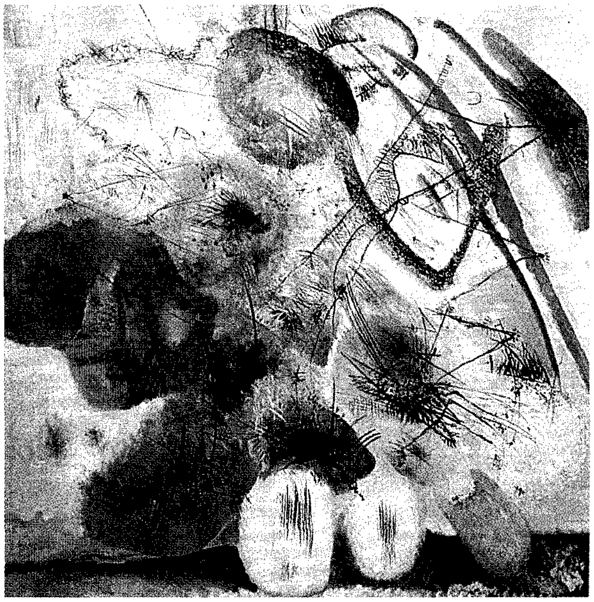
Take a trip through "The Global Guggenheim," without ever having to leave New York! With locations in New York, Venice, Bilbao, and Berlin, the Guggenheim has achieved an international presence while developing an extraordinarily diverse collection. Drawing upon these resources, the exhibition *The Global Guggenheim*, on view through April 22, presents masterpieces by artists such as Cézanne, Kandinsky, Rauschenberg, and Rosenquist. In conjunction with this exhibition, a new lecture series explores select masterworks with leading art experts. Learn about Henri Matisse on Tuesday, April 3rd and Robert Rauschenberg on Tuesday, April 10, both events begin at 7 pm ($10, $7 for members and students, reservations: 423 3587). Enjoy a special family tour on Sunday April 4th at noon, and discover the architects behind the Guggenheim Museums (free with museum admission).

Also on view through April 29 is the "Hugo Boss Prize 2000: Marjectica Potrâ." This internationally recognized award is presented every other year in recognition of an artist whose work best represents a major achievement in contemporary art. Marjetica Potrâ, the 2000 winner, is a Slovenian artist who considers herself a storyteller who builds stories with architectural material.

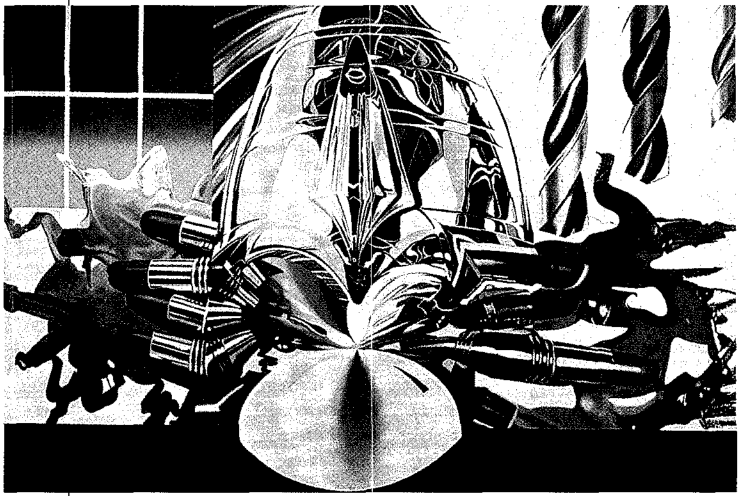
After viewing the exhibitions, visitors can relax with a cocktail and enjoy free WorldBeat Jazz every Friday and Saturday, 5-8 p.m. For film enthusiasts, the popular Guggenheim Film series features "Conversations between Shadows and Light: Masters of Italian Cinematography" starting on April 4. Revisit some of the most powerful and beautiful films, such as *La Dolce Vita*, *Radio Days*, and *Apocalypse Now*, while learning about the stunning and imaginative ways Italian motion-picture photographers bring film directors' visions to light. For film schedule information, call 360 4321.

1071 5th Ave. at 89th St.
Hours: Sun. to Wed. 9 a.m. – 6 p.m., Fri., Sat. 9 a.m. – 8 p.m., Closed Thurs.
423 3500; www.guggenheim.org

BLACK LINES, VASILY KANDINSKY, 1913. OIL ON CANVAS, SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, NEW YORK



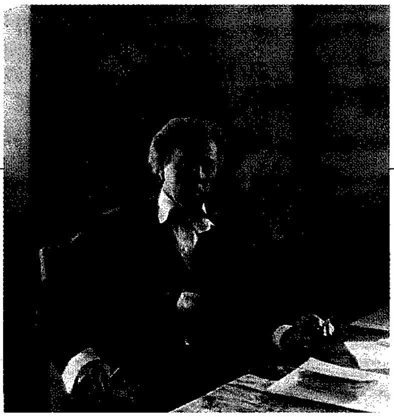
THE SWIMMER IN THE ECONO-MIST (PAINTING 1), JAMES ROSENQUIST, 1997-98, OIL ON CANVAS, DEUTSCHE GUGGENHEIM BERLIN



JAPAN SOCIETY

“Frank Lloyd Wright and the Art of Japan: The Architect’s Other Passion features” some 115 objects drawn from The Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation and public and private collections in the U.S. and Japan, notably The Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Art Institute of Chicago. The exhibition traces Wright’s career as America’s foremost early 20th-century dealer of Japanese woodblock prints, and gathers works by such leading ukiyo-e masters as Harunobu, Utamaro, Hokusai and Hiroshige that Wright originally sold to The Metropolitan Museum of Art and to private collectors. The show focuses on Japanese works of art Wright collected during his sojourns in Japan, including woodblock prints, screen paintings and textiles, mostly dating to the Edo period (1600-1868). It also includes Wright’s architectural drawings for projects he was commissioned to build in Japan, such as Jiyu Gakuen (School of the Free Spirit, 1921); drawings for the Japanese Print Gallery for wealthy Boston collector William Spaulding (ca 1914); and designs revealing Wright’s adaptation of Japanese compositional motifs, such as the Wasmuth portfolio lithograph of the Hardy House (1910). The original model of the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo (1917) and rare furniture by Wright are also featured. Wright’s early infatuation with Japan is documented with his experiments in landscape photography.

Margo Stipe, Registrar, The Frank Lloyd Wright Archives, will present a lecture on “Frank Lloyd Wright & the Inspiration of Japan” Tuesday, April 3 at the Japan Society. The discussion will focus on Wright’s association with the arts and culture of Japan, and his relationships with like-minded Americans and Japanese.



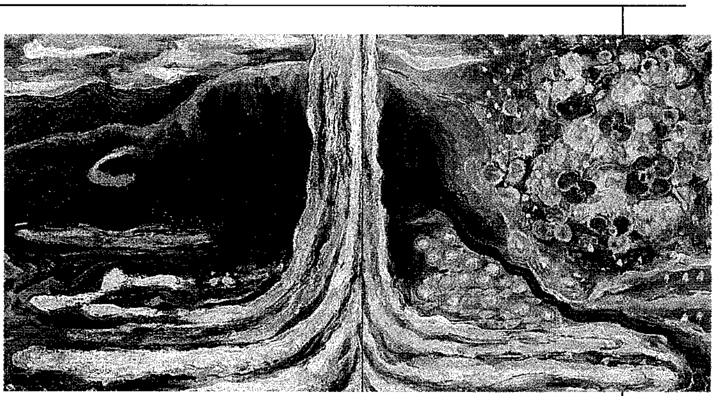
FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT AT TALIESIN, SPRING GREEN, WISCONSIN, 1924, COURTESY THE FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT ARCHIVES, SCOTTSDALE, AZ

The exhibition is accompanied by a 300-page illustrated book by guest curator Julia Meech, a prominent Japanese art historian and Senior Consultant to Christie’s, New York. The book is co-published by Japan Society and Harry N. Abrams, Inc.

333 E. 47th St. bet.. 1st and 2nd aves.,
Hours: Tues. to Fri. 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.,
Sat., Sun. 11 a.m. – 5 p.m. Closed Mon.
and holidays, 832-1155, Box Office
752-3015; www.japansociety.org

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN

The National Academy of Design, founded in 1825, is an honorary association of artists, a museum of nineteenth- and twentieth- century American art, and a school of fine arts. Artists Samuel F.B. Morse and Thomas Cole, among others, established the Academy to promote the fine arts in America through instruction and exhibition. With a schedule of diverse exhibitions, including the “Academy’s Annual Exhibition” of contemporary art, and exceptional instruction for young artists in the school, the Academy serves as a link to the art of the past and a bridge to the art of the future. Contributions by the Academy’s



ARBOR #3, GREGORY AMENOFF, NA, 1999, OIL ON PANEL, 16" X 32," SELECTION FROM THE "176TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION," MAY 24-JUNE 24, 2001 artist members including Paul Cadmus, William Merritt Chase, Thomas Cole, Asher B. Durand, Sam Gilliam, Childe Hassam, Winslow Homer, Anna Hyatt Huntington, Jacob Lawrence, Robert Rauschenberg, and Andrew Wyeth, have formed one of the largest institutional collections of American art. Lectures, symposia, and other public programs provide rare insights into the creative process from the artist's perspective.

1083 Fifth Avenue at 89th St.
Hours: Wed., Thurs. Noon – 5 p.m.,
Fri. 10 a.m. – 6. pm., Sat., Sun. 10 a.m. – 5 p.m., Closed Mon.,Tues.; 369-4880;
www.nationalacademy.org

BROOKLYN BOTANIC GARDEN

The Brooklyn Botanic Garden is an aesthetic marvel as a wave of brilliant colors heralds the return of spring at New York City's 52-acre natural wonder. The Garden kicks off the rite of spring with its 20th anniversary Cherry Blossom Festival, Sakura Matsuri, Saturday, April 28 and Sunday, April 29, between 10 am. and 6 p.m. each day. This celebration of Japanese culture will include Taiko drumming, dance and other performances, arts and crafts demonstrations, and children's activities. To keep track of the flowering of the Kwanzan and over 30 varieties of Japanese cherry trees, visit www.bbg.org/cherrywatch2001 for the latest information on which cherries are blooming, which are finished, and which have yet to burst forth in their seasonal glory.

The Garden's Annual Plant Sale, Wednesday, May 2, 9 a.m. – 7 p.m. and Thursday, May 3, 9 a.m.-3 p.m., is a gardener's heaven and a plant lover's dream! With more than 20,000 plants, it is the largest annual benefit plant sale in the Northeast. Long-time plant enthusiasts and newer gardeners will be greeted with the largest quality selection of plants in the metropolitan area, all at excellent prices.

Between Mother's Day and Father's Day, the Garden comes alive with the celebration of Springfest. Enjoy lush, intoxicating lilacs in tones of lavender and purple, view tulips in an explosion of every imaginable hue, take in the blanket of azaleas in pink, magenta and red, the glow of 45,000 Spanish bluebells, and the burst of roses in June, among the many flowers in bloom. Every Sunday between May 13 and June 17, the Garden will host performances, workshops, book signings, musical serenades, and tours. Explore the Shakespeare Garden, take part in a culinary herb demonstration, or join children's activities at drop-by Discovery Carts. Every weekend offers something new!

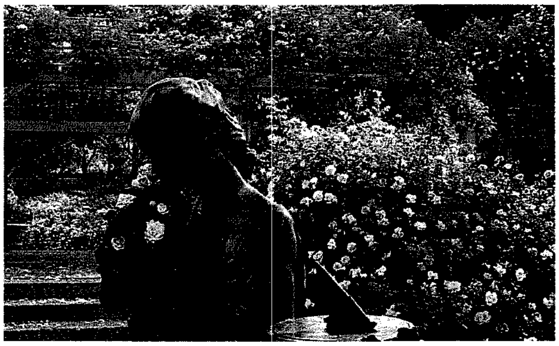


PHOTO: CHRISTINE M. DOUGLAS

CRANFORD ROSE GARDEN

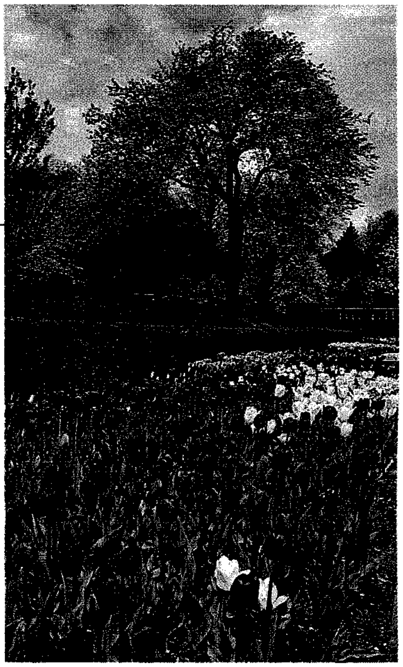


PHOTO: ELENA OLIVO

SPRING TULIPS

900 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn
Hours: Tues. to Fri. 8 a.m. –6 p.m., Sat., Sun., holidays 10 a.m. –6 p.m.,
Closed Mon. 718-623-7200;
Events hotline 718-623-7333;
www.bbg.org., 2 or 3 train to Eastern Parkway; D or Q train to Prospect Park station, Onsite parking available for a fee.

S P E C I A L
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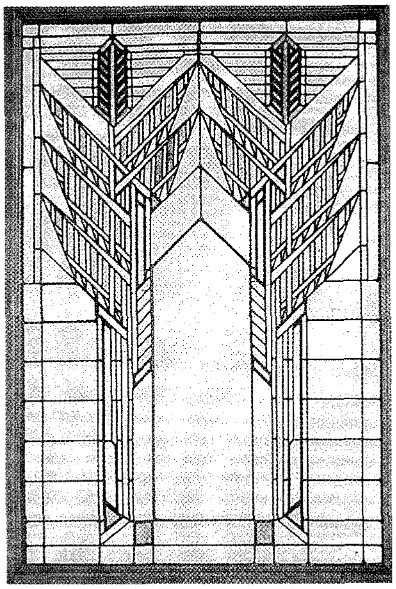
S E C T I O N

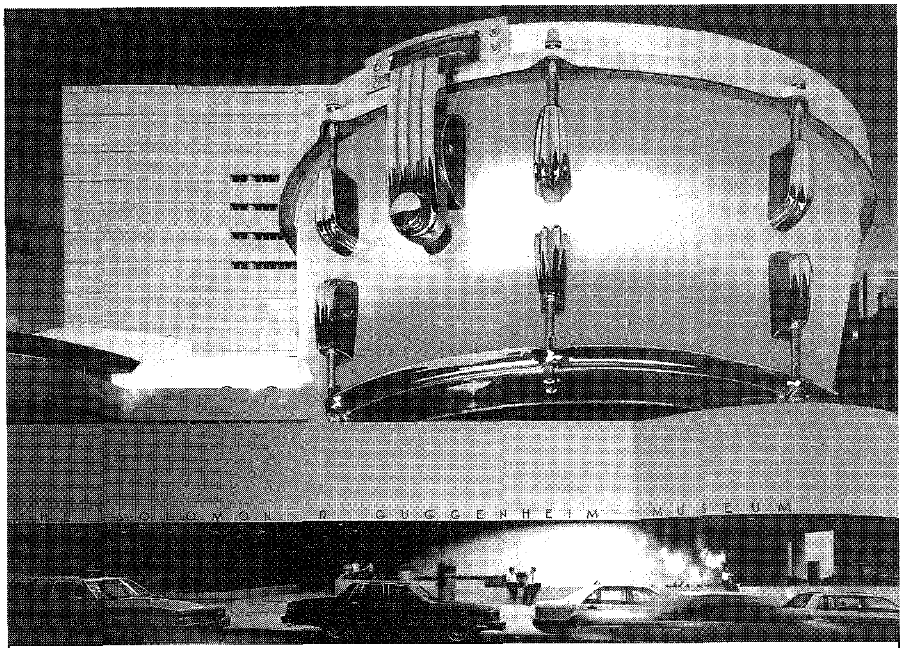
THE AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM

The American Craft Museum is the nation's premier museum devoted exclusively to exploring the rich diversity of contemporary international craft and its relation to design, fashion, architecture, technology, and sculpture.

"Light Screens: The Leaded Glass of Frank Lloyd Wright" (May 10-Sept. 2) is the most comprehensive exhibition ever assembled of the legendary architect's innovative windows—many never before exhibited—completed 1885-1925. These



PROTOTYPE WINDOW,
SUSAN LAWRENCE DANA HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, IL
1902-4, GREENVILLE COLLEGE COLLECTION

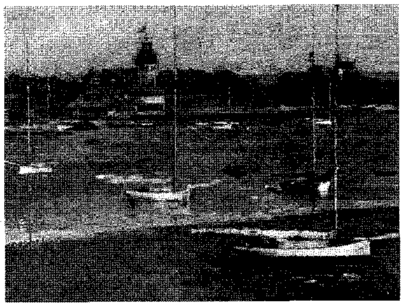


WORLDBEAT JAZZ
AT THE GUGGENHEIM

Jazz and cocktails in the Frank Lloyd Wright Rotunda, every Friday and Saturday, 5–8 PM • 5th Ave at 89th St • 212 423 3500 • www.guggenheim.org

Guggenheim MUSEUM

The Cos Cob Art Colony
Impressionists on the
Connecticut Shore
Through May 13



Theodore Robinson, *The Anchorage, Cos Cob* (detail), 1894,
oil on canvas, 18 x 22 in. Coll: Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Halff, Jr.

Upcoming exhibitions:

- 176th Annual Exhibition
  May 24 – June 24, 2001
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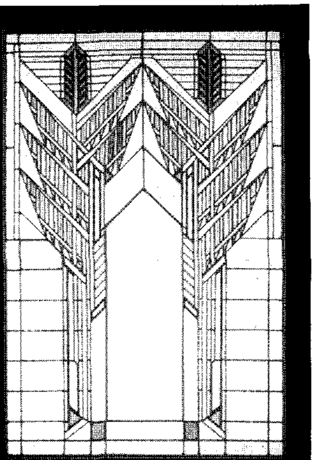

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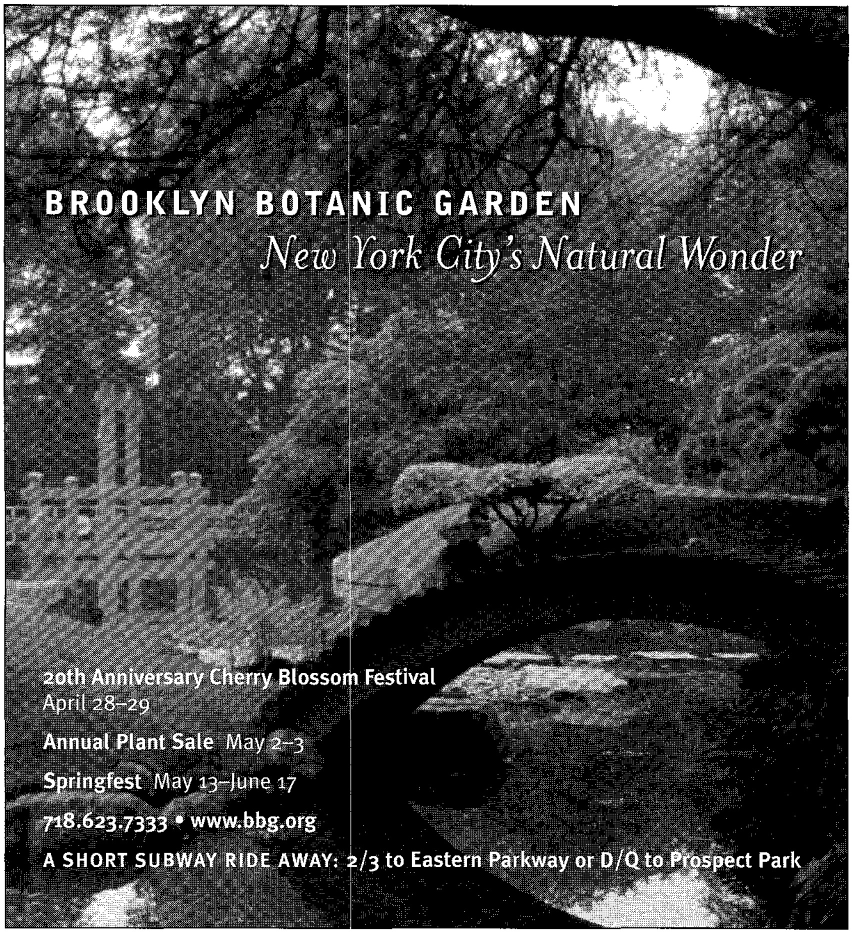

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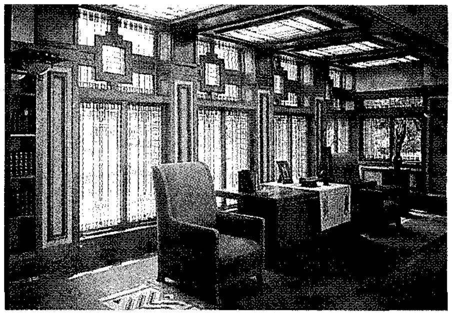

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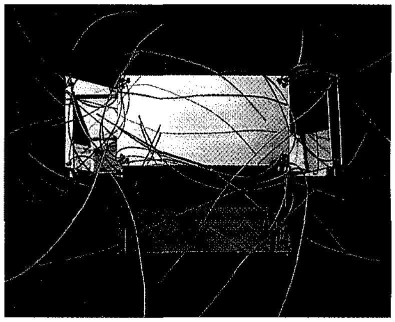


PETER SKUBIC, *BROOCH*, 2000, STAINLESS STEEL
PHOTO: HELFRIED KODRÉ

A Weekly Guide to Culture and Upcoming Events

Edited by Christopher Bonanos

Movies

Keep the River on Your Right

Opens March 30

The flabbergasting, true story of Tobias Schneebaum, the New Yorker who became a cannibal. Don't worry, though—he left town for the Peruvian jungle first. (See page 79.)

Best of the Week

Theater

Mnemonic

At the John Jay College Theater

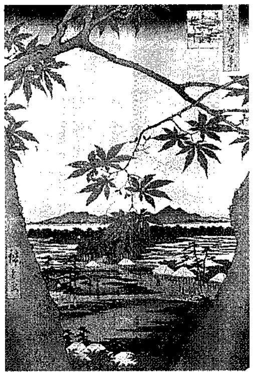
Mel Brooks, the 2,000-Year-Old Man, may be the talk of the theater this week—but Off Broadway, a *real* 5,000-year-old is the man of the hour. London's Theatre de Complicite, led by actor-director Simon McBurney, brings to New York this acclaimed, inventive production, inspired by the story of a prehistoric man dug from an Alpine deep-freeze in 1992. (See page 86.)

Art

Frank Lloyd Wright and the Art of Japan

At the Japan Society, 333 East 47th Street

Wright buffs know the architect's affinity for for Japanese aesthetics—his elongated shapes, wooden screens, and rough stonework all bear an Eastern stamp. But not everyone knows that he owned a huge amount of Japanese art, at one point becoming among the most prominent dealers in the West. Items from his collection, as well as plans from projects he did in Japan, go on display March 28. (Pictured, *Maple Trees at Mama, Tekona Shrine, and Linked Bridge*, by Utagawa Hiroshige, 1857. See listing, page 91.)



Restaurants

Artisanal

2 Park Avenue

After many delays and much mouth-watering, Terrance Brennan's next venture picks up where the Picholine cheese cart leaves off. Wine bar, Adam Tihany décor, a fondue du jour, and enough fermented curd to turn your cardiologist blue. Opens March 29.

Nightlife

An All-Star Tribute to Brian Wilson

At Radio City Music Hall

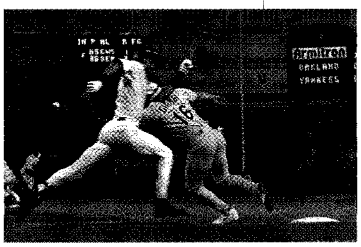
A friend of ours notes that the Beach Boys bring out the best and worst in pop music (*Pet Sounds* still draws critical raves; on the other hand, there's Wilson Phillips). Surely the good will outweigh the bad at this tribute evening to the troubled songwriter, where the performers will include Paul Simon, Billy Joel, Elton John, the Go-Go's, and even Ricky Martin. It'll all be taped for TNT, too. (See listing, page 102.)

Sports

Opening Day

Yankees, April 2;
Mets, April 3

We really can't expect another *annis mirabilis* for New York baseball. Only one thing's sure about the 2001 season: Mike Piazza and Roger Clemens aren't going to be any friendlier this year than last. The world champs open at home, against Kansas City; the Mets are in Atlanta. And bear in mind that the last two Subway Series before the 2000 season were—*could it happen again?*—back-to-back.



For Kids

Between the Lions

On WNET Thirteen

You thought Tony Soprano had a lock on the Emmy awards? The learn-to-read TV series, hosted by lion librarians Theo and Cleo and their two cubs, roars into its second season this week with 25 new half-hour episodes—and *seven* Emmy nominations. Premieres April 2 at 6:30 A.M.

Photographs: clockwise from top right, John E. Barrett; AP/Wide World; Frank Ockenfels; courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

MOVIES PETER RAINER

Unseamly Lives

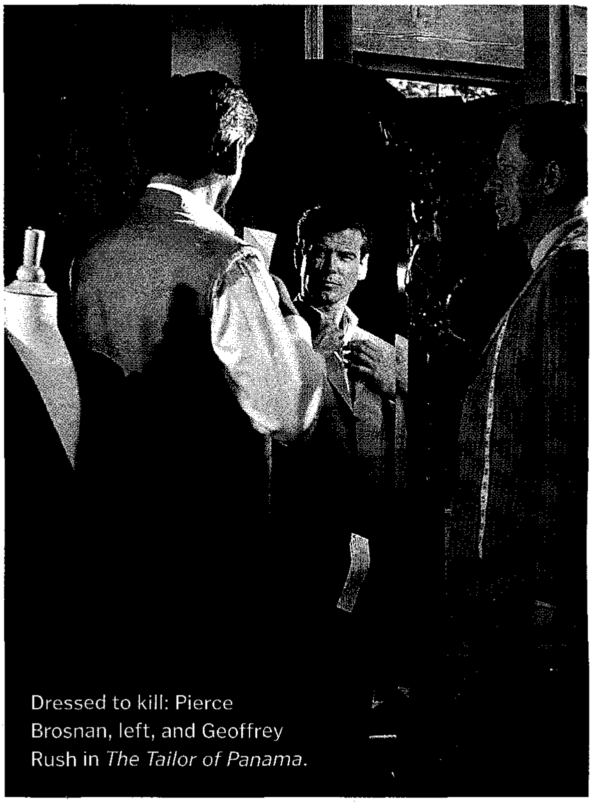
In *The Tailor of Panama,* Pierce Brosnan plays a downgraded spy who throws himself into a Central American demimonde of sex, lies, and measuring tape.

IF YOU THINK THE SPY-THRILLER genre has been streamlined and spoofed and subverted until nothing new can be done to it, think again. John Boorman's adaptation of John Le Carré's 1996 novel **The Tailor of Panama**, starring Pierce Brosnan as a swankily cynical British operative and Geoffrey Rush as the man he blackmails, is a tragicomic spree with hot and cold running water in its veins. Le Carré's novel was inspired by Graham Greene, especially his book *Our Man in Havana,* and Boorman, who co-scripted with Le Carré and Andrew Davies, has made a movie that often seems close in spirit to Greene's puckish woe. Boorman slips into the salsa rhythm of the Panamanian state; he gives corruption its sexy due. The glittering high-rise banks and luxe clubs and prostitute flophouses all have an equivalency—they reek of foul money. Rarely do we see any travelogue-ish vistas of Panama's natural beauty, because Boorman has a keener eye for the beauty inside all this high-low squalor. He's spent enough time in rain forests in his career. In *The Tailor of Panama,* he's going after a different species of flora altogether.

Andy Osnard (Brosnan) has been exiled to Panama by his MI6 superiors after too many indiscretions with the wives and mistresses of British ambassadors and too many gambling debts. Ordered to monitor money laundering and drug smuggling, he quickly gets the goods on Harry Pendel (Rush), a British subject who tailors the Panamanian elite. Harry pretends to have a Saville Row background when in fact his skills were picked up in prison while serving time for arson. In exchange for keeping mum about Harry's past, Osnard uses the tailor as an informant and as a guide to Panama's wicked ways. As odd couples go, the two men are a perfect match. Both are very good at creating illusions because deep down they have no illusions of their own. For Osnard, the absence of any humbuggery in his constitution is a source of pride; for Harry, it's a sorrowful lack.

The Tailor of Panama
Directed by John Boorman, starring Pierce Brosnan and Geoffrey Rush.

Heartbreakers
Starring Sigourney Weaver, Jennifer Love Hewitt, and Gene Hackman.
See Movies listings for details.



Dressed to kill: Pierce Brosnan, left, and Geoffrey Rush in *The Tailor of Panama.*

The film is set in 1999, after the fall of Noriega and after the Panama Canal has been given back to Panama by the U.S. Harry feeds Osnard false information that the canal is on the block, perhaps to the Chinese or the Japanese (for that Yellow Peril effect). Unbelieving but maneuvering for a big payday, Osnard feeds the information to the British and Americans, who are only too willing to act on any excuse to take back the canal. The film starts out as a freewheeling farce and turns into a pitch-black burlesque with surprising depths of feeling. The concoctions of these two fabulists have mortal consequences. Real lives are lost when their spymaster fantasies are made flesh.

Pierce Brosnan's role here has been characterized in the press as that of the anti–James Bond, but that's not quite right. Osnard has the waxy, libidinous sheen of the early Sean Connery as 007—James Bond in his walking-phallus stage. (As the current Bond, Brosnan is more like a walking product endorsement for the good life.) For Osnard, getting the lowdown on anyone means tapping into that person's sexual secrets. His entire existence is toned by sex, which is why Panama City, which reeks of it, is practically Edenic for him. When he asks Harry's American wife, Louisa (Jamie Lee Curtis), how Harry won her heart, he's looking for a way to worm his way inside her. Just for the dirty sport of it. Osnard's life is lived without metaphor. He describes espionage as "dark, lonely work, like oral sex," and the joke is that, for him, the two are literally the same. (He's in on the joke.)

Geoffrey Rush's performance has a freakish passion unlike anything else I've ever seen in the movies. (His most famous acting job, in *Shine,* was for me more stunt than marvel.) He has a genius for showing us the still center in a whirligig. When Rush is at his best, in *Quills* and in this film, you really have to focus instant by instant on what he's doing because he's giving you much more than most actors ever do, and he's

Photograph by Jonathan Hession.

giving it to you all at once. What for most performers can end up looking like freneticism is, for Rush, something closer to an infatuation with the jumbled contrariness of character. What he does has the velocity of a drive-by performance—all bluster and high impact—but he gives each outburst its own emotional coloration. He may be a dervish, but he's a highly articulated one.

The Judas overtones in Harry's Jewishness made some critics uneasy with Le Carré's novel, but I don't think the movie will provoke the same discomfort. Rush's performance is far too rousing and complex to fit into any Semitic stereotype. Inventing ever more outrageous lies, Harry is both aghast at his treachery and mesmerized—tickled—by it. He lies not only because he is being blackmailed but because, until things spin out of control, he likes the way that fabricating makes him feel. He builds up the people he loves—especially the former anti-Noriega freedom fighter and current drunk Mickie Abraxas, played by the marvelous Brendan Gleeson—into what they by all rights *should* be. They are fantasized into being the best of who they are. Harry tries to do the same for his own depleted spirit; he hungers to be brought into his most ardent self. His fervent, deluded attempts at self-transformation give the film its richness. Like Osnard, Harry lives a life in which metaphor has become literal: He is quite aware that he is a tailor of souls.

In Le Carré's novel, Harry's end is less than sunny, but here, as if in tribute to Rush's performance and the life force he embodies, he has a better time of it. It's almost a romantic gesture on the part of the filmmakers: They want to pay homage to the man's capacity for folly. Harry isn't merely a lovable, blinkered rogue. He's the exemplar of the dreamer, and so he deserves our balm.

In brief: WHAT IS THE GREAT GENE Hackman doing in the dingbat con-artist comedy **Heartbreakers** playing a chain-smoking tobacco heir with stained teeth and a perpetual retching cough? He—or to be more precise, his role—is about as funny as an iron lung. Audiences for this film seeking a breath of fresh air will have a far easier time of it than Hackman: At any moment, they can simply flee the theater. ■

ART MARK STEVENS

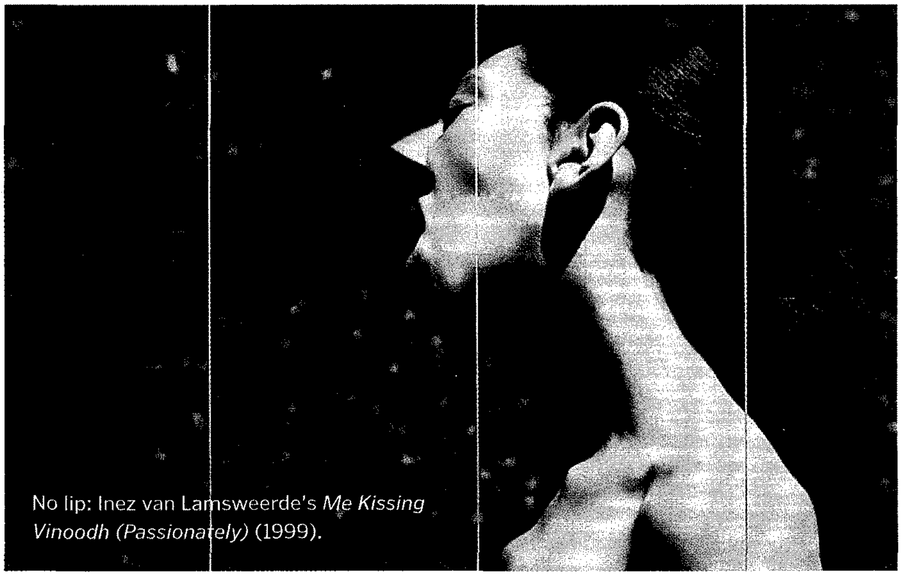
Geek Art

In the Whitney's "BitStreams" show, artists who use the latest digital technology—but where's the Monet of the mouse?

NOW AND THEN, A NEW TECHNICAL method of representing the world comes to the fore—and a door swings open in art. The development of oil paints, for example, gave artists a greater opportunity to convey movement, light, and shadow than had tempera painting; photography, of course, provided artists with a new mirror to hold up to the world. Today, digital technology is stimulating similar dreams of unexplored territory. In **BitStreams**, at the Whitney Museum of American Art, the curator Lawrence Rinder, working with Debra Singer, has assembled a survey of art that depends upon the new technology. The show is provocative, exploratory, and entertaining—with enough technical bells and whistles to excite the child within—but, oddly enough, does not seem surprisingly new. It is early yet. Digital art is still extending familiar traditions in photography, painting, sculpture, Dada, and installation art—much as automobiles once resembled buggies, and the first photographs often reflected the conventions of painting.

BitStreams
At the Whitney Museum of American Art; through 6/10.

Any kid with a computer becomes a king—as does any artist. The digital revolution grants artists absolute power over the world of appearances. They can control, make, mix, and manipulate images at will. They can even draw if they want to. (A mouse-made line has a particular character that's unlike a hand-drawn line.) Today, the most common use of digital technology occurs in still photography. Many photographers like to retool photographs without revealing the sleight-of-hand. The Whitney show, however, highlights a more overt interference with imagery. In *Me Kissing Vinoodh (Passionately)*, for example, Inez van Lamsweerde began with a photograph of a deep kiss between her and her husband—and then digitally razored him out of the picture. The empty imprint of his nose and mouth create a sharp cut across her face. Romantic love and its hungers, this picture implies, can become a devouring and strangely vacuous nightmare, concealing and distorting both our minds and our bodies.


No lip: Inez van Lamsweerde's *Me Kissing Vinoodh (Passionately)* (1999).

Photograph courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

Much of the promise of digital art lies in creating a new sense of movement, one with a contemporary syncopation. Some artists use the computer to make the image move on the wall, but not in the manner of a filmmaker. Instead, they seem to awaken painting, sculpture, and photography from their long, still dream. Jeremy Blake, an artist working in the tradition of geometric abstraction, is one such Pygmalion. In *Station to Station, 2000-01,* he has used a grid created by lockers in a train station as a kind of visual tuning fork; then, on five different screens, he has played with colors and geometric shapes to create a dreamy sensation of trainlike passage between different urban and suburban environments. An artist named P. Mutt—now, there's a name with a fine Duchampian pedigree—has added movement to the severe geometries of modernism. In a darkened room of blacks and whites, Mutt has placed a large screen on which reduced minimal forms slowly, in a contemplative manner, move in and out of the light. Nearby, if you look through a small indentation in the wall, you will see (and softly hear) rectangles flying about like energetic atoms. Malevich on speed.

The figure, too, flickers. In one image, Jim Campbell depicts a running and stumbling man created by patterns within a grid of blinking red lights; in another, he makes a portrait of a celebrated engineer in which the man's face seems to emerge from and subside into a blur of what geeks call "pixelated noise." At times, the desire to shake up the figure reminds me of the way Eadweard Muybridge once redefined movement by slowing it down through a succession of stills. The new technology permits an analysis—and an exposure—of movements that the eye cannot ordinarily catch. Paul Pfeiffer has created an endlessly repeating tape loop in which a basketball hurls through the air both more slowly and more quickly than we are accustomed to seeing. Passed among the hands of NBA players, it becomes a magical, spinning orb that appears to have a purpose of its own.

The power of the computer particularly invites fantasy—and enables artists to render dreams well beyond the capacity of a brush or pencil to describe. Given the limitless opportunities for unexpected and fantastic combinations, many digital artists have a strong surrealist bent. Today, with the help of the computer, they can even turn their imaginings into freestanding, three-dimensional works. Bones have always aroused the mischievous eye of artists. In *Skulls 2000,* Robert Lazzarini used a computer to twist and elongate the image of a skull in four different ways—then cast these manipulated images into three-dimensional form. The four skulls recall the anamorphic distortions of earlier art, but here, the illusion also becomes an object. Illusion is our intractable reality.

One section of the show includes pieces by artists who manipulate sounds. (You listen through earphones.) It would be misleading to call what they make music. Instead, they create environments from noise, both inventing new sounds and collecting various honks, hoots, and squawks from their surroundings. The result is an aural image: They work with the mind's ear rather than eye. To take just one example, John Hudak began with the sounds heard around a country pond (such as the buzzing of insects), then digitally distilled that into a kind of pulsing, hypnotic whine. In another section of the show, the organizers highlight interactive displays, in which viewers can play with computers programmed by artists (go to www.whitney.org). In *netomat(TM),* for example, the artist Maciej Wisniewski invites two viewers to type in different words—and then, on the walls around them, streams of Internet imagery and sound inspired by the words mix and merge, creating ever-changing juxtapositions and relationships.

It is important to remember that in the end, digital technology is just a tool. I was once upbraided by a musician who heard me talking too enthusiastically about the possibilities provided by new instruments. It is never the technology used—or even the skill displayed—that matters in music, he said, but only the sensibility of the artist; he would rather hear a scratchy old 78 recording of a great tub-thumper than a glossily recorded piece by a mediocre artist working on a world-class computer. It is great artists, uncorrupted by the easy power of the computer and its invitations to sloppy, narcissistic indulgence, who will finally make the digital revolution matter in art, and not the technology itself. Our century awaits the creation of a convincing new physical—and metaphysical—space that can rival what the Cubists did at the outset of the last century, sometimes with the new techniques of their day, sometimes with the old brushes and paint. ■

IN BRIEF:ARCHITECTURE JOSEPH GIOVANNINI

ONE WAY TO MEASURE THE SUCCESS OF A DESIGN show is to count the number of things you want to take home. At the Cooper Hewitt's **Aluminum by Design: Jewelry to Jets**, you'll need a utility van to accommodate object lust. No. 13 on the periodic table, "Al" is so ubiquitous we no longer really see it. But the show, organized by Sarah Nichols of the Carnegie Museum of Art in Pittsburgh, takes us back to a time before aluminum foil, when design was enlisted to sell the new, lightweight "miracle" material. If we covet the skeletal chaise by Marcel Breuer, the streamlined office seat by Gio Ponti, and the chain-paneled mini-dress by Paco Rabanne, that was just the point. After two world wars fueled production, aluminum found a market through goods streamlined to convince consumers that this metal meant *progress.* Aluminum proved the test material of the new institutions of mass culture: advertising and the media.

To see aluminum with new eyes, the show reestablishes our visual innocence by taking us through its discovery. Those little globules in the treasure chest in the first room demonstrate how precious but lumpy the material was before electrolytic processes made it commercially extractable in the 1880s. Beautifully wrought Victorian cuff links and earrings feature the new material, so rare that it was set in gold. Prince Ferdinand of Denmark paraded around in a shiny aluminum helmet Mars would have envied. But a huge winged statue of Eros from Piccadilly Circus shows how miscast the metal was in traditional styles. In the second room, we begin to see pots and pans that are bold and graceful in their simplicity. The beauty that emerges is a smooth one, of Platonic shapes and plain, continuous surfaces brought to a sheen.

This is no wimp material, however, suited only to the kitchen. A photo mural shows the cavernous aluminum frame of a blimp, next to a Brancusi-esque propeller from a plane that flew in the Normandy invasion. More recently, spirited new chairs by Ron Arad, Frank Gehry, and Marc Newsom give new life to the material. The installation itself exhibits a fresh, Andy Warhol–Martha Stewart take: Morris Sato Studio glue-gunned hundreds of soda cans into an undulating sun screen in the museum's conservatory. (See Art listings for details.) ■

NEW YORK Happenings

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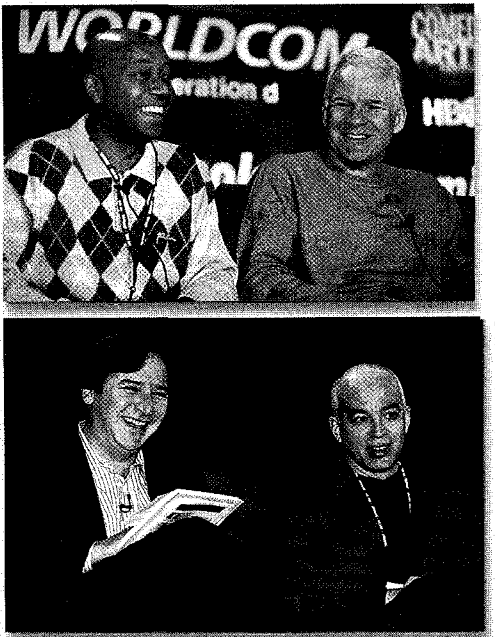


(Top) Panelists, Russell Simmons and Steve Martin; (Bottom) Moderators, The Industry Standard Editor-in-Chief Jonathan Weber and NEW YORK Columnist Michael Wolff

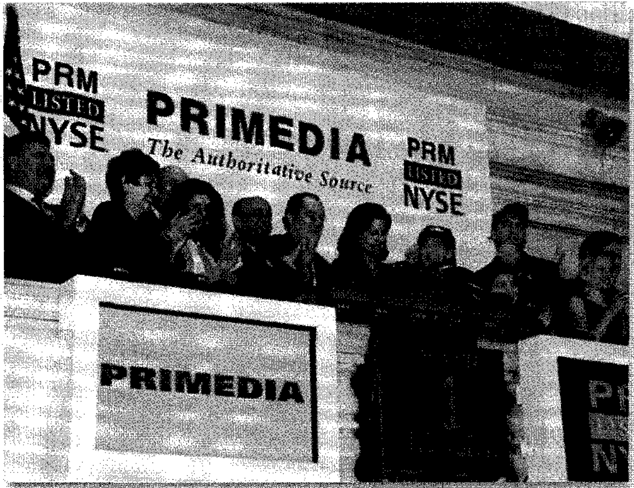
(Clockwise from top) Panelists, Dave Foley, Steve Martin, ABC's Stu Bloomberg, BBC America's Paul Lee, Macromedia Inc.'s Rob Burgess, Inside.com's Michael Hirschorn, Russell Simmons, NEW YORK Publisher Alan Katz, Nora Ephron, Michael Wolff and Jonathan Weber; Nerve.com's Rufus Griscom and guest at the NYM party; Mackenzie Phillips; Time Inc.'s Walter Isaacson, The Barksdale Group's Jim Barksdale and NEW YORK Editor-in-Chief Caroline Miller

What's So Funny?

NEW YORK's Michael Wolff and The Industry Standard's Jonathan Weber moderated four all-star discussion panels in a two-day series at the 7th Annual U.S. Comedy Arts Festival in Aspen, Colorado. By day, panelists included key players such as the Wall Street Journal's Kara Swisher, DreamWorks SKG's Jeffrey Katzenberg, Producer Bernie Brillstein, Actor Dave Foley, Alexander Ogilvy's Pam Alexander and RealNetworks, Inc. Rob Glaser. By night, entertainment executives and comic performers hit the scene at the NEW YORK Magazine party held at Whiskey Rocks in the St. Regis Aspen.

PRIMEDIA Seals the Deal

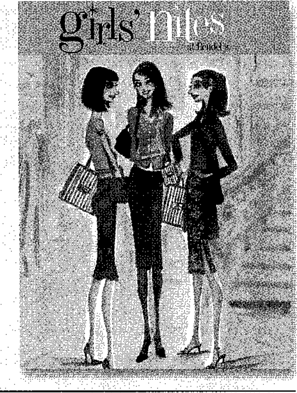
On March 1, PRIMEDIA CEO, Tom Rogers and About, Inc. CEO, Scott Kurnit, rang the opening bell at the New York Stock Exchange to celebrate the merger of About, Inc. with PRIMEDIA, NEW YORK's parent company. With this merger, PRIMEDIA creates the new tradition in media and becomes the leading targeted media company in both the consumer and business-to-business sectors.



(Left to right) Bob Chell, PRIMEDIA Vice-Chairman General Council Beverly Chell, Abbe Kurnit, About, Inc. CEO Scott Kurnit, The New York Stock Exchange CEO Richard Grasso; PRIMEDIA CEO Tom Rogers, Sylvia Rogers, Jessica Rogers, Robert Rogers, Jason Rogers, Charlotte McCurdy and PRIMEDIA President Charles McCurdy

Girls' Nites at Bendel's

HENRI BENDEL and NEW YORK Magazine invite you to take part in the 5th semi-annual "Girls' Nites at Bendel's" series. Join us from April 12-May 3 with interactive workshops and discussions featuring such guest speakers as Diane von Furstenberg and NEW YORK's Amy Larocca. For more information, call 1.800.HBENDEL, 712 Fifth Avenue at 56th Street.



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Economy Class Act

A Class Act is an amiable, small-scale show-business musical, a bit limited in its insider appeal. The overlong *I Will Bear Witness* is not easy to bear.

EDWARD KLEBAN, WHO DIED OF cancer at 48, wanted to be a Broadway composer-lyricist but seemed doomed to be remembered only for his lyrics for *A Chorus Line*. Still, he kept writing and composing musicals that, for various reasons, never materialized. Now, after six years' toil, Linda Kline, Ed's last girlfriend, and the actor and director Lonny Price have fashioned a musical about Kleban's life from Kleban's various songs. After several title changes, it saw the light on the Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage II as **A Class Act**. In intimate surroundings, it worked nicely.

It is a modest affair: a cast of eight, two of them doubling in several parts; the most rudimentary scenery by James Noone—sliding and revolving panels with a projection or two; minimal dancing choreographed by Marguerite Derricks for nonprofessional dancers. Truth to tell, it does rather rattle around on the stage of the Ambassador, a bit like a kid strutting about in a parent's clothes and shoes. We see Ed as a student in Lehman Engel's BMI musical-comedy workshop, horsing around and sparring with his teacher and fellow students, and sleeping with a couple of the girls in addition to having a lifelong platonic on-and-off love affair with Sophie, a fictional character.

A Class Act
Directed by Lonny Price
at the Ambassador Theatre.

I Will Bear Witness
Directed by Karen Malpede
at the Classic Stage
Company.

He heads into the showbiz world, gets hired and fired from the revival of the musical *Irene*, works as a record producer, has health problems aggravated by hypochondria and obsessiveness, and stormily collaborates with Marvin Hamlisch and Michael Bennett on *A Chorus Line*.

So came partial success, stagnation, and premature death. Is this the stuff of a Broadway musical, with wide enough appeal to justify the transfer? Kleban's lyrics are likable but not outstanding; Kleban's music is pleasant but never rousing. Many of the jokes and references are insider stuff.

Remembering Edward: The cast of *A Class Act*.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Lonny Price has again directed and stars as a true-to-life Kleban: cozily homely, edgy-voiced, cockily combative but with a softly childlike center. As Sophie, Randy Graff again delights: Without having anything dazzling about her, she manages to exude warmth and grace and does everything unerringly right. Nancy Anderson, also from the original cast, is the cuddliest sexpot, not, however, without a sting or two. David Hibbard, another holdover, handles his roles adequately, as does Jeff Blumenkrantz, a replacement. The appealing Donna Bullock, as the co-author's alter ego, is not quite as assured as was Carolee Carmello; Patrick Quinn is a less funny Lehman Engel than Jonathan Freeman; and Sara Ramirez, for all her strong singing, makes the snotty Felicia too unprepossessing.

Carrie Robbins has further gussied up her mischievous costumes, and Kevin Adams provides a large bank of exposed onstage lights that augur ill but work out splendidly. An amiable little show, this, that turns moving in the end; those who thrill to the peripeties of show business and are unencumbered by high expectations will gently pat it on its head.

VICTOR KLEMPERER'S SUFFERINGS AND faithfully jotted-down observations of Jewish life under the Nazis make for spellbinding but lengthy reading. Even boiled down to 155 minutes, they feel overlong for a solo stage performance. George Bartenieff, who with his wife, Karen Malpede, adapted the memoir **I Will Bear Witness**, is an able actor, but this requires a great one. He and Malpede, who directed, make the mistake of having him act out things to a great extent, whereas a reading comes off best when, with slight but suggestive movement, it remains a reading. ■

RESTAURANTS ADAM PLATT

Dutch Treat

Nobody goes to the Netherlands for the food, so NL has brought updated lowland cuisine—the first in 350 years—to us. Peter Stuyvesant would be proud.

IN PREPARATION FOR MY ASSAULT on NL, the unlikely new Dutch bistro in Greenwich Village, I called around to various well-traveled food friends, soliciting their thoughts on and reminiscences of Dutch cuisine.

"I once enjoyed a tasty variety of Bitterballen in Curaçao," said one man, a connoisseur of idiosyncratic dishes like tripe and head cheese.

"Bitterballen?"

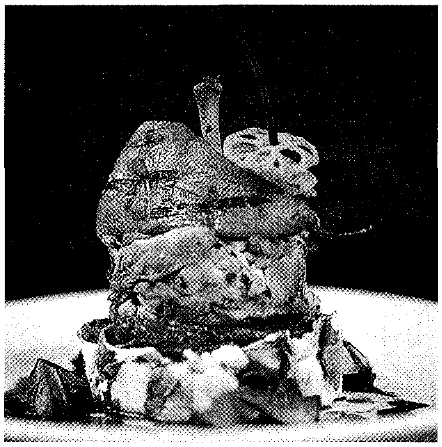
"They're meatballs. Curaçao used to be a Dutch colony; they make them out of horse meat."

Others haltingly recalled dishes like rijsttafel, a mélange of recipes pilfered from colonial Indonesia, and uitsmijter, which is essentially eggs and ham smothered in cheese. My copy of *Larousse Gastronomique* devotes seven mini-paragraphs to the food of Holland, many of which have to do with cheese. My uncle Frank, an international gastronome, also mentioned cheese when I called, then lapsed into uncharacteristic silence. Five minutes later, the phone rang again. "I looked it up," he said. "Dutch food *doesn't exist*."

NL stands for Netherlands, of course, and the owner is Ms. Inez Bon, who before immigrating to the West Village was a restaurateur in Amsterdam. Ms. Bon claims hers is the first Dutch restaurant to open for business in Manhattan since Peter Stuyvesant's time, which may or may not be true. But given the tepid reputation Dutch food has developed over the past three and a half centuries, her new venture is a minor revelation.

The restaurant occupies a matchbox-size space among the storefront shops on Sullivan Street. There are three clunky neon signs above the entrance, but the room looks like it's been lifted from some clean, modernist precinct of Amsterdam itself. Neat rows of pendant lamps hang from the ceiling, and the walls are covered in mirrors and blue-and-white tiles. You can hang your coat on a minimalist wire hook by the fashion-cultish Dutch design firm Droog, and the unisex bathroom (also by Droog) features a quirky blue tile floor, dreamy ambient music, and a postcard rack stocked with scenes of windmills and tulip bulbs. The waiters are clad in nationalist orange shirts, and the chef, Roy Wiggers (who is from Amsterdam, where he made his reputation at a restaurant called Stoop), works at a snug galley kitchen that is folded, origami-fashion, into the middle of the room.

NL
169 Sullivan Street
(212-387-8801).



Nether world
Diners at NL; left
the hazenpeper

The menus at NL come neatly packaged, too, on brightly colored plastic clipboards, with helpful tourist translations from the Dutch. Mr. Bitterballen was sad to see no horse meat on the roster but consoled himself with an appetizer of veal croquettes (kalffkroket). The veal was lightly breaded and infused with flavorful deposits of truffle-oil gravy, which seeped out when you squeezed them with your fork. I tackled an equally imposing ball of smoked beef tenderloin (lauwwarme gerootke), wrapped around shreds of lettuce and Old Amsterdam cheese. For light eaters, there were two nondescript soups (a vegetable-noodle "Queens soup" and a pasty mustard soup), plus traditional herring rolls (rollmops), made with tuna instead of herring, and a delicious disc of herring tartare, bound with a delicate soy-citrus vinaigrette and speckled with apple chips.

If this menu sounds a little schizophrenic, that's because it is. Dutch cuisine is a mix of German and Belgian tastes for ballast, Indonesian recipes for spice, plus a dash of healthful Baltic seafood thrown in. The Dutch, like their British cousins, are usually less comfortable synthesizing these influences than reproducing them all separately in a watered down, generic way. But Wiggers is an internationalist, and he has even tailored his recipes for the New York market by arranging them in little Alfred Portale–style towers. A weirdly subtle mold of risotto was laced with sauerkraut, of all things, and supported by descending layers of sautéed tomatoes, mushrooms, and spinach. My favorite of the entrées was the hazen-

Photographed by Kenneth Chen.

peper, a traditional hare stew set upright on a bed of arugula mashed potatoes, with a decorative bone sticking from its top. The meat was finely minced and flavored with cloves and bits of roasted pear, and when you mashed it up, it tasted like a sweet, exotic version of shepherd's pie.

Some of Wiggers's creations are less exotic than others. A tower of grilled tuna and vegetables might have been conceived by a Dutchman, but once tipped on its side, it looked suspiciously like something you could rustle up at a decent mall restaurant in New Jersey. My Indonesian Gado Gado salad (iceberg lettuce, with assorted Asian vegetables and peanut sauce) seemed clunky, and the Dutch frites were uninspired both times I tried them, with or without the requisite dipping cup of mayonnaise. Wiggers's rijsttafel (literally, "rice table") included a bland chicken satay, yellow rice, and a deliciously tangy variety of curried beef. But a serving of Suriname roti (another colonial amalgam, by way of India and South America) was an odd, too-salty mishmash of chicken, overdone lobster, and curried potatoes.

These little hiccups, however, don't detract too much from the overall novelty of a good Dutch feed. NL is doing a brisk business these days, and on busy nights, the room resembles the dining quarters of a tightly packed ship. Claustrophobes can console themselves with a nice selection of Dutch beers, or a variety of sweet liqueurs with tongue-twisting names like Schelvispekel and Boerenjongens. The purest of these is a wicked ginlike drink called jenever, which we enjoyed between a reasonably priced bottle of Tuscan Chianti and the restaurant's selection of chaste, mostly traditional desserts. There's a basic assortment of Dutch cheeses (aged Gouda and traditional blue cheese) and a platter of fritters (poffertjes) served with drizzles of anise and vanilla butter. There's also a cloying crème brûlée made with semolina, and a refreshingly chalky caramel parfait on a bed of thinly sliced stewed pears. If these delicacies don't catch your attention, then just sit for a while at your snug café table and sip a glass of Boerenjongens as the techno music plays softly on the stereo. Who knows? You may not see anything like it for another 350 years. ■

NL 169 Sullivan Street (212-387-8801). Open seven days, 6 P.M. to 11 P.M. Appetizers, $8 to $15; entrées, $18 to $25. A.E., M.C., V.

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cue

DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

20/20 Vision

Mark Morris's stylish twentieth-anniversary celebration coincides with the unveiling of his remarkable Brooklyn headquarters.

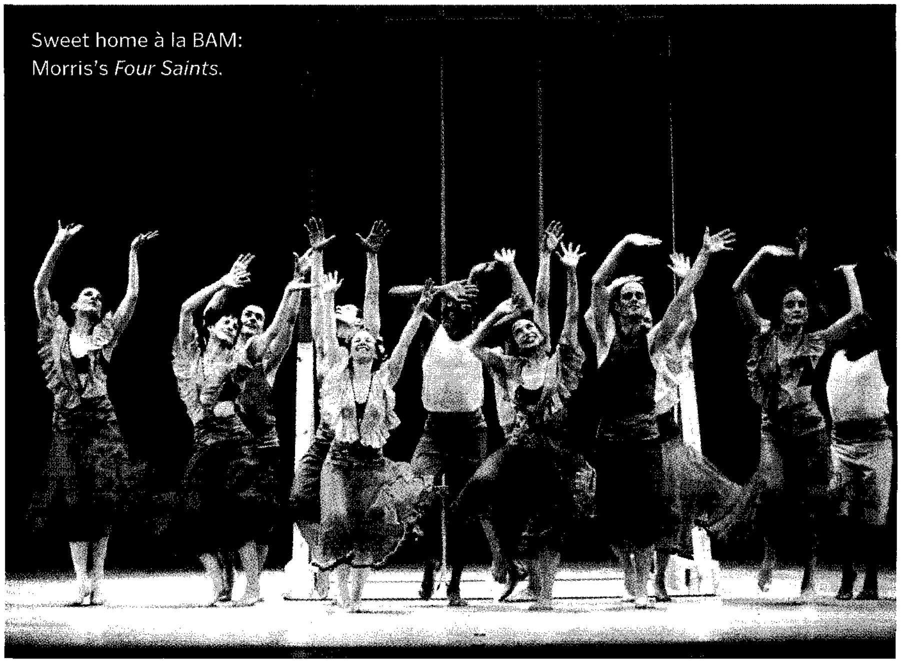
THE **Mark Morris Dance Group** celebrated its twentieth anniversary with a three-week season at BAM—exultantly danced and exultantly received—and the opening, just a minute's walk from the theater, of a formidable new complex of studios, offices, and public spaces (these last still in the making). The bricks-and-mortar achievement, the first of its kind and scale for a barefoot-dance troupe in America, will anchor the company in the Fort Greene neighborhood; Morris, with his fecund imagination, energy, and generosity, projects it as a hub of creative activity.

One is inclined to have faith in his extravagant dream, given the lavish choreographic gift in evidence during the recent engagement. The repertory ranged from a masterwork, *Gloria*, made twenty years ago to a pair of pieces dated 2000; followers of Morris could easily name at least a dozen of his dances equal to the fifteen shown—in musical response, spatial craft, and soaring invention. One of the new works, *Sang-Froid*, is surely another keeper. Set to Chopin piano pieces familiar to dance fans from now-hallowed works by Duncan, Fokine, and Robbins, it continually refers back to that canon. Morris evokes the lyric and neo-Romantic impulses his great predecessors found in the music, at the same time commenting on those responses wryly yet lovingly.

Mark Morris Dance Group
Spring 2001 season, at BAM.

Lava
Timberline
Choreographed by Sarah East Johnson, at P.S. 122.

Being a child of his time, he also finds a dark vein in the music; his dancers, clad in stripped-down black, repeatedly look over their shoulder, stricken by amorphous threats lurking in dark corners, or punctuate the buoyant proceedings with falls implying sudden death. Again and again, one woman appears lost in space, a postmodern amnesiac; another becomes a frantic captive. Im-


Sweet home à la BAM: Morris's *Four Saints*.

Photograph by Cylla Von Tiedemann.

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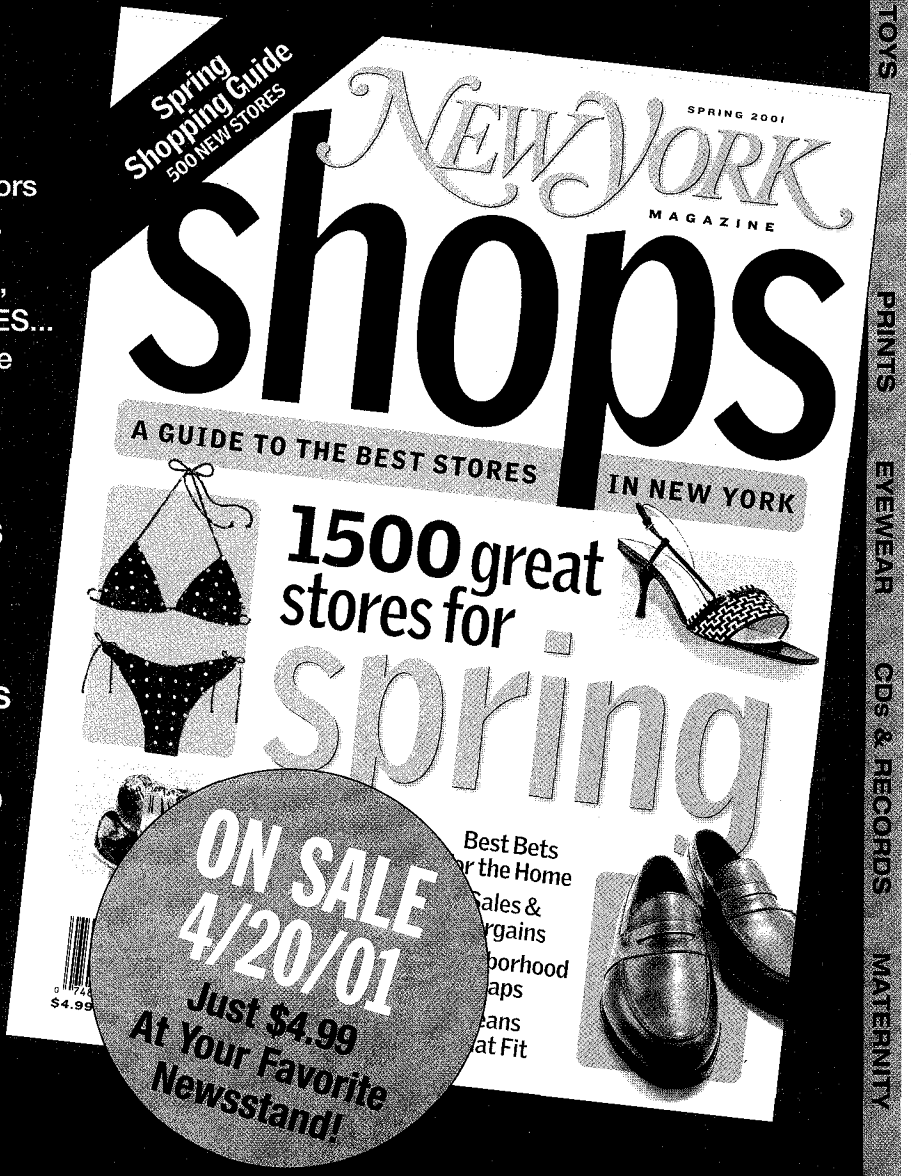
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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ages of play offset the motifs of dread: The dancers, turned 8-year-olds, play body-blocking games; a large, lush woman romps and skips as she might have long ago—blissfully, for herself—in her parents' living room. One of Morris's quintessential gifts is the ability to capture such moments, central to our being, and make them look almost improvised.

The other recent work shown at BAM was Morris's latest venture in opera staging, the Virgil Thomson–Gertrude Stein *Four Saints in Three Acts.* At its London premiere last summer, the production formed a double bill with Morris's *Dido and Aeneas,* and the choreographer's dark, bizarre, impassioned rendering of the Purcell may have offset the unalloyed sweetness and mildness of his *Four Saints* reading. Surprisingly, Morris's choreography for *Four Saints* has far less of an edge than either the arch, largely opaque text or the engaging score, which draws from an array of musical modes—most, but wittily not all, of them idiomatically American.

With the singers crowded into the pit, the dancers, dressed as Spanish peasants, cavort in a huge, sunnily lit stage space, as innocuous and innocent as figures in a Sunday-school pageant. Their landscape is a series of backdrops painted by Myra Calman in her familiar *faux-primitif* style, but without her usual ebullience and irony. The movement Morris has devised is dominated by soft overcurves, epitomized in the personal style of Michelle Yard, a beautiful, fleshy dancer, who is all loveliness and ease as Saint Teresa. Her portrayal finds its contrast in John Heginbotham's Saint Ignatius—the incarnation of naif religious statuettes in white plaster representing gaunt guys in loincloths dedicated to the work of the Lord.

Deliberately, Morris has nothing much happen, having taken to heart—or taken as a challenge—Stein's declaration, which he uses as an epigraph in the program, that "a real saint never does anything . . . and that [is] everything. Generally speaking anybody is more interesting doing nothing than doing something." If he has miscalculated his ability to make a significant dance with *nada* going on, he has at least been blissfully consistent: Heaven is symbolized by a rope-and-board swing, set in gentle motion with the two main saints aboard, sailing straight out to the audience like an open invitation—forget sin, forget penance, forget disbelief—to grace.

SARAH EAST JOHNSON HAS A MIGHTY AGENDA. It was recently on display at P.S. 122 in *Timberline,* an "all-girl extravaganza," as her company, **Lava**, terms its circus-on-the-dance-circuit vaudevilles. Johnson is out to use acrobatics (tumbling, the high wire, the trapeze, et al.) as a metaphor: first, for the difficulties and dangers confronting the human animal at every turn; second, for the possibility of overcoming incapacity and fear by grappling with challenges. She wants to demonstrate how bonding with one's fellow man (well, woman—since gals are thought to be better at cooperative undertakings) increases our strength, combating our inherent loneliness and amplifying our courage. What's more, she wants to connect us to nature, in its fierce dual aspect of beauty and threat. (For this, she depends on Nancy Brooks Brody's breathtaking northern-wilderness videotapes, used as a backdrop.) She also wants to give us a good time and maybe even make a little art. She has, in sum, a bunch of undoubtedly worthy ambitions. What she does not have is a viable show.

A *show,* the term Mark Morris pointedly uses to refer to his company's performances, should offer the extraordinary (or the ordinary craftily framed as extraordinary), no? Lava operates in the theater of the body, yet only one adult in the eight-member troupe boasts a figure that distinguishes her from the Lumpenproletariat. (By reason of their age, the 9-year-old twin sisters are exempt from such judgment.) More significant, none of the performers, the children included, has achieved a level of skill above low-intermediate in the art of acrobatics. So what we witness—as they attempt to walk the wire, leap horizontally through hoops, arrange themselves into human pyramids—is tension, bumbling, and flat-out failure, no matter how much the audience (estrogen-rich, as a colleague of mine termed it) screams its encouragement. Granted, technical haplessness isn't the critical issue, for homemade theater can be enchanting. Lava's work, however, is without grace, without charm, without mystery or suggestive power, and—most important in the circumstances—without the innocence that redeems, and indeed illuminates, untutored art. ■

IN BRIEF: TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

What About Joan (3/27; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; ABC), with the immensely talented Joan Cusack as a trying-too-hard Chicago high-school teacher with an oversexed best friend (Jessica Hecht), a psychiatrist who makes house calls (Donna Murphy), and many, many talk-show issues, is a new sitcom so overwrought that it sucks all the oxygen out of the room and the brain.

The Woman Chaser (3/30; 9 to 10:45 P.M.; Sundance), a Robinson Devor adaptation of Charles Willeford's pulp fiction, stars Patrick Warburton as a used-car salesman so bored with black-and-white life in fifties L.A. that he ends up trapped in his own semi-wicked noir.

And Never Let Her Go (4/1 and 4/4; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), from Ann Rule's true-crime-in-Wilmington, Delaware, best-seller, is a by-the-numbers miniseries docudrama with Kathryn Morris as the innocent blonde victim of Mark Harmon's murderous possessiveness, plus Rachel Ward, Steven Eckholdt, Olympia Dukakis, and Paul Michael Glaser as listless spear-carriers.

Wives and Daughters (4/1, 4/8, 4/15, and 4/22; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) is more fun as a six-hour *Masterpiece Theatre* mini-series than it was as an Elizabeth Gaskell novel, mainly because of Justine Waddell as supergoody Molly and Keeley Hawes as wayward Cynthia, along with such ever-reliables as Francesca Annis, Iain Glen, Barbara Flynn, and Michael Gambon. Only in England is upward mobility still a scandal worth so much frenzied emoting.

Bands on the Run (4/1; 10 to 11 P.M.; VH1) launches four unsigned rock bands on a thirteen-week road trip competing for $50,000. Two bands will be eliminated from competition by week eleven. They all think they're more interesting than I do.

Maze (4/2; 8 to 9:45 P.M.; Starz!) stars Rob Morrow, who also directs and co-wrote, as an artist with Tourette's syndrome who falls in love with Laura Linney, who is pregnant by Craig Sheffer, who is off in Africa Doctoring Without Borders. As if to mimic the syndrome, the camera twitches, too. Fine performances almost redeem sentimental slop.

Midwives (4/2; 9 to 11 P.M.; Lifetime) accuses Sissy Spacek (!) of murder for a botched delivery. Peter Coyote and Piper Laurie don't believe it, and neither will you. ■

MUSIC ROBERT LEVINE

Rock of Aged

As the young turks in Buckcherry cling to eighties hard rock, Aerosmith ages disgracefully; Eric Clapton alternates between blues and snooze

IT WILL COME AS NO SURPRISE TO anyone familiar with its mid-seventies heyday that the best Aerosmith album in some years is full of spit, swagger, and a certain practiced sleaze. And it will come as no surprise to anyone familiar with its mid-nineties balladeering that the best Aerosmith album of the year is not, in fact, by Aerosmith. It's **Time Bomb** by Buckcherry, an L.A. hard-rock band whose very name seems to mock the kind of youthful virility Liv Tyler's dad strains for.

Dudes who look like ladies: From left, Buckcherry's Josh Todd and Aerosmith's Steven Tyler.

Consider it just desserts for a band whose early similarity to the Stones extended to the lead singer's facial features, but Buckcherry now captures the decadence of seventies and eighties hard rock better than anyone who actually lived it. If they remember it only from *Headbanger's Ball,* they must have been taking notes: They wear bandannas and bad attitudes, write songs about a "Porno Star," and roll out carved-in-the-school-desk lyrics like "Somebody save me from domestic suicide / Don't try to sell me on the safer things in life." (Even the album's dull moments, especially the requisite power ballad,"Without You," could be mistaken for eighties outtakes.) None of this is terribly original, of course—to paraphrase Puff Daddy, they basically take riffs from the eighties and make them sound real crazy—but they do a decent job of living up to their source material. Like Aerosmith at its best, Buckcherry has both the rhythmic sway to go with its rock-and-roll stomp and the raw charisma to get away with its period pretensions.

To be fair, Aerosmith has recovered much of its mojo from the mannered Armageddon of "I Don't Want to Miss a Thing." Indeed, **Just Push Play** seems intended as a Return to Rock that throws smoothed-over Glen Ballard production and cloying Diane Warren ballads out the proverbial hotel window. Mostly producing itself for the first time, the band experiments a little (it's safe to say *Play* is the only Aerosmith album to feature scratching), and "Beyond Beautiful" and "Under My Skin" have at least some of the groove that attracted Run-DMC to "Walk This Way." Along the way, though, Aerosmith slips into the stylized studio excesses of a professional producer (it might also be their only album to have strings on half the songs), and the ballads the band does deliver are as corny as anything it's ever done. Yelping "Walk This Way" during one song's chorus is a great way to point out just how vital they once were—but it also underlines how far they've fallen.

Buckcherry
Time Bomb
(DreamWorks)

Aerosmith
Just Push Play
(Columbia)

Eric Clapton
Reptile
(Reprise)

ERIC CLAPTON HAS SPENT HIS CAREER caught at a crossroads between blues power and pop polish. But unless you're as much of a purist as he can sometimes be, that sounds like a starker choice than it is. If there's a fine line between hewing to blues tradition and ignoring it, many of his better periods have been spent walking it. Even the suave R&B on 1998's *Pilgrim* hid reserves of soul.

On **Reptile**, he's lost that line entirely. Half the album is classic Clapton—smooth covers of classics (Ray Charles's "Come Back Baby"), bluesy covers of soul songs (Stevie Wonder's "I Ain't Gonna Stand for It"), and catchy originals with gutsy playing. And at its very best, "Superman Inside" for example, *Reptile* is as expressive as anything he did in the nineties. The other half of *Reptile* is a series of oddball genre digressions and cornball balladeering. "Believe in Life" combines New Age lyrics with sappy musicianship, and James Taylor's "Don't Let Me Be Lonely Tonight" sounds tailor-made for lite FM. Unusually, even a few of the blues songs—"I Want a Little Girl," "Second Nature"—are so tasteful and airy they fail as anything but background music. The few genre experiments, while occasionally interesting, aren't much better. Even "God" can't get away with starting a rock album with a samba instrumental. ■

Photographs: London Features.

Movies

Edited by Ben Kaplan

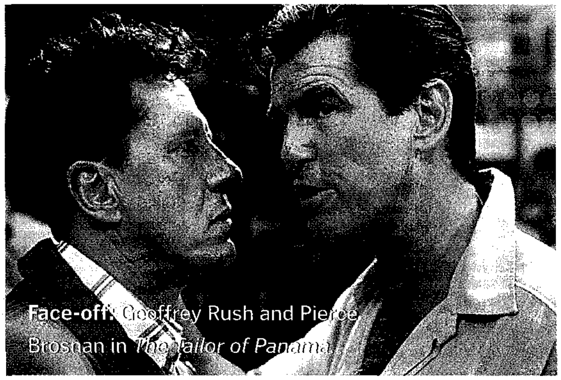
This Week's Releases

Amores Perros
Three disparate tales interwoven in a vibrant portrait of the violent undercurrent roaring through Mexico City. Director Alejandro González Iñárritu's debut film. (2 hrs. 33 mins.; R) • Opens 3/30.

Keep the River on Your Right: A Modern Cannibal Tale
A documentary charting the return of 80-year-old Tobias Schneebaum to the Peruvian tribe for which he deserted a New York artist's life in 1954. Directed by brother and sister David and Laurie Cohen. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) • Opens 3/30.

Someone Like You
Ashley Judd and Hugh Jackman play unlikely roommates–cum–lovers in this romantic comedy from director Tony Goldwyn (*A Walk on the Moon*). Also starring Greg Kinnear and Marisa Tomei. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 3/30.

Spy Kids
Robert Rodriguez wrote and directed this tale of two children (Alexa Vega, Daryl Sabara) who must rescue their square-seeming secret-agent parents (Antonio Banderas, Carla Gugino). (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) • Opens 3/30.



Face-off: Geoffrey Rush and Pierce Brosnan in *The Tailor of Panama*.

The Tailor of Panama
John Boorman's movie of the John Le Carré bestseller is a freewheeling jape that turns into a pitch-black burlesque with surprising depths of feeling. Starring Geoffrey Rush, Pierce Brosnan, and Jamie Lee Curtis. (See Rainer, p. 68.) (1 hr. 49 mins; R) • Opens 3/30.

Tomcats
The last single man standing may win a substantial cash bet in director Gregory Poirer's debut film, but will surely lose Shannon Elizabeth. Also starring Jerry O'Connell and Jake Busey. (1 hr. 32 mins; R) • Opens 3/30.

New Films

★ Almost Famous
Cameron Crowe's sweetly engaging coming-of-age movie about a 15-year-old rock journalist, played by Patrick Fugit, who hooks up with a band in order to write a cover story for *Rolling Stone*. The band's lead guitarist is played by Billy Crudup, and his chief groupie is played by Kate Hudson. (Rainer; 9/18/00) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) • The Screening Room; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; UA Gemini

American Desi
A dual love story about a young Indian man (Deep Katdare) who needs the girl of his dreams (Purva Bedi) to discover the culture he tried to ignore. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) • Cinema Village; Kaufman Astoria Cinema

★ Before Night Falls
Javier Bardem gives an astonishing, freewheeling performance as the gay Cuban literary exile Reinaldo Arenas. Julian Schnabel directs, and he combines an extraordinary range of emotional colorations—the film goes from rhapsodic lyricism to horror in a blink. (Rainer; 1/8/01) (2 hrs. 13 mins; R) • Quad Cinema; Clearview's Chelsea; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas

Billy Elliot
A striking miner's son furtively studies ballet and eventually wins over his hard-nosed dad. The film is such a prodigious feat of four-hankie engineering that Julie Walters's fierce performance as the boy's dancing instructor may get lost in the suds. (Rainer; 10/23/00) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • CC Village East; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's 59th Street East; Kew Gardens Cinemas; North Shore Towers

Blow Dry
Two happily no-longer-married hairstylists (Alan Richman, Natasha Richardson) compete for the National Hairstyling Championship. (1 hr. 45 mins; R) • UA Union Square; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3

The Brothers
A group of friends have to face their commitment issues when one of their crowd decides to get married. Bill Bellamy and Morris Chestnut star. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Nova; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Canarsie; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island

★ Cast Away
Tom Hanks plays a FedEx systems engineer who is stranded on a remote and uninhabited island in the South Pacific in this Robert Zemeckis movie. The film is a graceful and resonant fable about isolation and the will to endure, but a heavy cloud of inspirationalism hangs over it. (Rainer; 12/25/00) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; PG-13) • UA Union Square; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Cinemart; CO Cinema City; Kaufman Astoria Cinema

Chocolat
Juliette Binoche plays the owner of a chocolate shop whose dainties bewitch a small town. Co-stars Johnny Depp and Alfred Molina; Lasse Hallström directs. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Angelika Film Center; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; CO Alpine; Kent Triplex; UA Marboro; CO Fresh Meadows; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza

★ Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon
Set in nineteenth-century China, this Ang Lee movie is a ravishing martial-arts romance with sequences as magical as anything in the movies. Chow Yun-Fat and Michelle Yeoh star as great warriors and friends with a deep, unspoken ardor for each other; Zhang Ziyi, a marvelous young actress, is their nemesis. (Rainer; 12/11/00) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; UA Gemini; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; bam Rose Cinemas; CO Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Staten Island

The Dish
Sam Neill plays an eccentric scientist on a remote Australian farm whose satellite dish is the only one capable of receiving Neil Armstrong's first step on the moon. Directed by Rob Stitch. (1 hr. 44 mins; PG-13) • CC Angelika Film Center; Sony Lincoln Square

Down to Earth
Why do brash comics (here, Chris Rock) feel they have to turn themselves into saps in order to be movie stars? (Rainer; 2/26/01) (1 hr. 34 mins; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Clearview's Waverly; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Nova;

Opening

His Kind of Woman

In **Someone Like You**, Ashley Judd reunites swimmingly with her tormentor from *Kiss the Girls*, actor Tony Goldwyn. Only now he's her director, and instead of tying her up, gagging her, and locking her in a cave, he has her fall in love with a fickle Greg Kinnear. Seems that Greg isn't As Bad As It Gets, though: When she loses her apartment (Kinnear dumps her as she's about to move in), she's forced to crash with an irrepressible co-worker, played by the conveniently hunky Hugh Jackman (pictured, with Judd). After the odd couple—she's Manolo Blahniks, he's Chuck Taylors—fuss and fight, the two crazy kids eventually find love, even without a sleuthing Morgan Freeman (is that the only part he ever plays?) to show them the way. Opens March 30.

Photographs: top, by Jonathan Hession; bottom, by Myles Aronowitz.

Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; CO Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; CO Fresh Meadows; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island

Enemy at the Gates

Jean-Jacques Annaud's WWII movie is a compendium of old-time war-movie clichés. It stars Jude Law, impossibly miscast, as a Soviet sharpshooter during the battle of Stalingrad. Ed Harris is his Nazi counterpart, Major Koenig, and he's the only good thing in the movie. (Rainer; 3/26/01) (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Loews Coronet; UA East; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; CO Alpine; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island

Exit Wounds

DMX and Steven Seagal team up to bring down a gaggle of corrupt cops in Detroit. Directed by Andrzej Bartkowiak (*Romeo Must Die*). (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; CO Alpine; CO Kings Plaza; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island

Fifteen Minutes

Writer-director John Herzfeld's lurid melodrama stars Robert De Niro as a celebrity cop and Ed Burns as an arson investigator. They team up well, but the film is rancorous and overblown—an indictment of the tabloid-media age that is all of a piece with what it's supposedly attacking. (Rainer; 3/19/01) (2 hrs.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; CO Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island

Get Over It

Relatively tame high-school high jinks about a boy (Berke Lawrence) whose rebound girl happens to be his best friend's younger sister. Kirsten Dunst and Sisqó co-star. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) • CC Murray Hill Cinemas; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; CO Alpine; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Cinemart; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club

The Gift

Cate Blanchett is a seer in a Georgia bayou whose readings for troubled local townsfolk are more like social-service sessions. Giovanni Ribisi, Hilary Swank, and Keanu Reeves are good in supporting roles. (Rainer; 1/29/01) (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) • UA Union Square

★ Gladiator

Ridley Scott's latest is an attempt to make a Roman epic on the scale of *Spartacus* or *Ben-Hur* while presenting us with a hero, Russell Crowe's Maximus, who is monumentally withdrawn. (Rainer; 5/15/00) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) • Loews State

Hannibal

Anthony Hopkins is a more princely cannibal Hannibal Lecter this time out, and he's also more cartoonized—a figure of grisly fun. Julianne Moore replaces Jodie Foster as FBI agent Clarice Starling, in a performance that is skillful but out of keeping with the tone of flamboyant Grand Guignol burlesque. (Rainer; 2/19/01) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Astor Plaza; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; CO Alpine; CO Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; CO Fresh Meadows; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island

Heartbreakers

Sigourney Weaver and Jennifer Love Hewitt play mother-daughter con artists in this lame comedy also starring Gene Hackman as a teeth-stained tobacco heir with a perpetual retching cough. (Rainer; 4/2/01) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Clearview's Olympia; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; CO Alpine; Kent Triplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island

★ The House of Mirth

In Terence Davies's rigorously elegant adaptation of Edith Wharton's novel set in 1905 New York, Gillian Anderson is Lily Bart, the socialite who is undone by the society she wants to become a part of. (Rainer; 1/1/01) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; NR) • Quad Cinema; CC Sutton

In the Mood for Love

Wong Kar-Wai's new film is set in Hong Kong in 1962, but most of it is shot indoors. Trancelike yet chichi, it's an example of pop schlock aestheticism. Tony Leung and Maggie Cheung play neighbors whose respective spouses are having an affair. (Rainer; 2/6/01) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; bam Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas

Malèna

Giuseppe Tornatore directs this tragicomedy about a chic, mysterious woman (Monica Bellucci). Giuseppe Sulfaro stars as the man who's been obsessed with her since he was 13. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) • CC Sutton; North Shore Towers

★ Meet the Parents

Lots of dumb jokes and misfires, but the rapport between Ben Stiller, playing a prospective son-in-law, and Robert De Niro, as the martinet father of his girlfriend, is rich. (Rainer; 10/9/00) (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13)

Live to Tell

Tobias Schneebaum sits in his artifact-rich Greenwich Village apartment and, after delicate prodding, lets his memory speak: "The tribe was going on a raid, and as they always did, they let me tag along. We hiked for most of the day, then came to an opening in the river. They began painting themselves black; I was painted, too. Suddenly, when it was just getting dark, they started yelling and ran into this village with me following behind, scared, not sure of myself or what was going on." Tobias, now 80, whose return to Peru after 46 years is documented in David and Laurie Shapiro's fascinating **Keep the River on Your Right: A Modern Cannibal Tale**, continues: "They began the killing, maybe 50 people or so. One of the men had killed somebody with his spear, then gave it to me to do the same thing, to jab it into the dead man's body. We had large bowls of uncooked *machu* [coca leaves]. I began getting high, and nothing bothered me. I was drunk; somebody handed me a piece of flesh, a piece of meat, and I ate it. They had roasted the other tribe on the fire." It's an impossible-sounding true tale, and Schneebaum himself—ex-rabbinical student turned beatnik painter; Norman Mailer's neighbor on the Lower East Side; the homosexual adventurer who felt disconnected in New York, then disappeared into unchartered Peru—is Woody Allen by way of Ferdinand Magellan on the journey back to his improbable, unparalleled youth. *Keep the River on Your Right* opens March 30 (see "New Films"), and Schneebaum will read from his autobiographical novel at Barnes & Noble Chelsea on April 5 at 7:30 P.M. B.K.

Ground Rules

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer. Stars (★) denote current releases that New York recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curious to flawed movies with one outstanding element. Reviews are followed by the names of theaters where the film is playing.

Photograph by Jonathon Kovel.

Opening

Punk Fiction

"We worked for three years and through 36 script drafts," says Alejandro González Iñárritu (pictured), director of the Best Foreign Film Oscar-nominated **Amores Perros.** "We were trying to tell three stories in one film, so it was hard to keep all the rivers in line." The title of the film, which is set in Mexico City, Iñárritu's backyard, translates loosely to "Love Is a Bitch," and the story is about, among bigger things, a tender miscreant in love with his abusive brother's pregnant wife, a crippled model having a degenerate affair, and a homeless assassin reuniting with the oblivious daughter he once left behind. Heady stuff for a debut film, but the response he's received seems to prove his hard work has paid off. "I never expected to be nominated for an Oscar," he says. "The Academy seems too narrow. But I guess this means they think *Amores* is a film the American public wants to see." We'll have our chance starting March 30 at Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and UA Union Square.

Photograph courtesy of Lion Gate Films.

★ Memento

Christopher Nolan's low-budget noir stars Guy Pearce as a man seeking out his wife's murderer. The story is worked out in roughly reverse chronological order, and Nolan has a fondness for existential dread that may go over better with noir-soaked movie critics and overserious philosophy grad students than with general audiences. But it's an intriguing movie anyway. (Rainer; 3/26/01) (2 hrs.; R) • CC Angelika Film Center; Loews 19th St. East; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; bam Rose Cinemas

The Mexican

Brad Pitt and Julia Roberts star in this lackadaisical action comedy about a feckless bagman for the mob and his errant girlfriend. James Gandolfini gives the film its powerful moments. (Rainer, 3/12/01) (2 hrs.; R) • Loews Village; UA Union Square; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Beekman; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; CO Alpine; CO Kings Plaza; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; CO Fresh Meadows; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island

Me You Them

A Brazilian true story about a woman (Regina Case) and her three "husbands." (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) • Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas

Monkeybone

A successful cartoonist (Brendan Fraser) falls into a coma, and his spirit is transported to an odd limbo in which he must outwit death (Whoopi Goldberg). (2 hrs.; PG-13) • CO Cinema City

Nico & Dani

Sexual-coming-of-age tale about two Spanish teenagers. Starring Fernando Ramallo and Jordi Vilches. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) • Cinema Village

★ O Brother, Where Art Thou?

Set in Depression-era Mississippi, this Coen-brothers movie actually takes place in their usual rarefied and icy-hot postmodern Nowheresville. George Clooney, John Turturro, and Tim Blake Nelson star as escaped convicts; the shagginess of the performances is appealing. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) • UA Union Square; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Sony Lincoln Square

★ The Pledge

Sean Penn directed this movie starring Jack Nicholson as a retired Nevada homicide detective who can't let go of a hunch that a killer of young girls is still roaming free. It's his best film yet as a director and contains a roster of cameo performances from the likes of Vanessa Redgrave, Patricia Clarkson, Mickey Rourke, and Harry Dean Stanton that are overwhelming. (Rainer; 1/15/00) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) • Loews New York Twin

★ Quills

Philip Kaufman's movie about the Marquis de Sade is a voluptuous impasto that mixes together angels and demons in a richly ambiguous swirl. Geoffrey Rush plays Sade, imprisoned in the Charenton asylum for the insane, and he's a degenerate fop who smuggles scurrilous screeds out into the world with the help of a chambermaid (a radiant Kate Winslet) and gets obliterated for his troubles. Michael Caine is the doctor-torturer who puts the screws to Sade; Joaquin Phoenix is the abbé. (Rainer; 11/27/00) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) • CC Village East; AMC Empire 25 Theatres

Recess: School's Out

Allyce Beasley, Dabney Coleman, and Jason Davis lend their voices to this animated film about an evil high-school principal who aspires to eradicate summer vacation by using a special laser gun. (1 hr. 22 mins.; G) • AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; CO Cinema City; UA Movies at Staten Island

Save the Last Dance

This romantic drama stars Julia Stiles as a young midwestern dancer who moves to Chicago and falls in love with a black student, and must balance her serious ballet talent with the expected complications of interracial affairs. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) • Loews State; CO Cinema City

Say It Isn't So

Antic Farrelly-brothers-produced comedy starring Chris Klein as a feckless suitor in love with someone who may be his sister, played aptly by Heather Graham. Directorial debut of J. B. Rogers. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; UA Gemini; New Coliseum; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club

See Spot Run

First-time feature from TV director John Whitesell (*A Different World, Jack and Jill*) about a highly intelligent FBI dog and his dim-witted master, convincingly portrayed by David Arquette. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Loews Orpheum 7; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; CO Alpine; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; CO Fresh Meadows; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island

Series 7: The Contenders

Daniel Minahin's take-off on reality-TV shows is about a hit series where randomly selected contenders are pitted against each other until only one survives. Brooke Smith plays the eight-months-pregnant reigning champion. (Rainer; 3/12/01) (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) • CC Village East; AMC Empire 25 Theatres

★ Shadow of the Vampire

Willem Dafoe triumphs as the actor-vampire Max Schreck in this uneven but sometimes chilling and witty film. John Malkovich co-stars as Murnau, and he's convincingly Teutonic. (Rainer; 1/8/01) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) • UA Union Square; AMC Empire 25 Theatres

Snatch

Guy Ritchie's film about warring factions of London gangsters and jewelers has subplots that cross and recross in a way that's more exhausting than exhilarating. Benicio Del Toro and Brad Pitt are two of the film's more recognizable faces. (Rainer; 1/29/01) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) • UA Union Square; Loews State

★ State and Main

David Mamet's movie about a Hollywood movie crew invading a New England village has its share of syncopated nastiness and sharp satire, although the overall effect is surprisingly mild for Mamet. (Rainer; 1/2/01) (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) • UA Union Square

Sweet November

An ambitious executive (Keanu Reeves) sets up an unorthodox relationship with a young free spirit (Charlize Theron): a one-month trial relationship with no strings attached. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) • AMC Empire 25 Theatres; CO Cinema City

The Taste of Others

A successful businessman (Jean-Pierre Bacri) becomes immersed in the world of theater only to be gleefully taken advantage of by a cavalcade of artists. (1 hr. 52 mins.; NR) • CC Village East; CC Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas

Too Much Sleep

A security guard (newcomer Marc Palmieri) living with his mother in suburban New Jersey loses his gun and discovers a new world in the ensuing search. Written and directed by David Maquiling. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) • Loews State

★ Traffic

Steven Soderbergh directed this uneven mélange—a movie about drug trafficking in which several seemingly disparate stories come together in a sweeping vision of corruption and redemption. The cast is impressive, including Michael Douglas, Catherine Zeta-Jones, Benicio Del Toro, and Don Cheadle. (Rainer; 1/2/01) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; CO Fresh Meadows; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club

The Wedding Planner

The ubiquitous Jennifer Lopez stars as a San Franciscan wedding planner who's trying to balance her career and a romance with a swarthy do-gooder (Matthew McConaughey). (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) • AMC Empire 25 Theatres; CO Cinema City

When Brandon Met Trudy

Peter McDonald (*I Went Down, Felicia's Journey*) and Flora Montgomery, in her film debut, replace Billy

Crystal and Meg Ryan in this original, though homage-filled, romantic comedy that substitutes Ireland for New York and a Dublin pub for Katz's deli. (1hr. 35 mins.; NR) • Quad Cinema

The Widow of St. Pierre
Patrice Leconte's austere period drama about a condemned man (Emir Kusturica) and the French commandant (Daniel Auteuil) and his wife (Juliette Binoche) who minister to him. Impressive to look at, but the performers, especially Binoche, are too freeze-dried for all the supposed passion on display. (Rainer; 3/5/01) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) • Paris Theatre; Kew Gardens Cinemas

Yi Yi
Edward Yang's complicated tale examining the relationship between a mother and son, and the nature of family in general. (2 hrs. 53 mins.; NR) • Cinema Village

★ You Can Count On Me
Writer-director Kenneth Lonergen's wonderfully small-scale movie stars Mark Ruffalo and Laura Linney as reunited brother and sister, and theirs is one of the most convincing portrayals of family connection I've ever seen. (Rainer; 10/23/00) (1 hr. 51 mins.; R)

Opening

The Prince of Denmark

For the many Americans who were introduced to the influential work of Danish filmmaker Lars von Trier through this year's riveting *Dancer in the Dark* or 1996's Oscar-winning *Breaking the Waves,* the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Rose Cinema presents **Breaking the Rules,** a retrospective of his mostly avant-garde films from the past twenty years. Whether dipping into felonious noir in *The Elements of Crime* or exhibiting a Larry Clark brand of brutality in *The Idiots* (pictured; shown here uncensored for the first time in the U.S.), Von Trier uses his unique abstract expressionism to tell his poetically twisted tales. With a personal life as complex as his fiction (on her deathbed, his mother told him who his real father was), Von Trier is an iconoclastic filmmaker, still remarkably distinctive even after influencing a whole new school of film. See where he began, April 1 through April 15. (See "Movies, Societies, Etc.")

• CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Kew Gardens Cinemas; North Shore Towers

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Battery Park City Cinema
102 North End Ave. (212-945-3418) • The Brothers; Chocolat; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Down to Earth; Enemy at the Gates; Exit Wounds; 15 Minutes; Hannibal; Heartbreakers; In the Mood for Love; Pollock; Say It Isn't So; See Spot Run; Traffic

CC Angelika Film Center
18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) • Chocolat; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; The Dish; Memento; Pollock.

CC Village East
189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) • Billy Elliot; In the Mood for Love; Quills; Say It Isn't So; Series 7: The Contenders; The Taste of Others; You Can Count On Me

Cinema Village
22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) • American Desi; Nico & Dani; Yi Yi

Clearview's Waverly
323 Sixth Ave. (212-777-FILM#603) • Down to Earth; Heartbreakers

Film Forum
209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) • The Gleaners and I (See also"Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village
66 Third Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#952) • The Brothers; Enemy at the Gates; The Mexican; Traffic

Quad Cinema
34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) • Before Night Falls; The House of Mirth; Me You Them; When Brandon Met Trudy

The Screening Room
54 Varick St. (212-334-2100) • Almost Famous

UA Union Square
13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) • Blow Dry; Cast Away; Exit Wounds; 15 Minutes; The Gift; Hannibal; Heartbreakers; The Mexican; O Brother, Where Art Thou?; See Spot Run; Shadow of the Vampire; Snatch; State and Main

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas
160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) • The Brothers; Get Over It; In the Mood for Love; Say It Isn't So; You Can Count On Me

Clearview's Chelsea
260 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#597) • Before Night Falls; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; 15 Minutes; Hannibal; Heartbreakers; Pollock; Say It Isn't So; Traffic

Clearview's Chelsea West
333 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#614) • Exit Wounds

Loews 19th St. East
890 Broadway, at 19th St. (212-50-LOEWS#858) • The Brothers; Enemy at the Gates; Memento; The Mexican

Loews Kips Bay Theatre
570 Second Ave. (212-505-6397#558) • Chocolat; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Down to Earth; Enemy at the Gates; Exit Wounds; 15 Minutes; Hannibal; Heartbreakers; The Mexican; See Spot Run; Traffic

42nd–60th Streets

AMC Empire 25 Theatres
234 W. 42nd St., at Eighth Ave. (212-398-3939) • Almost Famous; Before Night Falls; Billy Elliot; The Brothers; Cast Away; Chocolat; The Contenders; Enemy at the Gates; Get Over It; Heartbreakers; O Brother, Where Art Thou?; Pollock; Quills; Recess: School's Out; Say it Isn't So; See Spot Run; Series 7: Shadow of the Vampire; Sweet November; The Wedding Planner; You Can Count On Me

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3
1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) • Blow Dry; Chocolat; 15 Minutes

CC Eastside Playhouse
919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) • The Taste of Others

CC Sutton
205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) • The House of Mirth; Malèna

Clearview's 59th Street East
239 E. 59th St. (212-777-FILM#615) • Billy Elliot

Clearview's Ziegfeld
141 W. 54th St. (212-777-FILM#602) • Enemy at the Gates

Loews 42nd Street E Walk
42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#572) • Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Down to Earth; Exit Wounds; 15 Minutes; Hannibal; Memento; The Mexican

Loews Astor Plaza
44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#699) • Hannibal

Loews Coronet
993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (212-505-CINE#608) • Enemy at the Gates

Loews State
1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#901) • Gladiator; Save the Last Dance; Snatch; Too Much Sleep

Paris Theatre
4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) • The Widow of St. Pierre

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East
210 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#763) • Chocolat; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; 15 Minutes; O Brother, Where Art Thou?; Recess: School's Out

Clearview's Beekman
1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (212-777-FILM#606) • The Mexican

Clearview's First & 62nd St.
400 E. 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#957) • The Brothers; Exit Wounds; Hannibal; Heartbreakers; Memento; Pollock; You Can Count On Me

Clearview's Park and 86th St.
125 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#604) • Heartbreakers; Say It Isn't So

Loews 72nd St. East
1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#704) • Traffic

Loews New York Twin
1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#698) • Down to Earth; The Pledge

Loews Orpheum 7
1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (212-50-LOEWS#964) • The Brothers; Down to Earth; Exit Wounds; Hannibal; The Mexican; See Spot Run; Traffic

UA East
1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) • Enemy at the Gates

UA Gemini
1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) • Almost Famous; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Say It Isn't So

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway
1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#864) • You Can Count On Me

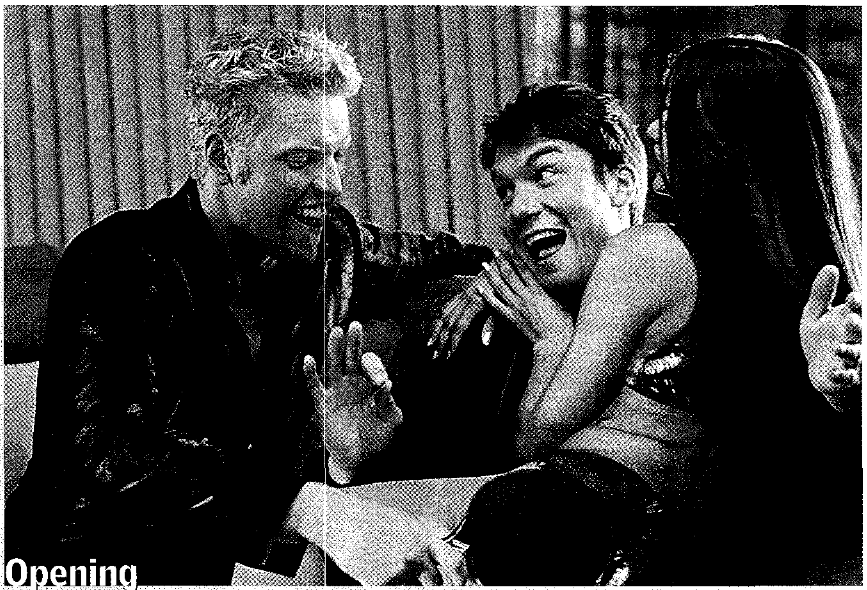
Photograph by Morten Constantineanu Bak.

Clearview's Metro Cinema
2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (212-777-FILM#609) • Enemy at the Gates; Traffic

Clearview's Olympia
2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (212-777-FILM#613) • Chocolat; Heartbreakers

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas
30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) • Before Night Falls; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; In the Mood for Love; Memento; Me You Them; Pollock; The Taste of Others

Loews 84th Street
2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (212-50-LOEWS#701) • The Brothers; Down to Earth; Exit Wounds; Fifteen Minutes



Opening

Bye-Bye, Miss *American Pie*

Things we can tell just by looking: Puff Daddy will not go clubbing anytime soon. Madonna and Guy Ritchie will not last. And a Busey film, be it father Gary's or son Jake's, will include motorcycles and T&A and will go straight to video, then play ad infinitum on basic cable. (How many times have you seen Gary co-starring with Steven Seagal in *Under Siege* on USA?) **Tomcats** stars the younger Busey alongside Jerry O'Connell (both pictured), *Saturday Night Live*'s Horatio Sanz, and foxy *American Pie* exchange student Shannon Elizabeth, who plays the bride-in-waiting for a group of friends competing to stay single the longest. Jake convincingly plays Kyle, another cigar-chompin', womanizin' bad boy in a stereotypical Busey role that you won't have to see to believe. Opens March 30.

Magic Johnson Harlem USA
300 W. 125th St. (212-665-8733) • The Brothers; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Down to Earth; Exit Wounds; Fifteen Minutes

New Coliseum
701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) • Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Down to Earth; Heartbreakers; Say It Isn't So

Nova
3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) • The Brothers; Down to Earth; See Spot Run

Sony Lincoln Square
1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (212-50-LOEWS#638) • Chocolat; The Dish; Enemy at the Gates; Get Over It; Hannibal; Heartbreakers; The Mexican; O Brother, Where Art Thou?; See Spot Run; Traffic

Bronx

Bay Plaza
2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (718-777-FILM#833) • Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Down to Earth; Enemy at the Gates; Exit Wounds; 15 Minutes; Get Over It; Hannibal; Heartbreakers; The Mexican; Recess: School's Out; See Spot Run; Traffic

Concourse Plaza
214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) • The Brothers; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Down to Earth; Exit Wounds; 15 Minutes; Hannibal; Recess: School's Out; See Spot Run

Whitestone
2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) • The Brothers; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Down to Earth; Enemy at the Gates; Exit Wounds; Fifteen Minutes; Hannibal; Heartbreakers; The Mexican; Recess: School's Out; See Spot Run; Traffic

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Ave. (718-623-2770) • Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; In the Mood for Love; Memento; Pollock (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights
70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) • Chocolat; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Traffic

Canarsie
9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) • The Brothers; Exit Wounds; See Spot Run

Clearview's Cobble Hill
265 Court St. (718-596-9113) • Chocolat; O Brother, Where Art Thou?; Pollock; The Widow of St. Pierre

CO Alpine
6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (718-777-FILM#580) • Chocolat; Enemy at the Gates; Exit Wounds; Get Over It; Hannibal; Heartbreakers; The Mexican; See Spot Run

CO Fortway
6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (718-777-FILM#578) • Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Down to Earth; 15 Minutes; Traffic

CO Kings Plaza
5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (718-777-FILM#579) • Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Down to Earth; Exit Wounds; 15 Minutes; Hannibal; The Mexican; Recess: School's Out

Kent Triplex
Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) • Chocolat; Exit Wounds; Heartbreakers

Linden Boulevard Multiplex
Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) • The Brothers; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Down to Earth; Enemy at the Gates; Exit Wounds; 15 Minutes; Get Over It; Hannibal; Recess: School's Out; See Spot Run; Traffic

Pavilion
188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) • Down to Earth; Enemy at the Gates; Exit Wounds; 15 Minutes; Heartbreakers; The Mexican; Recess: School's Out; Say It Isn't So; See Spot Run; Traffic

Ridgewood
55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) • Down to Earth; Get Over It; Heartbreakers; Say It Isn't So; See Spot Run

UA Marboro
6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) • Chocolat; Exit Wounds; Get Over It; Traffic

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay
3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) • Down to Earth; Enemy at the Gates; Exit Wounds; 15 Minutes; Hannibal; Heartbreakers; The Mexican; Say It Isn't So; See Spot Run

Queens

Centre Sunnyside
42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) • Enemy at the Gates; Exit Wounds; 15 Minutes; Heartbreakers; Say It Isn't So

Cinemart
106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) • Cast Away; Down to Earth; 15 Minutes; Get Over It; Heartbreakers

CO Cinema City
183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (718-777-FILM#592) • Cast Away; Monkeybone; Recess: School's Out; Save the Last Dance; Sweet November; Three Thousand Miles to Graceland; The Wedding Planner

CO Fresh Meadows
Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (718-777-FILM#619) • Chocolat; Down to Earth; Hannibal; The Mexican; See Spot Run; Traffic

College Point Multiplex
28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) • The Brothers; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Down to Earth; Enemy at the Gates; Exit Wounds; 15 Minutes; Hannibal; Heartbreakers; The Mexican; Recess: School's Out; See Spot Run; Traffic

Jackson Triplex
82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) • The Brothers; Exit Wounds; See Spot Run

Kaufman Astoria Cinema
38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) • American Desi; The Brothers; Cast Away; Chocolat; Enemy at the Gates; Hannibal; The Mexican; Say It Isn't So; See Spot Run; Traffic

Kew Gardens Cinemas
81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) • Before Night Falls; Billy Elliot; In the Mood for Love; Pollock; The Taste of Others; The Widow of St. Pierre; You Can Count On Me

Main Street Cinemas
72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) • The Brothers; Chocolat; Exit Wounds; 15 Minutes; Heartbreakers; Say It Isn't So; See Spot Run

North Shore Towers
27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) • Billy Elliot; Left Luggage; Malèna; You Can Count On Me

Plaza
103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-

Photograph by Joseph Viles.

639-0012) • Exit Wounds; Heartbreakers

UA Astoria
28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) • Down to Earth; Exit Wounds; 15 Minutes; Get Over It; Heartbreakers

UA Brandon Cinema
70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) • Exit Wounds

UA Crossbay
94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) • The Brothers; Down to Earth

UA Crossbay II
92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) • Exit Wounds; Get Over It; Hannibal; Heartbreakers; The Mexican; Say It Isn't So; See Spot Run

UA Midway
108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) • Chocolat; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Enemy at the Gates; Hannibal; Say It Isn't So; See Spot Run; The Mexican; Traffic

UA Movies at Bayside
38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) • Get Over It; Pollock; Say It Isn't So; Traffic

UA Movieworld
242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) • Chocolat; Down to Earth; Exit Wounds; 15 Minutes; Heartbreakers; See Spot Run; The Mexican

Staten Island

Atrium
680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) • Chocolat; Enemy at the Gates; Exit Wounds; Get Over It; Hannibal; Heartbreakers; The Mexican; Say It Isn't So; See Spot Run; Traffic

UA Hylan Plaza
107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) • Chocolat; Exit Wounds; 15 Minutes; Heartbreakers; See Spot Run

UA Movies at Staten Island
141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) • The Brothers; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Down to Earth; Enemy at the Gates; Exit Wounds; 15 Minutes; Get Over It; Hannibal; Heartbreakers; The Mexican; Recess: School's Out; Say It Isn't So; See Spot Run; Traffic

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image
36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free. • "The Films of William Randolph Hearst." 4/1: *Citizen Kane* (1941).

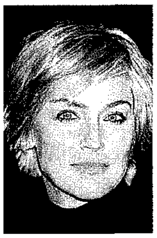
Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8. • Beginning 3/7: "The Turkish Film Festival." 3/28: *Full on the Mouth* (2000); *Guard* (2000); *Son of Sam Greenbaum* (2000); *Still Running* (2000). 3/29: *Memories* (1959). 3/30: *The Potted Psalm* (1947); *The Cage* (1947); *Clinic of Stumble* (1947); *The Petrified Dog* (1948). 3/31: *Mr. Frenhofer and the Minotaur* (1949); *The Lead Shoes* (1949).

BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770). • "Breaking the Rules: the Cinema of Lars von Trier." 4/1: *Breaking the Waves* (1996).

Film Forum
11/209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9. • "The World of Agnes Varda" 3/27: *Jane B. Par Agnes V.* (1987). 3/28–3/29: *Mur Murs* (1980); *Black Panthers* (1968). 3/30–3/31: *Jacquot de Nantes* (1990); *The World of Jacques Demy* (1993). 4/1: *La pointe courte* (1954).

Museum of Modern Art
11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); free with $10 admission, $6.50 for students and seniors, no admission fee for children 16 and under when accompanied by an adult. • "New Directors/New Films" 3/27: *Face* (2000). 3/28: *Confusion of Genders* (2000). 3/29: *Lift* (2001). 3/31: *Nine Queens* (2000). 4/1: *Dinner Rush* (2000); *Wojaczek* (1999).

Trailers



CROSS YOUR . . . FINGERS: Sharon Stone is coming to town this spring to shoot *Basic Instinct 2,* the sequel to the steamy 1992 drama—once MGM finds a male co-star, that is, since original leading man Michael Douglas won't be returning, and there's no word on his replacement; **John McTiernan** (*Rollerball*) will direct for C-2 Pictures and Intermedia.

CULTURE CLUB Regent Entertainment wraps up production this week on *A Good Night to Die,* which has been filming in New York City for a few months; the thriller, which features a formidable eighties-retro cast (**Debbie Harry, Robin Givens, Ralph Macchio,** and **Ally Sheedy**), focuses on the exploits of two close-knit friends who happen to be hit men; **Craig Singer** directs.

OSCAR NOMS UNITE Intermedia has big plans for *The Untitled Walter Salles Project:* Already in talks to star in the film are **Benicio Del Toro, Chloë Sevigny, Juliette Binoche,** and **Geoffrey Rush**; the film is an adaptation of an unpublished manuscript by Katie Campbell, in which the fifteenth-century Florentine artist Fra Filippo Lippi has an affair with a nun; **Walter Salles** will direct, and **Sydney Pollack, Anthony Minghella,** and **Carolyn Choa** will produce.

TOWERING INFERNO Samuel L. Jackson has signed on to appear in Universal's *Truck 44,* which will shoot in New York City in August; **Peter Berg** does double duty as both writer and director of the action thriller, which focuses on a team of New York firefighters who torch an office building in order to pull off an elaborate robbery scheme.

SARA CARDACE

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Edited by Logan Hill

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer
A new musical based on the novel. $35–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 3/27 for a 4/26 opening. • Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).

Bells Are Ringing
Faith Prince and Mark Kudisch star in the first Broadway revival of this 1956 musical comedy about a telephone operator who falls in love with a frustrated playwright. $50–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/12 opening. • Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Follies
Before a wrecking ball transforms a once spectacular New York theater into a parking lot, ghosts and showgirls from decades past reunite for one last time in Sondheim's 1971 musical, directed by Matthew Warchus. Blythe Danner, Gregory Harrison, Judith Ivey, and Treat Williams star. $45–$90. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 4/5 opening. • Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

The Invention of Love
Tom Stoppard's play follows an elderly A.E. Housman as he travels back in time and confronts his younger self. Robert Sean Leonard and Richard Easton star. $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/29 opening. • Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest
Terry Kinney takes his Steppenwolf Theater production of Ken Kesey's classic to Broadway. Gary Sinise stars as McMurtry in the role that forever cemented Jack Nicholson's wild-man persona. $30–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/8 opening. • Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Producers
Nathan Lane and Matthew Broderick produce the ultimate "sure-fire flop," *Springtime for Hitler*, in Mel Brooks' new musical and sure-fire hit, based on the Oscar-winning 1968 film. Directed and choreographed by Susan Stroman. $30–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7:30. In previews for a 4/19 opening. • St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Stones in His Pockets
In Marie Jones's comedy about a small Irish village's encounter with a Hollywood crew, Seán Campion and Conleth Hill play fifteen different characters, from starlets to local extras. $30–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/1 opening. • The Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Now Playing

Aida
The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian. $25–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).

Annie Get Your Gun
Reba McEntire plays Annie Oakley, the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. • Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).

Beauty and the Beast
Disney's beast is back (no, not the mouse). $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. • Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).

Cabaret
The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Gina Gershon, Matthew Greer, and Matt McGrath (*Hedwig*). $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. • Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

Chicago
It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Belle Calaway stars. $20–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/14/96. • Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

A Class Act
The Manhattan Theatre Club's successful tribute to the life and music of that singular sensation, *A Chorus Line* lyricist Edward Kleban, transfers to Broadway with an expanded cast and design. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Ambassador Theatre, 219 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

Contact
This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Its two shorter pieces and concluding longer one are of uneven merit but never without interest. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

Design for Living
Alan Cumming, Dominic West, and Jennifer Ehle star in Noël Coward's 1932 ménage à trois comedy. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Some early curtains. • American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. (212-719-1300).

The Dinner Party
Neil Simon's unabashedly contrived new comedy features three men, two of their ex-wives, and a mysterious man who has locked them all in a Paris dining room together. Henry Winkler and John Ritter star. $45–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

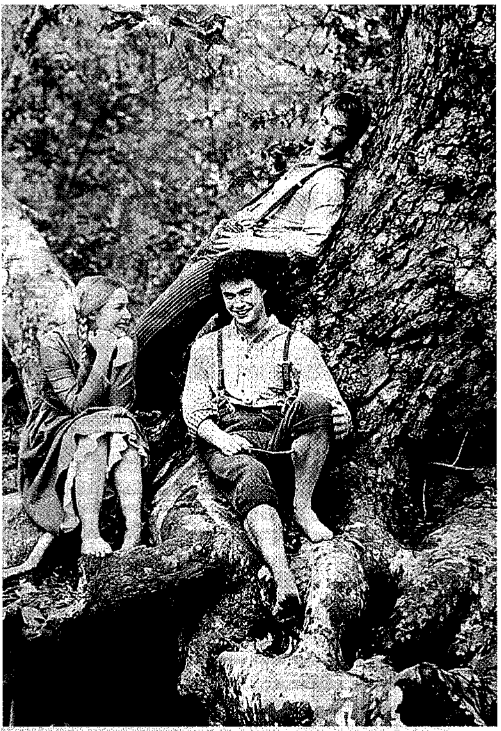
Fosse
A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. Ben Vereen and Ann Reinking star, through 4/29. $65–$80. Mon., Tues., and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

The Full Monty
The musical adaptation of the 1997 film about desperate, destitute men who have nothing to lose but their underwear. Music and lyrics by David Yazbek; book by Terrence McNally; directed by Jack O'Brien. $31–$86. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

Jane Eyre
The new musical adaptation. $50–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (212-307-4100).

Judgment at Nuremberg
Based on the second trials of the Nazi war criminals, Abby Mann's new drama is directed by John Tillinger. Maximillian Schell and George Grizzard star. $29.50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (212-239-6280).

Kiss Me, Kate
With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Burke Moses and Marin Mazzie interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical. $26–$86. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).



Photograph by Mark Hanauer.

Opening

Hannibal: The Musical

Tri-state students, get ready for a field trip. Like a blizzard gusting down from Canada—or expected to—the new musical adaptation of **The Adventures of Tom Sawyer** is a sure day off. Not a bad excuse to skip class and Cliff's Notes, too. You've got to think that Tom (Joshua Park, pictured at lower right, with Kristen Bell and Jim Poulos) would be proud. Previews begin March 27. ("See Broadway.")

Bloom's Day

"I don't know what's happening," says Matthew Broderick. "Even when I did Neil Simon's plays, which, particularly back then, were big deals, it was not like this." After rave reviews in Chicago, Mel Brooks's new musical adaptation of his outrageous theatrical farce **The Producers**, in which Broderick plays Leo Bloom, is rolling into New York on an advance that rivals the cash flow of Hillary's Senate campaign. Broderick says the cast doesn't know what to do with all the early adulation: "It's a strange thing, because they built extra time into the schedule after Chicago so they could write new numbers or make major cuts." The only problem is, Mel Brooks, writer Thomas Meehan, and choreographer-director Susan Stroman have decided to just trim and tweak. "There's been all this time with not much to do," says Broderick, preparing for the first week of previews. "Right now, we just want to get back in front of an audience." When Broderick does step back onstage with Nathan Lane, the two (pictured) will face the daunting challenge of reprising roles immortalized by Zero Mostel and Gene Wilder—and Broderick gladly admits that he hasn't exactly reinvented Wilder's mania. "I can't help sometimes but do exactly what he did. I literally just can't help it," he says. "Sometimes, I look at Nathan in his red robe and his silk scarf—he's even doing a bit of a comb-over, even though he has plenty of hair—and it's like being on the set of a movie that you loved when you were a kid." That said, "I think as you keep doing it over and over again, it starts to be more your own," Broderick explains. "But I don't want to sound at all confident," he says. "I don't want God to hear it—and smite it." In previews for an April 19 opening. (See "Broadway.") L.H.

Les Misérables
What a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$85. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. • Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Lion King
This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$90. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. • New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).

The Music Man
Back in 1957, Meredith Willson's *The Music Man* made a star out of Robert Preston; the current revival should do the same for Rebecca Luker. As Marian Paroo, the librarian of River City, Iowa, who goes from tight-lipped spinster to glowing inamorata in this happy show, Miss Luker gives a performance as detailed, nuanced, and cherishable as ever turned a performer into a legend. Susan Stroman's production has other assets as well. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $40–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).

The Phantom of the Opera
Unlike *Cats*, Andrew Lloyd Webber's other blockbuster refuses to give up the ghost. $20–$85. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. • Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Proof
David Auburn's *Proof* is what *Copenhagen* ought to be: a play about scientists whose science matters less than their humanity. Here, those of us who want their dramatic characters to be real people need not feel excluded. Robert, a world-famous mathematician who went crazy; Catherine, his mathematically brilliant but too-depressed-to-work daughter; Hal, a young math teacher going through Robert's hundred-plus confused notebooks; and Claire, Robert's older daughter and a successful actuary, are above all fascinating individuals. As directed by Daniel Sullivan, the performances are perfect. As for Mary-Louise Parker, her Catherine is a performance of genius. (Simon: 6/5/00.) $24–$69. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

Rent
The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).

Riverdance
The Irish return. $25–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. • Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).

The Rocky Horror Show
Christopher Ashley (*Jeffrey*) directs a surreal cast in Frank N. Furter's naughty pad. Lifelong rocker Joan Jett makes her Broadway debut opposite *Rent* star Daphne Rubin-Vega, stage vet Tom Hewitt, comics Dick Cavett and Lea De Laria, and Alice Ripley of *Side Show* (very appropriate). $75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9:45, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (212-239-6200).

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe
Lily Tomlin returns, along with an astonishing assortment of characters led by Trudy, a homeless lady and "creative consultant to these aliens from outer space" who knows that reality is really just "a collective hunch." The solo show that makes other solo shows look like, well, solo shows, it's written and directed by Jane Wagner, Tomlin's longtime collaborator and partner. As Trudy says, "I'm glad I got delusions of grandeur. It makes me feel a lot better about myself." $50–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 5/13. • Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Seussical
The struggling but optimistic musical. $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. • Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).

The Tale of the Allergist's Wife
Who would have expected from a campy downtown playwright a nicely structured, intelligently funny, satirically relevant uptown comedy? In Charles Busch's new play, the retired but still overactive allergist Dr. Ira Taub is married to Marjorie, an immobilized nervous wreck since the death of her therapist. If you seek an ideal cast, look no further. Linda Lavin, for whom the admiring Busch wrote Marjorie as, he says, a kind of King Lear, is that and more: Lady Macbeth, Willy Loman, Lydia Languish, and, better yet, herself at her dizzying best. (Simon: 3/13/00.) Also starring Tony Roberts and Michele Lee. $30–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Code of the West
Mark R. Giesser wrote and directs this comedy about Joshua A. Norton, who proclaimed himself Emperor of the United States in 1859 San Francisco. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/29 opening. • McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway (212-279-4200).

Eula Mae's Beauty, Bait, and Tackle
Former rodeo star Eula Mae sets up shop in a small town. $40. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Previews begin 3/30 for a 4/4 opening. • Jose Quintero Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).

Mnemonic
This 1999 London Drama Critics Award winner by Theatre de Complicite looks to be an experimental-theater addict's delight. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat and Sun. at 2, Sun at 7. In previews for a 3/28 opening. • John Jay College Theater, 899 Tenth Ave., near 58th St. (212-239-6200).

Passion Play
A middle-aged couple is seduced by a young woman in this comedy by Peter Nichols. $25–$55. Tues.–Fri at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. In previews for a 4/4 opening. • Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (212-307-4100).

Ground Rules

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Photograph by Paul Kolnik.

The Picture of Dorian Gray
The premiere of a Joe O'Byrne's new adaptation of Oscar Wilde's classic. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 5/6. • Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd. St. (212-727-2737).

References to Salvadore Dalí Make Me Hot
Rosie Perez and the intense John Ortiz star in the New York premiere of José Rivera's imagistic new play. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 4/9 opening. • The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Saint Lucy's Eyes
The inimitable Ruby Dee stars in Bridgette A. Wimberly's new play set in 1968 Memphis, produced by the Women's Project. $36. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Previews begin 3/28 for a 4/12 opening. • Women's Project Theatre, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).

Up Against the Wind
Michael Develle Winn's new play investigates the life of the late rapper Tupac Shakur. Rosemary K. Andress directs. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 4/2 opening. • New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-239-6200).

What You Will
The innovative Moonwork Theater Company, much beloved for its creative adaptations, returns with a swipe at *Twelfth Night*. $19. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 3/29 for a 4/5 opening. • Connelly Theater, 220 E. 4th St. (212-279-4200).

A Will of His Own/Andromache
The irrepressible servant Crispin infuriates his tyrant and master in Michael Feingold's new translation of the Jean-Françoise Regnard 1708 comedy./Jean Racine's first successful play. $28–$35. Call for schedule. *A Will of His Own* previews begin 3/29 for a 4/9 opening. *Andromache* previews begin 4/26 for a 5/7 opening. Performances in repertory, through 6/17. • Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).

Now Playing

American Rhapsody
A new musical revue of Gershwin's works. $40–$55. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. • Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (212-239-6200).

Bat Boy: The Musical
Bold-faced headlines in the *Weekly World News* declaring the capture of a live bat-child led to the creation of this high-flying musical. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun at 7:30. • Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).

Blue Man Group: Tubes
Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. $45–$55. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. • Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).

Bobbi Boland
A new play about a Miss Florida vet. $30–$40. Wed.–Mon. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 7. • Arclight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (212-279-4200).

The Book of Liz
In this new play from David and Amy Sedaris, an unappreciated nun with a cheeseball fetish takes a road trip. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10. Through 5/5. • Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (212-239-6200).

Boy Gets Girl
A strange tale of stalking in the city by controversial playwright Rebecca Gilman (*Spinning Into Butter*). $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. • MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

Cartas: A Nun in Love
Based on *Les Lettres d'une Religieuse Portugaise* and translated and performed by Myriam Cyr, this show tells the true story of a nun in seventeenth-century Portugal who is seduced and abandoned by a French cavalry officer. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4. • 45 Bleecker Theatre, 45 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).

De La Guarda
A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Fri. at 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. • Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Dinner With Friends
Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. $30–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. • Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).

The Donkey Show
A fantastic, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with even looser morals. Very fun. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. • El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).

Downhearted Blues—The Life and Music of Bessie Smith
Tony- and Grammy-winning Jennifer Holliday wrote and stars in this musical one-act. $30. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. • Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-561-9553).

The Fantasticks
The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. • Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).

Forbidden Broadway 2001: A Spoof Odyssey
Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof. $49.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. • Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).

Fully Committed
For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. (Simon: 1/17/00.) Now starring Christopher Fitzgerald (*Saturday Night*). $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).

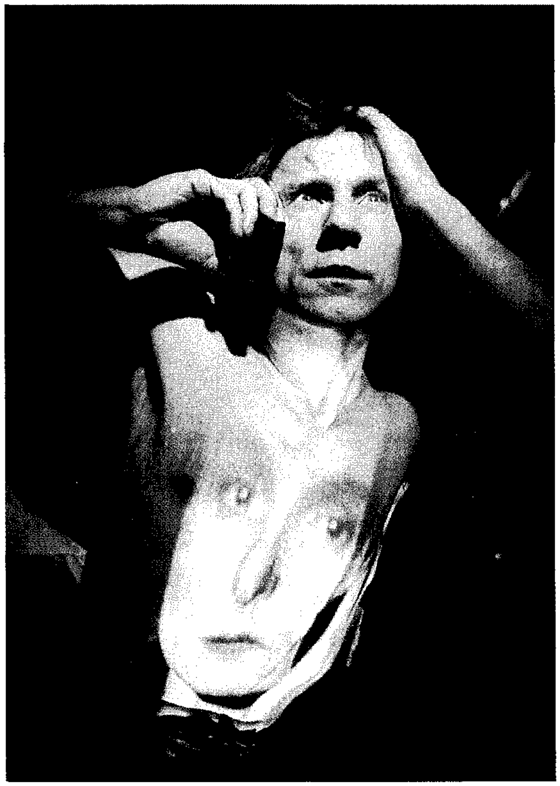
I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change
This musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$55. Mon., Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 8/1/96. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

I Will Bear Witness
This world premiere dramatizes the diaries of Victor Klemperer, a German Jew whose life was spared during Hitler's reign. $15–$25. Call for schedule. • Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (212-677-4210).

If It Was Easy
A Broadway producer and a gossip columnist concoct

Opening

The Iceman Cometh



A 5-millennium-old man found frozen in the Alps in 1992 is the unwitting star of **Mnemonic**, the latest production by the ever-experimental London-based Theatre de Complicite. "People are always interested in the horror of it," says Simon McBurney (pictured with a projection of co-star and Mike Leigh muse Katrin Cartlidge), the company's director and an actor in the production. "But I thought that people wanted to look at him, almost as if to assure themselves that life really existed so long ago." When McBurney looked at the iceman, he became fascinated by the scientific investigations into the man's origins and began asking his own questions (*What made him laugh? Did he love?*) in the theater. "I'm fascinated with how you get meaning," he explains. "The *how*, if you like, is completely conceived into the *what it is*." The resulting production won the 1999 London Drama Critics Award by using inventive stagecraft to investigate the interstices between human memories and academic histories. As usual, Theatre de Complicite experiments freely with divergent disciplines and aesthetics, something McBurney swears we all do every day. "The modern narratives and stories that we get in the morning when we switch on the TV," he explains, "we understand in 30 seconds. When we turn on the radio, we quickly understand a third and a fourth story, and then the telephone rings and your sister tells you a fifth or sixth." This guy's going to do just fine in New York. In previews for a March 28 opening. (See "Off Broadway.") L.H.

Photograph by Alastair Muir.

a musical about Sinatra. $55–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

In Dreams and Gimpel

David Margulies stars in the adaptation of two stories from Isaac Bashevis Singer and Delmore Schwartz. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. • The Maverick Theater, 307 W. 26th St. (212-239-6200).

Late Nite Catechism

Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by some mean wrist action with a ruler. $40. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Let A Hundred Flowers Bloom

David Zellnik's new comedy. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8. • Center Stage, 48 W. 21st St.

Lobby Hero

Soon after making the year's best movie, *You Can Count On Me,* Kenneth Lonergan delights us with his irrepressible *Lobby Hero,* confirming him as a comic wizard. To have written those and the unforgettable *This Is Our Youth* would have lasted many authors a lifetime, but with Lonergan we get the feeling of a life force just getting into full swing. (Simon: 3/26/01.) $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • Playwrights Horizons' Anne G. Wilder Theater, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

Previews

The Source

Ever since Friday the 13th of September 1996, when Tupac Shakur died after being shot on his way home from a Mike Tyson fight in Las Vegas, the rapper has assumed a position as one of contemporary America's most tragic figures, memorialized in graffiti murals, hit songs, MTV tributes, and tabloid headlines. So it's fitting that Shakur, who once studied acting and ballet at the Baltimore School for the Arts, is getting the bio treatment onstage in **Up Against the Wind** (starring Anthony Mackie, pictured), at the New York Theatre Workshop. "I didn't want to make a play about a rapper that just centers around rap music, because his story is so much bigger than that," explains the recent Juilliard playwriting graduate Michael Develle Winn. "His life, like many black male lives, was filled with tragedy—he had enough fodder in his life to write a million raps." And certainly enough for at least one dramatic play. In previews for an April 2 opening. (See "Off Broadway.")

The London Cuckolds

Women are on top in Edward Ravenscroft's comedy. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7. • Blue Heron Arts Center, 123 E. 24th St. (212-290-1595).

Maybe, Baby It's You

Playwright-performers Shari Simpson and Charlie Shanian play eleven couples in this romantic comedy. $40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. at 10. • Theater at St. Luke's, 308 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Murdered by the Mob

Interactive off-line entertainment. $55. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 7. • Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (800-687-3374).

Naked Boys Singing

Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed.–Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. • Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-239-6200).

Newyorkers

A musical collage inspired by Gotham. $50. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 4/8. • Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage II, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

No Niggers, No Jews, No Dogs

John Henry Redwood's new play tells the story of Mattie Cheeks, an African-American woman living in a racially divided town in 1949, who finds an ally in a Jewish scholar. $40–$45. Wed.–Mon. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. • Primary Stage, 354 W. 45th St. (212-333-4052).

Now That Communism Is Dead, My Life Feels Empty

Richard Foreman (*Bad Boy Nietzsche*) directs Tony Torn and Jay Smith as two ex-radical hipsters. $15. Tues. and Fri.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/29. • Ontological Theatre at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-533-4650).

Nuyorican Voices

Celebrating its thirty-fifth anniversary, Intar offers the premiere of three plays by award-winning Latino playwrights (José Rivera, Edwin Sanchez, and Migdalia Cruz) performed in repertory. $20 for one show, $45 for all three. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 4/22. • Intar 53 Theatre, 508 W. 53rd. (212-279-4200).

Our Sinatra

Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes. $50–$100. Mon.–Wed., Fri., and Sun. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. • Reprise Room at Dylan's, 245 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

P.S. 69

Gay substitute teacher by day, exotic dancer by night. Susan Jeremy stars in this comedy about her experiences in a New York public school. $25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 4/29. • Theatre-Studio, Inc., 750 Eighth Ave., at 46th St. (212-279-4200).

Perfect Crime

The long-running thriller. $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 4/5/87. • Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (212-695-3401).

The Play About the Baby

Tony winner Marian Seldes (*A Delicate Balance*) and Brian Murray star in Edward Albee's first new play since *Three Tall Women,* a mysterious drama about a couple of young new parents whose lives are invaded by an older, less innocent pair. $25–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7. • Century Center for the Performing Arts, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Rashomon

Pan Asian Rep presents a new adaptation of the Ryunosuke Akutagawa story that was immortalized on film. $30–$45. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. • West End Theatre, 263 W. 86th St. (212-279-4200).

Saved

Originally banned after its London premiere in 1965, Edward Bond's play about life in a working-class London suburb returns to New York. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Servicemen

Two night crawlers in World War II-era New York fight for the attention of departing servicemen. $25–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (212-279-4200).

Six Goumbas and a Wannabe

Vincent Gogliormella's new comedy about Brooklyn buddies. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. • Cap 21 Theater, (212-239-6200).

A Skull in Connemara

The Roundabout Theatre Company presents the second episode of the "Leenane" trilogy by the talented playwright Martin McDonagh (*The Beauty Queen of Leenane*). $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 5/20. • Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-307-4100).

Starmites 2001

A musical sci-fi adventure about a girl who wakes up and discovers she's a teen superhero. $15–$19. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • Theatre 3, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-206-1515).

Stomp

As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show. $29.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. • Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).

The Subject Was Roses

The revival of Frank D. Gilroy's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama stars Jean Cocteau Rep regulars Craig Smith and Elise Stone. $15–$40. Call for schedule. Through 4/29. • Jean Cocteau Repertory, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).

Summer Cyclone

Nela Wagman's new drama. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. • Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. (212-247-4982).

The Syringa Tree

Pamela Gien plays 28 characters in a superb solo show about a young girl who tries to come to terms with life in sixties South Africa. It's a surprising and unpredictable, utterly believable and affective tale of family love and loss amid the often reckless violence of Apartheid. $49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-307-4100).

Te Juro, Juana Que Tengo Ganas (I Swear to You Jane, I Have an Itch for You)

Comedy of manners "in the style of Molière" by Emilio Carbadallido. $30–$40. Call for schedule. • Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (212-889-2850).

Ten Unknowns

In the latest offering from Jon Robin Baitz, Donald Sutherland plays a seventysomething painter whose hermitage in Mexico is disturbed by three visitors: Justin Kirk, Julianna Margulies, and Denis O'Hare. Daniel Sullivan (*Proof, Dinner With Friends*) directs. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8., Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

Theater of Light

The return of the legendary "light artist" Rudi Stern's "visual fantasia," which features thousands of hand-painted images combined with light and music. $20. Wed. and Sun. at 8, Thurs.–Sat. at 8 and 10. Through 4/14. • Flamboyan Theatre, 107 Suffolk St. (212-279-4200).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding

A wedding and reception, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and,

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $67.50–$80. Thurs.–Sun. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St., and Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Urban Zulu Mambo
A collection of short works by Kia Corthron, Suzan-Lori Parks, Ntozake Shange, and Regina Taylor exploring issues like homelessness and love, as performed by author-actress Taylor. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Peter Norton Space, 555 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).

The Vagina Monologues
Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Vieques
Set on the Puerto Rican island of Vieques, a new drama by Jorge González, the winner of the 2000 Nuestras Voces playwriting contest. Call for schedule. • Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (212-889-2850).

Off-Off Broadway

The Abduction Project
Collision Theory's new play delves into the mysteries of alien encounters in fifties suburbia. $12–$15. Mon. and Wed.–Sun. at 8:30. • HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

The All New Clockwork Orange Musical Revue
A sexy, violent production of this twisted story stars mostly women. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8. • Show World, 671 Eighth Ave., near 42nd St. (212-206-1515).

Bacchae 2.1/A Mouthful of Birds
New York premieres of two versions of Euripides' classic play by Caryl Churchill and Charles L. Mee, Jr.. Wed.–Mon. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Call for complete schedule. • The Flee Theater, 41 White St. (212-246-2407).

Big Dicks, Asian Men
The talented satirical trio Slant (Richard Ebihara, Wayland Quintero, and Perry Yung) return. $20. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 2:30 and 7:30. 3/29–4/1. • La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).

Julliard Drama Division's 2001 Repertory Season
4/3–4/6: The Memorandum. $15. All performances begin at 8. • Julliard Box Office, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza (212-769-7406).

Monday Night Magic
Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, steal your watch, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $25–$27.50. Mon. at 8. • Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-307-4100).

Mono
An inventive improvisatory play set in a barlike environment. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. • Surf Reality, 172 Allen St. (212-358-3447).

Possessed
Based on Dostoevski's novel, a musical play with dance and puppets by Robert Lyons and Kristin Marting (HERE's executive director and co-founder). $15. Wed.–Sun. at 8:30. Previews begin 3/27 for a 4/1 opening. Through 4/21. • HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

Reverend Billy's Spring Revival
The inspired anti-consumerist Reverend Billy and his twenty-voice gospel choir. Don't miss them. $12–$20. Call for schedule. • 45 Bleecker Theater, 45 Bleecker St. (212-529-4530).

Shelf Life
The wild Big Art Group (*Clearcut, Catastrophe!*) returns. $15. Thur.–Sat. at 8. Through 4/28. • KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-777-726-1161).

The Trail of Her Inner Thigh
A multilingual tale of a man and four women. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8. In previews for a 3/29 opening. • LABryinth Theater Company, 48 W. 21st. St. (212-905-0593).

cue

Art

Edited by Edith Newhall

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Nick Blosser
Paintings of imaginary landscapes in egg tempera on wood; through 4/13. • Baumgold, 74 E. 79th St. (212-861-7338).

Alexander Creswell
Recent watercolors of the New York Public Library, the Bethesda Fountain, the Brooklyn Bridge, and other New York landmarks; through 4/14. • Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810).

Dan Flavin/Donald Judd
A two-gallery exhibition of sculpture and works on paper by both Minimalist artists; through 5/25. • At Castelli, 59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470), and Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (212-925-4338).

Willem de Kooning
Large-scale drawings dating from the mid-sixties to the early eighties; through 4/21. • Mitchell, Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave. (212-744-7400).

Jean Dubuffet
Late paintings by the French artist; through 4/28. • Werner, 4 E. 77th St. (212-988-1623).

Suzan Frecon
Recent abstract paintings; through 4/28. • Markey, 42 E. 76th St. (212-517-9892).

James Havard
New encaustic paintings; through 4/21. • Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (212-987-1655).

Neil Jenney
Paintings made between 1969 and 1970 that use text and images of landscapes, animals, and figures pared down to their most essential colors and forms to explore such themes as technological progress, emotion, and survival; through 4/14. • Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (212-744-2313).

Jim Peters
New constructions inspired by the artist's travels in the south of France; through 4/28. • CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (212-772-9555).

Sean Scully
Recent paintings and photographs on the theme of light and gravity; through 4/28. • Knoedler & Company, 19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550).

Houghton Cranford Smith
Landscape paintings by the American artist (1887–1983) who abandoned Impressionism in 1930 for the Purist style of his French mentors Amédée Ozenfant and André L'hote; through 5/12. • York, 21 E. 65th St. (212-772-9155).

57th Street Area

Bruce Dorfman
New assemblage paintings inspired by the artist's recent stay in Italy; through 4/21. • Reece, 24 W. 57th St. (212-333-5830).

Friedel Dzubas
A selection of the late artist's abstract paintings from the sixties, depicting reductive shapes against broad fields of color; through 4/21. • Ameringer/Howard, 41 E. 57th St. (212-935-1110).

Valerie Hird
Paintings that weave images of landscapes and textile patterns; through 4/28. • Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (212-888-3550).

Annette Lemieux
Photo murals, framed photographs, and hairpiece hangings inspired by the artist's own experiences, among them gardening, snorkeling, and running into neighborhood children with fantastic hairdos; through 4/14. • McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-688-5951).

Robert Mangold
Recent monochromatic paintings that contain a spiraling, curving, or reverse-curving drawn line; through 4/21. • PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (212-421-3292).

Sean Scully/Kate Shepard
New works on paper, including watercolors, a pastel, and a series of large-scale photographs/A wall painting and a series of drawings. Through 4/21. • Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (212-315-0470).

Alexis Smith
New collages by the Los Angeles artist; through 4/21. • Rubin/Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave. (212-445-0444).

Altoon Sultan
Recent oil and egg-tempera paintings of northern Vermont, Louisiana, and Turkey; through 4/21. • De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-262-5050).

Christian Vincent
New narrative oil paintings by the L.A.-based artist; through 4/21. • Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-355-4545).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Donald Baechler
New large-scale collage paintings; through 4/14. • Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (212-274-9300).

Hans Breder
Sculpture and photographs from the sixties and seventies by this Conceptual artist who founded the University of Iowa's Intermedia Program and whose students included Ana Mendieta and Charles Ray; through 4/14. • Algus, 25 Thompson St. (212-966-1758).

Ron Ehrlich
New paintings that depict traces of the human figure; through 5/1. • Haller, 560 Broadway (212-219-2500).

Dan Flavin/Donald Judd
A two-gallery exhibition of sculpture and works on paper by both artists; through 5/25. • At Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (212-925-4338), and Castelli, 59 E. 79th St. (212-925-4338).

Tamara Gonzales
A mixed-media installation influenced by East Asian and Mexican vernacular decoration; through 4/28. • Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (212-925-9424).

Paul Laffoley
Seven new paintings from the artist's "Portaling" series, each of which articulates a portal indicating utopian possibilities; through 4/21. • Kent, 67 Prince St. (212-966-4500).

Manfred Pernice
Two installations based on the history of a sausage maker who left Wehen, the artist's hometown in Germany, more than 100 years ago to make his fortune in Milwaukee; through 4/22. • Kern, 558 Broadway (212-965-1706).

Andy Warhol
Paintings and drawings of kitchen knives from the artist's "Knives" series of 1981–82; through 4/14. • Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (212-431-3685).

Terry Winters
Sixty new paintings from the series "Set Diagram" displayed in a site-specific installation by the architect Rem Koolhaas; through 4/28. • Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (212-965-0753).

Chelsea

Tina Dietz/Dove Bradshaw
Large-scale photographs printed on canvas/An instal-

Ground Rules

Galleries are generally open Tuesday through Saturday, from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

lation of four limestone cubes onto which water is dripped at a steady rate; through 4/14. • Stark, 555 W. 25th St. (212-807-1051).

Eugenio Dittborn
New airmail paintings by the Chilean artist, each comprising between two to six panels; through 4/14. • Alexander/Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (212-367-7474).

Walker Evans/Philip Pearlstein
Vintage photographs of the exhibition "African Negro Art" that was held at the Museum of Modern Art in 1935/Figurative paintings from the past two years. Through 4/21. • Miller, 524 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Ellen Gallagher
New paintings; through 4/14. • Gagosian, 555 W. 24th St. (212-741-1111).

Julian Hatton/Mario Naves
New abstract paintings inspired by nature/Collages of disparate sections of painted paper pasted together. Through 4/14. • Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (212-463-9666).

John Hull
Recent narrative paintings based on the artist's drive through the American heartland; through 4/14. • Tatistcheff, 529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4547).

Gary Hume
Enamel-on-aluminum paintings and painted bronze "Snowman" sculptures executed over the past year; through 4/21. • Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (212-243-0200).

Ray Johnson
Collages, mail art, texts, and drawings from the artist's estate that have never been previously exhibited; through 4/21. • Feigen Contemporary, 535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0500).

Seth Kelly
Sculptures inspired by nineteenth-century British landscape painting; through 4/14. • Eller, 526-30 W. 25th St. (212-206-6411).

Shannon Kennedy
A video installation; through 4/14. • Dee/Glasoe, 529 W. 20th St. (212-924-7545).

Markus Linnenbrink
Bright-colored stripe paintings; through 4/14. • Thatcher Projects, 529 W. 20th St. (212-675-0222).

Maria Marshall
Three film projections by the London-based artist; through 4/14. • Team, 527 W. 26th St. (212-279-9219).

Takashi Murakami
New work; through 4/14. • Boesky, 535 W. 22nd St. (212-680-9889).

Michelle Rollman
Horse-themed sculpture, performance, and drawings scratched into brass; through 4/14. • Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (212-243-5937).

Nancy Rubins
Multilayered and overlapping drawings that wrap around corners, climb to the ceiling, and extend outward from the wall; through 4/21. • Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Claudette Schreuders/Jane Harris
Carved wooden figures inspired by African and European traditions/Recent drawings rooted in geometric abstraction. Through 4/14. • Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (212-645-1701).

Beverly Semmes
New fabric sculpture and photographs; through 4/14. • Tonkonow, 535 W. 22nd St. (212-255-8450).

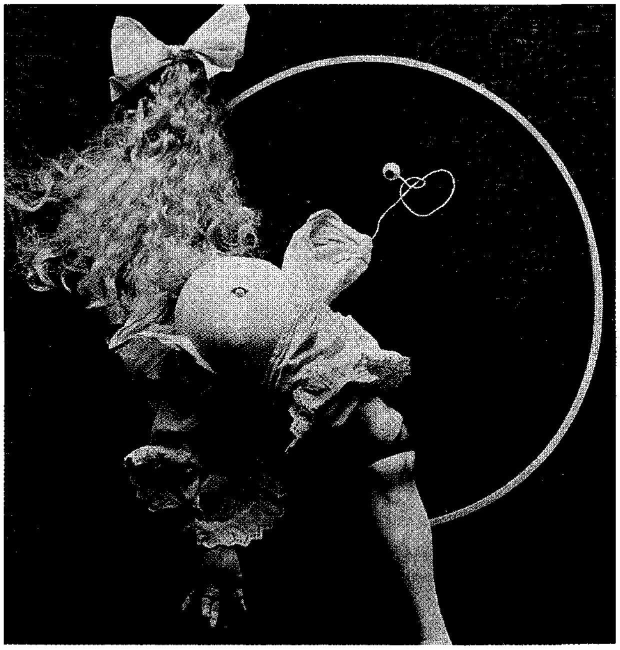
Jim Shaw
Recent paintings, sculpture, and drawings inspired by the artist's dreams; through 4/21. • Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (212-206-7100).

Mark Sheinkman
Paintings using variations of single colors to illusionistic effect; through 4/14. • Von Lintel & Nusser, 555 W. 25th St. (212-242-0599).

Hello, Dolly

The annals of photography are bursting with those who've recorded the visual manifestations of their erotic desires and narcissistic identification: Eugene Von Bruenchenhein's poses of his wife, Marie, nymphlike in their Milwaukee living room; the male fantasies of Claude Cahun and the female ones of Pierre Molinier; the child portraiture of Lewis Carroll. Dolls as stand-ins for humans seem to have held a particular fascination for Eastern European artists and photographers, probably due to the German tradition of dollmaking—the Austrian painter Oskar Kokoschka kept company with his "fetish," a life-size female doll, and the German Expressionist George Grosz made automatons. No one, though, did dolls like Hans Bellmer (1902–1975), who made them, disassembled and reassembled them, and then photographed them staged in erotic, often sadomasochistic, circumstances (pictured, *La Poupée*, 1934). Over the past few years, New York's Ubu Gallery has reintroduced the German-born Surrealist's startling oeuvre to gallery-goers; now **Behind Closed Doors: The Art of Hans Bellmer** (International Center of Photography, 1133 Sixth Avenue, at 43rd Street; March 29–June 10) offers the first American retrospective of the artist's photographs, sculptures, writings, drawings, collages, and work in other media. Responses to Bellmer's work have tended toward extremes—that it was liberating and proto-feminist, for example, or deeply misogynistic and possibly deviant (Bellmer, a lifelong cross-dresser, gave his own facial features to the two dolls he made). Therese Lichtenstein, who organized the exhibition, makes the case that Bellmer's shocking images were also his response to the evolution of mass culture and the repressive cultural conditions of Nazi Germany. Perhaps the real key to Bellmer's art can be found in the show's catalogue, in the artist's own words: "Wasn't exactly that which the imagination seeks in desire and intensification to be found in the doll (in the image of precisely her dollishness), who only had life in so far as one projected it onto her . . . ?"

E.N.



Photograph courtesy of Ubu Gallery, New York, and Galerie Berinson, Berlin.

Al Souza
Paintings made entirely from jigsaw-puzzle pieces; through 4/21. • Cowles, 537 W. 24th St. (212-925-3500).

Terry Winters
Drawings executed over the past five years that continue the artist's interest in exploring and mapping complex kinds of order, chaos, gravity, and speed through the abstract use of color, line, and volume; through 4/28. • Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (212-243-0200).

Other

Larry Day
Retrospective of works on paper by the late Philadelphia-based artist; through 4/7. • New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. (212-673-6466).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Friedman
"Masters of Clay," a look into the aesthetics of ancient Japan through the work of five major Japanese ceramicists from Kyoto; through 4/28. • 32 E. 67th St. (212-794-8950).

Roth Horowitz
Photographic book-works from the seventies by Araki, Boltanski, Dimitrijevic, Gilbert & George, Le Gac, others; through 4/28. • 160a E. 70th St. (212-717-9067).

57th Street Area

Rosenfeld
"Out of the Fifties—Into the Sixties," a celebration of figurative expressionism in the fifties and sixties, with works by Delaney, Golub, Johnson, Muller, Thompson; through 5/5. • 24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Apex Art
"In/SITE/Out: Inquiries into Social Space," works that challenge the traditional distinction between inside-outside, public space-private space, center-margin, by Baracz, Harvey, Sander, Shepp, others; through 4/14. • 291 Church St. (212-431-5270).

Dorsky
"At the Edge: The Horizon Line in Contemporary Art," works by Albuquerque, DiRado, Kim, Knott, Sugimoto, Westmoreland, others; through 4/14. • 379 West Broadway (212-966-6170).

Marcus
Sculpture by Le Va, Nonas, Sandback; through 4/14. • 578 Broadway (212-226-3200).

Chelsea

Liebman Magnan
"Do You Have Time?," works by Alÿs, Buvoli, Carroll, Horowitz, Sterbak, others; through 4/14. • 552 W. 24th St. (212-255-3225).

White Columns
"Painting/Not Painting," works by Cooper, Giersbach, Kötting, Lichtenstein, Ross, Starr, others; through 4/22. • 320 W. 13th St. (212-924-4212).

Other

CUNY Graduate Center
"Elective Affinities: Prints by Manet and Goya." An exhibition examining the role played by printmaking in the oeuvres of Goya and Manet, featuring etching and lithographs from the collections of the Arthur Ross Foundation and the New York Public Library; through 4/17. • 365 Fifth Ave. (212-817-7170).

Photography

Benrubi
Images of nightlife by Brassai, Cartier-Bresson, Frank, Papageorge, Weegee, others; through 4/15. • 52 E. 76th St. (212-517-3766).

Oliver Boberg
Images of "skies" constructed by the artist from cotton, dry ice, and Plexiglas sheets; through 4/28. • Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2752).

Bill Brandt
A retrospective of vintage prints by the English photographer (1904–83) whose work included photojournalism, portraiture, abstracted nudes, and landscapes; through 5/5. • Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-750-7070

Kate Breakey
Large painted photographs of birds from the series "Small Deaths"; through 4/21. • Saul, 535 W. 22nd St. (212-627-2410).

Marjorie Content
Photographs taken between 1931 and 1935 on trips to Bermuda and New Mexico with Georgia O'Keeffe; 3/29–4/28. • Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-6780).

De Lellis
Photographs by Peter Moore documenting the demolition of Penn Station between 1963 and 1966, and group of photographs showing the construction of Grand Central Station between 1911 and 1912 that were recently discovered in the estate of Eben Robison, an engineer who worked for Balcom & Darrow, a firm involved in the station's construction; through 5/12. • 47 E. 68th St. (212-327-1482).

William Eggleston
Photographs from the past two years that interpret the landscape as an alienating and eccentric environment; through 4/14. • Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727).

Douglas Gordon
Three series of recent photographs and a related wall text; through 4/13. • Gagosian, 555 W. 24th St. (212-741-1111).

Patricia Heal
Large, almost gargantuan, photographs of recumbent female nudes; through 4/28. • Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (212-366-6660).

ICP
"Behind Closed Doors: The Art of Hans Bellmer." A survey of photographs and works in other media from the twenties and thirties by the Surrealist known for his erotic, lifelike images of dolls; 3/29–6/10. • "Kiki Smith: Telling Tales." The first museum exhibition devoted exclusively to the artist's photographs, digital prints, and video projections; 3/29–6/10. • "Dear Friends: American Photographs of Men Together, 1840–1918." Daguerreotypes, ambrotypes, tintypes, and early paper prints whose images of men together suggest a surprisingly broadminded attitude toward intimacy between men; 3/29–6/10. • 1133 Ave. of the Americas (212-860-1777).

ICP Uptown
"Carrie Mae Weems: The Hampton Project." An installation that employs the turn-of-the-century photographs taken by Frances Benjamin Johnston (1864–1952) at Hampton Institute, images intended to document the success of the institute for the "Exhibit of American Negroes" at the Universal Exposition of 1900 in Paris; through 4/1. • 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.- Thurs. 10-5, Fri. 10-8, Sat. and Sun. 10-6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Justine Kurland
A group of new color photographs that envelope the viewer in a contemporary fantasy of the road trip; through 4/14. • Gorney Bravin + Lee, 534 W. 26th St. (212-352-8872).

Liz Rideal
Collages of original photo-booth strips that the artist enlarges; through 4/28. • Schoormans, 508 W. 26th St. (212-243-3159).

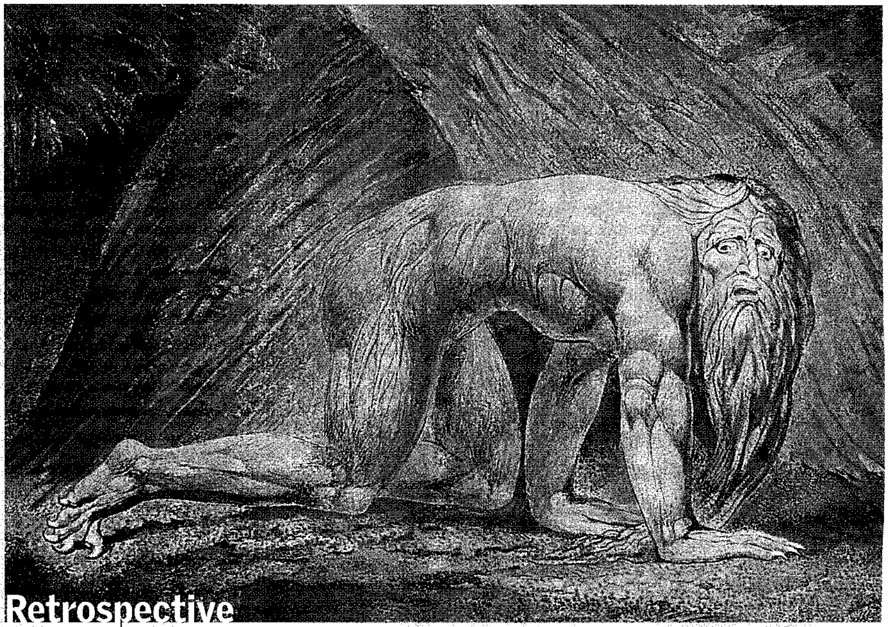
Thomas Roma
Recent photographs from the series "Seen and Unseen" that contrast the rural landscape with the urban cityscape; through 5/5. • Meyerowitz, 580 Broadway (212-625-3434).

David Vestal
Black-and-white photographs of New York, Chicago, and Connecticut that capture still moments in otherwise restless cities; through 4/28. • Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600).

Wols
Still lifes, portraits, abstractions, and fashion work from the thirties by the German artist (1913–1951) who worked in Paris and was part of the *Informel* movement; through 4/21. • Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (212-794-4444).

Museums

American Craft Museum
"Made in Oakland: The Furniture of Garry Knox Bennett." The first retrospective of one of America's best-known furniture-makers; through 4/29. • 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10-6, Thurs. 10-8 (pay what you wish 6-8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.



Retrospective

Straight From the Tate

He was short, pugnacious, obstinate, vengeful, self-confident, impetuous, and a little bit mad. Sound familiar? Actually, we're talking about not a modern or contemporary artist but one of eighteenth-century England's geniuses, who is finally (and incredibly) having his first American exhibition. **William Blake**, which originated at London's Tate Britain and is making our city its only other stop, gathers more than 175 works by the visionary British Romantic artist and poet (1757–1827), among them his fantastical paintings and large color prints (above, *Nebuchadnezzar*, 1805), original copperplates, illuminated books, and a bronze cast of his life mask. At the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Avenue, at 82nd Street; March 29–June 24.

Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

American Museum of Natural History
"The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter." More than 300 butterflies from Central, South, and North America housed in a walk-in vivarium; through 5/28. • "Full Moon: Apollo Mission Photographs of the Lunar Landscape." Rarely seen photographic prints from NASA's Apollo missions to the moon; through 3/28. • Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10-5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10-8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society at Midtown
"Can We Feed Ourselves? A Focus on Asia: Photographs by Hiroji Kubota." Photographs taken in Nepal, Cambodia, Burma, and other Asian countries that focus on food production, the population explosion, and environmental destruction; through 4/1. • 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (212-288-6400), Tues.-Sat. 10-6;

Sun. noon-5. $4, $2 students and seniors (free Tues.-Fri. noon-2).

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts

"Women Designers in the U.S.A., 1900-2000"; through 4/8. • 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.-Sun. 11-5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art

"A Family Album: Brooklyn Collects." More than 200 major artworks, ranging from antiquities to contemporary paintings, lent by collectors who have deep connections to Brooklyn; through 7/1. • "Committed to the Image: Contemporary Black Photographers." Works by 94 photographers, among them Albert Chong, Gordon Parks, Jeffrey Henson Scales, Carrie Mae Weems, and Ernest Withers; through 4/29. • 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000), Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 11-6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Sat. of every month), Sun. 11-6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

China Institute

"Living Heritage: Vernacular Environment in China," photographs by Li Yuxiang and other Chinese photographers taken between 1993 and 1999 that explore the role of the traditional Chinese home; through 6/10. • 125 E. 65th St. (212-744-8181), Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-5, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8, Sun. 1-5; $3, $2 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution

"Aluminum by Design: Jewelry to Jets." The first major museum exhibit to explore the role of aluminum as a catalyst for design in Europe and America; through 7/15. • 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5, Tues. 10-9 (5-9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Dahesh Museum of Art

"Gérôme & Goupil: Art and Enterprise." An exhibition exploring the mutually advantageous partnership between the nineteenth-century painter Jean-Léon Gérôme and his art dealer-publisher Adolphe Goupil; through 5/5. • 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.-Sat. 11-6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts

"Diana Thater: *Knots and Surfaces*." A large-scale multi-projection video installation that interacts with the architecture of Dia's third-floor gallery; through 1/30/02. • "Panamarenko: *Orbit*." An exhibition pairing the Belgian artist's key work, *Aeromodeller*, an experimental flying machine built in 1969–71, with a work created this year; through 6/17. • "Bridget Riley: *Reconnaissance*." The British artist's seminal paintings from the sixties and seventies in which carefully calibrated geometric patterns seem to move rhythmically across a canvas; through 6/17. • "Jorge Pardo: *Project*." A transformation of the Dia Center's 6,000-square-foot ground floor featuring colored ceramic tiles, mural paintings, glass dividers, stylish seating, increased natural light, and an expanded bookstore; through 6/17. • "Rodney Graham and Bruce Nauman: . . . *the nearest faraway place* . . ." New and earlier works by both artists that reflect their shared interests in the myth of the American West; through 6/17. • 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.-Sun. noon-6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center

"Metamorphoses and Transformation: The Drawings of Rosemarie Trockel." The first New York museum exhibition of the German artist's drawings, organized by the Musée National d'Art Moderne, Centre Pompidou, Paris; through 4/7. • 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.-Fri. 10-6, Sat. 11-6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection

"Mantegna's *Descent Into Limbo*, From the Barbara Piasecka Johnson Collection." A smaller version of Mantegna's original masterpiece that was probably painted by the artist for Ferdinand Carlo, the last duke of Mantua, around 1470–75; through 8/1. • "Six Paintings From the Former Collection of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney on Loan From the Greentree Foundation." Works by Corot, Degas, Manet, Picasso, Redon; through 7/29. • 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery

"The First Steps: Emerging Artists From Japan." Works by seven Japanese artists who won a competition judged by an international panel; through 4/14. • 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11-6, Wed. 11-8, Sat. 11-5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum

"Hugo Boss Prize 2000: Marjetica Potrc." An installation exploring the urban condition as it manifests itself worldwide by this Slovenian artist who was awarded the Hugo Boss Prize in November 2000; through 4/29. • "The Global Guggenheim: Selections From the Extended Collection." Approximately 175 works from the museum's collection, including paintings, sculpture, and works on paper spanning Impressionism through Pop Art; through 4/22. • "Project for a New Guggenheim Museum in New York City." Architect Frank Gehry's preliminary plans and models for a new Guggenheim developed in connection with the museum's response to a Request for Proposals issued by the New York City Economic Development Corporation for the development of Piers 9, 13, and 14 on the East River in lower Manhattan; through 4/21. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500), Sun.-Wed. 9-6, Fri. and Sat. 9-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $8 students and seniors.

Japan Society

"Frank Lloyd Wright and the Art of Japan: The Architect's Other Passion." Works of art and objects collected by the architect during his several sojourns in Japan, as well as drawings for architectural projects he was commissioned to build in Japan; 3/28–7/15. • 333 E. 47th St. (212-832-1155), Tues.-Fri. 11-6, Sat. and Sun. 11-5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art

"William Blake." The first American exhibition of works in all media by the British Romantic artist (1757–1827), including drawings, paintings, prints, and illuminated books; 3/29–6/24. • "Vermeer and the Delft School." Paintings by Johannes Vermeer, Pieter de Hooch, and other artists of the Delft School; through 5/27. • "The Treasury of Basel Cathedral." Ecclesiastical and secular objects from the Historisches Museum Basel and other European museums dating from the eleventh through the early sixteenth centuries that were originally part of the medieval treasury of the Basel Minster; through 5/27. • "William Trost Richards in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Drawings and paintings by the Philadelphia-born artist (1833–1905), depicting landscapes and marine subjects in Pennsylvania, New England, and the British Isles; through 5/13. • "Correggio and Parmigianino: Master Draftsmen of the Renaissance." More than 130 drawings from private and public collections by the two masters of the Emilian School of early-sixteenth-century Italy; through 5/6. • "Nineteenth- and Twentieth-Century Chinese Paintings From the Robert H. Ellsworth Collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"; through 8/19. • "A Century of Design, Part III: 1950–1975." The third in a four-part series of exhibitions surveying twentieth-century design in all media; through 4/1. • "Rain From the Moon: Silver in Ancient Peru." Approximately 130 silver objects from private and public collections in the U.S.; through 4/22. • 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:30, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 students and seniors.

Morgan Library

"Jean Poyet: Artist to the Court of Renaissance France." The first one-person show dedicated to the work of the fifteenth-century French manuscript illuminator who worked for the courts of Louis XI, Charles VIII, and Louis XII; through 5/6. • "The World Observed: Five Centuries of Drawings From the Collection of Charles Ryskamp." Works from the collection of the former director of the Morgan Library and the Frick Collection; through 5/9. • 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.-Thurs. 10:30-5, Fri. 10:30-8, Sat. 10:30-6, Sun. 12-6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio

"Antonio Frasconi: Langston Hughes's *Let America Be America Again*, a Portfolio of Woodcuts, 1997–98." A recent suite of prints by the internationally recognized master of the woodcut medium; through 5/20. • "Contemporánea 2001: Neighbors—An Installation by Leandro Erlich." A site-specific installation that transforms a typical apartment-building corridor into a confounding space of peepholes, locked doors, and a strange elevator; through 5/20. • "Here & There/Aquí y Allá: Six Artists From San Juan." Works in various media by six contemporary artists living in Puerto Rico; through 5/20. • 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.-Sun. 11-5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art

"African Forms." Handcrafted objects from more than 156 ethnic groups and 34 African nations, among them clothing, jewelry, kitchen utensils, devotional objects, and musical instruments; through 8/8. • 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5:30, Sat. and Sun. noon-6; $5, $2.50 students, seniors, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art

"ABCD: A Collection of Art Brut." *Art brut* works by Darger, Mackintosh, Ramirez, Wölfli, and others, from the collection of the Paris-based foundation ABCD (Art Brut Connaissance & Diffusion); through 7/28. • Two Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage

"Citizens Betrayed: The Hungarian Forced Labor Battalions/1939–1945." Photographs, memorabilia, and artifacts on loan from the Sydney Jewish Museum; through 9/3. • 18 First Place, Battery Park City (212-968-1800), Sun.-Wed. 9-5, Thurs. 9-8, Fri. and the eve of Jewish holidays 9-3, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art

"Andreas Gursky." A retrospective of works by the German photographer covering 1984 to the present and exploring such subjects as tourism, architecture, sporting events, and techno-music raves; through 5/15. • "Workspheres." An exhibition examining the changing nature of the workplace and the role of design in creating solutions to accommodate such changes, including works from LOT/EK architecture, the MIT Media Laboratory, Digital Image Design, IDEO, Jongeriuslab, and others; through 4/22. • "Van Gogh's Postman: The Portraits of Joseph Roulin." Five of the six paintings that the artist made of his friend and protector during 1888 and 1889; through 5/15. • "About Face: Selections From the Department of Prints and Illustrated Books." Modern and contemporary prints after portraits, by Dottie Attie, Max Beckmann, Richard Hamilton, Sherrie Levine, Pablo Picasso, and others; through 6/5. • "What is a Print?" Examples of the four main printmaking processes—woodcut, etching, lithography, and screenprint—shown with the tools used in their creation; 3/22–6/5. • 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.-Tues., Thurs. 10:30-5:45, Fri. 10:30-8:15 (4:30-8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York

"Art at the Table: Lotos Club State Dinner Menus, 1898–1922." Twenty menus designed for special dinners held by the literary club honoring Samuel L. Clemens, Booth Tarkington, Admiral Robert E. Peary, and other luminaries of the day; through 7/29. • "Working Women: A Century of New York Junior League Volunteerism." Photographs, clothing, and ephemera documenting the movement founded by Mary Harriman in 1901; through 8/12. • "Guys & Dolls: The Fabled Musical of Broadway." Scene designs, costumes, photographs, and ephemera drawn from the archives of composer Frank Loesser and playwright Abe Burrows that reveal how they turned the Damon Runyon story "The Idyll of Miss Sarah Brown" into the 1950 hit musical; through 6/10. • "The City Shops: Photographs by Martha Cooper and Fred W. McDarrah." Images from the sixties to the present documenting shops in New York City neighborhoods; through 4/15. • 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology

"Work in Uniform: Dressed for Detail." A survey of twentieth-century uniform design, including examples of outfits for waitresses, UPS workers, flight attendants, police, Playboy bunnies, and others; through 4/17. • "Dreaming in Print: A Decade of *Visionaire.*" An exhibition covering the first ten years of the multi-format magazine of fashion and art; through 4/21. • "Belgian Fashion Design: Antwerp Style." A survey of modern Belgian fashion design as seen through more than 100 clothing ensembles dating from 1982 to the present; through 4/14. • Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.-Fri. noon-8, Sat. 10-5; free.

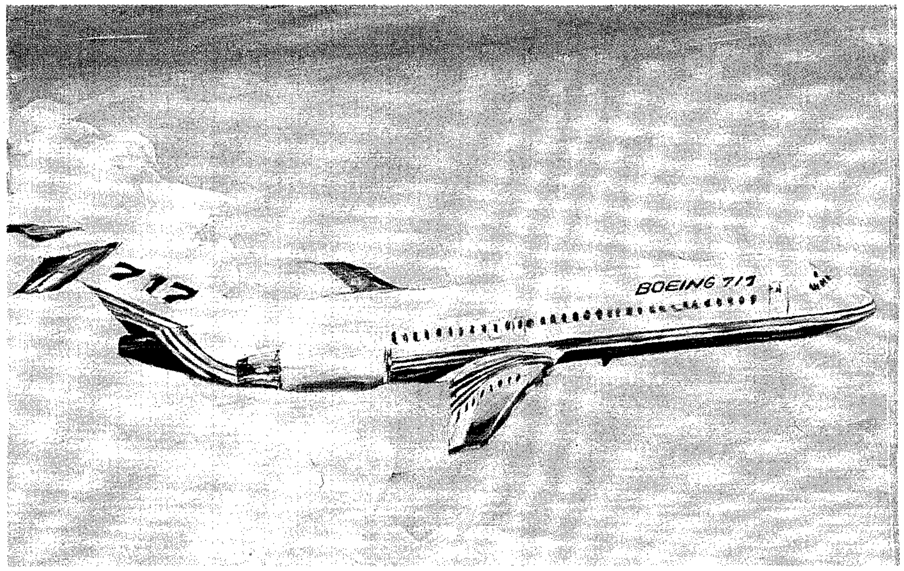
National Academy of Design

"Selections From the Collection." Recently acquired works by National Academicians Sam Gilliam, Red Grooms, Malcolm Morley, and Larry Rivers, as well as masterworks by William Merritt Chase, Asher B. Durand, John Singer Sargent, George Tooker, and others; through 5/6. • "The Cos Cob Art Colony: Impressionists on the Connecticut Shore." Works by the group of American artists who gathered in the Cos Cob section of Greenwich, Connecticut, between 1890 and 1920, among them Childe Hassam, Theodore Robinson, John Twachtman, and J. Alden Weir; through 5/13. • 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs. 12-5, Fri. 10-6, Sat. and Sun. 10-5; $5.

Talent

Now Arriving

La Guardia Airport being what it is these days, you're likely to have a major delay before your next flight. Meaning that you'll have more than a moment to spend with **Andrea Legge**'s small, dashingly romantic paintings of Boeing (pictured, *Boeing 717,* 1998), McDonnell-Douglas, Lockheed, and British Aerospace airliners plying the friendly skies. They're worth getting to the airport early for. At the New York Central Terminal, Departures, Level 2; through April 30.



Photograph by Andrea Legge.

New Museum of Contemporary Art

"Paul McCarthy." The first U.S. survey of the Los Angeles-based artist's work, a fusion of sculpture and performance characterized by combinations of pop-culture clichés, social taboos, and art-historical references; through 5/13. • 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. noon-6, Thurs.-Sat. noon-8 (free Thurs. 6-8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library

"Heading West: Mapping the Territory." Sheet maps, photographs, atlases, and books relating to the mapping of the American West from the collection of the library's Map Division; through 5/19. • "Drawings by Charles Addams." A rotating selection of drawings by the *New Yorker* cartoonist; through 6/30. • Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089), Mon. 10-6, Tues. and Wed. 11-7:30, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

New-York Historical Society

"Walk About: Past and Present Views of New York." Photographs of New York in the nineties by Richard Benson, Mitch Epstein, Ed Grazda, Thomas Roma, and Michael Spano; through 6/17. • "Irwin Silver: Nightwalks." Photographs of New York City at night that were taken by Silver between 1979 and 1989; through 5/20. • "The Sight of Music: Prints From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." Twentieth-century prints offering visual interpretations of music, by Chuck Close, Red Grooms, Roy Lichtenstein, and others; through 6/17. • 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.-Sun. 11-5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center

"Atelier van Lieshout: *Darkroom.*" An outdoor installation by the Dutch artist Joep van Lieshout; through 5/29. • "Bernhard Martin: *Kings Corner.*" An installation of a walk-in closet that opens to reveal a table dance scene designed for a one-person audience; through 5/29. • "Luigi Ontani: 1965–2001." The first U.S. retrospective of work by the Italian artist known for his elaborate installations and *tableaux vivants* (living paintings); through 5/6. • "Massimo Bartolini: *Untitled (Wave).*" An installation of a pool in P.S.1's outdoor sculpture gallery; through 5/20. • "Almost Warm and Fuzzy: Childhood and Contemporary Art." Works that address childhood by more than 30 American and international contemporary artists, among them Mike Kelley, Jeff Koons, Laurie Simmons, and Tim Rollins and K.O.S.; through 4/8. • "Erik Steinbrecher: Couch Park." An installation of new works on paper by the Swiss artist; through 4/8. • "Georges Adéagbo: *Abraham—L'ami de Dieu.*" Installations by a West African artist that combine paintings, sculptures, books, handwritten texts, photographs, newspaper articles, and objects; through 3/29. • 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.-Sun. 12-6; $5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art

"Gio Ponti: A Metaphysical World." Furniture, sculpture, and drawings by the groundbreaking Italian designer and founder of *Domus* magazine, including his Superleggera chair of 1957 made for Cassina; through 5/20. • "Around, Around, and Away—Not-a-Superhero and the Myth of New York." A wall drawing by Luca Buvoli accompanied by recorded narration and sound installations by Jeffrey Lependorf; through 5/27. • "Heart of Glass." Works by seven artists who take a conceptual and poetic approach to glass, among them Josiah McElheny, Katy Schimert, Kiki Smith, and Not Vital; through 5/27. • New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Tues.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 12-5; $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem

"Glenn Ligon: Stranger." Ten works from the artist's series of stenciled coal-dust paintings that were inspired by James Baldwin's *Stranger in the Village* (1953), in which the writer chronicled his experiences living in a small village in Switzerland; through 4/1. • "Material and Matter." Works in all media from the museum's permanent collection, by Willie Cole, Leonardo Drew, David Hammons, Odili Donald Odita, Alison Saar, James VanDerZee, and others; through 4/1. • "John Bankston: The Capture and Escape of Mr. M, Chapter I." Paintings on paper that illustrate the story of the abduction, enslavement, rescue, and escape of Mr. M, an "everyman," and that borrow imagery from nineteenth-century slave narratives, science fiction, and fairy tales; through 4/1. • 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. noon-6, Fri. 12-8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art

"BitStreams." An exhibition exploring the range of artistic expression made possible by digital technology, including installations, video, animation, photography, and sound pieces; through 6/10. • "Data Dynamics." Five new works of Internet art; through 6/10. • "Kenneth Josephson: A Retrospective." The first full-scale assessment of the work of this photographer, from his Conceptualist works of the sixties and seventies to his more recent images of street life in India, nudes, and European landscapes; through 5/27. • "The Things Themselves: Pictures of Dust by Vik Muniz." The artist's photographs of his drawings of dust based on photographs of minimalist sculptures in the museum's permanent collection; through 5/20. • "A Way With Words: Selections From the Whitney Museum of American Art." Text-based works by 12 artists, among them Glenn Ligon, Suzanne McClelland, Shirin Neshat, Richard Prince, and Christopher Wool; through 3/30. • 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues.-Thurs., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Fri. 1-9 (pay what you wish every Fri. 6-9); $10, $8 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris

"A Way With Words: Selections From the Whitney Museum of American Art." Fourteen text-based works by twelve contemporary artists, among them Glenn Ligon, Suzanne McClelland, Shirin Neshat, Jack Pierson, and Christopher Wool; through 3/30. • 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.-Fri. 11-6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's

3/29 at 2, and 3/30 at 10 and 2: "Continental Furniture." On view from 3/24. • 20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000).

Doyle

3/28 and 3/29 at 10: "Jewelry, Watches, Silverware, and Coins." On view from 3/24. • 175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730).

Sotheby's

4/4 at 10:15 and 2: "Rugs and Carpets." On view from 3/31. • 1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000).

Swann Galleries

3/29 at 2: "Shelf Sale." On view from 3/24. 4/3 at 10:30: "Photographic Literature and Photographs." On view from 3/31. • 104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710).

cue

Restaurants

Edited by Robin Raisfeld
& Rob Patronite

New and Noteworthy

Al Baraka
Venture through this nondescript Upper East Side doorway and a man dressed from fez to slippers in Moroccan garb will guide you past the lounge, through a vest-pocket kitchen, and into a back room so ornately outfitted with North African paraphernalia that you'll feel transported—and perhaps a tad disoriented. So sink into a heap of embroidered pillows and go with the decidedly unhurried flow, which involves an assortment of vegetable meze, flaky b'steeyas, flavorful tajines, and hot mint tea. • 1613 Second Ave., nr. 84th St. (212-396-9787). (M-E)

★ Alain Ducasse at the Essex House
After a harrowing ride through the critics' spanking machine, six-Michelin-star chef Alain Ducasse has emerged if not triumphant then at least standing. All his Cartier pens have been dutifully stolen, the array of mysterious knives presented in a leather case is gone, but the extravagantly Art Deco cocoon of a room feels more like a $160-prix fixe Michelin supernova now that the kitchen has pulled up its socks. Dishes that were very good to begin with have gotten even better—pea soup with crab cakes; silken woodcock, pheasant, and foie gras terrine; halibut with sea-urchin custard; glorious cheese; luscious rhubarb clafouti—and even the few disappointments don't sting so badly now that the chastised Ducasse has shown us his warm and fuzzy side. • 155 W. 58th St. (212-265-7300). (E)

Alphabet Kitchen
In a long, lofty room outfitted with a colorful mosaic alphabet and a dining counter flanking an open kitchen, chef Liz Arana (late of Provence) offers Spanish- and Portuguese-flavored food calibrated to every appetite. Nibble on such tapas as crab empanadas and Serrano ham, or tear into a moulard-duck cassoulet or roast suckling pig with grilled persimmon. In warm weather, seek refuge—and your choice of sangrias—by the stone waterfall in the backyard. • 171 Ave. A (212-982-3838). (M)

★ AZ
If you think pan-Asian fusion is so last decade, make haste to the Flatiron triplex that used to be Flowers, remade with a glass elevator and retractable roof and now home to chef Patricia Yeo and her inspired culinary inventions. What works? A trio of sensational chutneys on Indian flatbread, and lapsang souchon-smoked quail with scallion pancakes, for starters. A street-level lounge caters to lighter appetites. • 21 W. 17th St. (212-691-8888). (E)

★ Baldoria
Frank Pellegrino Jr.'s father earned the nickname Frankie No after years of politely declining requests for reservations at Rao's, his ten-table East Harlem celebrity hangout. Junior offers better odds in the theater district: 136 seats, plus a raw bar upstairs. A fugitive from Felidia's posh kitchen adds some verve to the home-style Neapolitan seafood salad and roasted peppers Pellegrino borrowed from his dad uptown. • 249 W. 49th St. (212-582-0460). (E)

Banjara
In spite of its location amid all those cookie-cutter curry cookers, Banjara is an oasis on Little India's restaurant row. The room and adjoining lounge are cliché-free. And chef Tuhin Dutta's unusual dishes like juicy clay-oven chicken marinated in wine and cream, and dumpakht (think supercolossal Indian potpie) should dispel any worries that the street's mythical underground shared kitchen has taken on a new client. • 97 First Ave. (212-477-5956). (M)

★ Brasserie 8½
At this souped-up designer bookend to the newly modish Brasserie, you get big brasserie dishes plus a pumpkin-carpeted-diva staircase entrance, and two subterranean, airport-lounge-style bars. The simpler menu choices tend to be better, like the frisée salad and the cornflake-crusted crab cakes. The evening scene is overcooked, but lunch at bar No. 2 (the blue-green one) is better. • 9 W. 57th St. (212-829-0812). (M-E)

Cafe Deville
Belmont Lounge owner Guy Jacobson bought the Hotel Regina with the grand plan of converting the rundown East Village SRO into a boutique hostelry. It's still too early to book a room, but you can book a table at the nearly round-the-clock brasserie he's opened on the ground floor. The zinc bar is fronted with shutters relocated from the windows upstairs, and long leather couches serve as lounge seating. Chef Oliver Smith, formerly of Ferrier, hews to an unflinchingly French line with frogs' legs, foie gras, escargots, and $19 plats du jour like coq au vin and pot-au-feu. • 103 Third Ave. (212-477-4500). (M)

★ Caffé La Grolla
The itty-bitty offshoot of Ristorante La Grolla performs three essential functions: It accommodates 28 extra bodies; it provides a more casual, late-night alternative to its popular parent; and it delivers. The menu's an appealing mix of La Grolla classics its regulars can't live without (veal scallopine, scrumptious artichokes) and brand-new dishes like supernally moist roasted pork loin and Neapolitan-style pizzas. • 411A Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-579-9200). (I-M)

★ Caffè Linda
Caffè Linda is a refuge for homesick Italian expats as well as midtown desk jockeys hungering for good food and a warm welcome. Owner Claudio Marini graciously provides both: Every meal begins with complimentary bruschetta and ends with a stick of Wrigley's with the check. In between, there's simple, satisfying salads; sandwiches; a dozen or so impeccably al dente pastas; and dinner specials like stewed rabbit with mashed potatoes and sautéed calamaretti with avocado. • 145 E. 49th St. (646-497-1818). (I-M)

Centolire
Pino Luongo seems to open a restaurant a year, and when you're that prolific, it helps to have a gimmick. At his slightly rusticated remake of the old Celadon space, the theme is Italian-American, a cooking style that's enjoying a bit of a kitschy comeback. Everything on the menu is labeled either Old World (like timpano, à la *Big Night*) or New World (the more genteel mezze maniche with cauliflower confit). And anything with a little pot-shaped symbol next to it is slowly baked in

Ask Gael

My guest is spoiled—I want dinner to be perfect.

More and more, I send fussy friends who want great food and spectacular wines without an ambience of starch and genuflection to **Gotham Bar and Grill**. I can't remember the last time I heard complaints. What began with an unfocused menu of Americana in a raucous eighties-style grand café has mellowed over two decades into a trusted classic with chef-partner Alfred Portale relentlessly pursuing perfection in the kitchen. When you settle into a cocoon of relaxed and confident service—informal but informed, friendly but not intrusive—the residual clamor with its annoying musical backdrop seems to dim. Then, depending on the season and the market, you rediscover Portale's discipline and the refinement of his taste in a lush truffle-oil-perfumed risotto with caramelized sweet turnips, duck confit, and savoy cabbage. And in a rustic and garlicky white-bean soup with floats of rabbit confit and wilted greens. Or in seared yellowfin at its most esculent—caramelized and tender, propped alongside pappardelle rolled around caponata in which each vegetable is like a jewel. Portale is an exacting master, inspiring similar perfection from his seconds—I can never be sure whether he is in the kitchen. (Weekends are sacred to his family.) And so far, he has been immune to the entrepreneurial virus that drives most of his famous peers into cloning their kitchens all over the globe. (12 East 12th Street; 212-620-4020.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

terra-cotta, a technique that seems to have bridged both chronological and continental divides. • 1157 Madison Ave., near 86th St. (212-734-7711). (M–E)

★ Chow Bar
Chef-partner Peter Klein started out cooking at China Grill and El Teddy's, then parlayed that spicy Chino-Latino experience into a lucrative cross-country consulting gig. Luckily for us, he's settled down in the West Village, where's he's turning out addictive honey-plum-glazed spareribs, Sichuan steak frites, and Shanghai lobster noodles. Potent house cocktails fuel a lively bar crowd, which seems ecstatic to finally find a quasi-exotic neighborhood place to call its own. • 230 W. 4th St. (212-633-2212). (M)

Craft
Tom Colicchio is a chef with a mission, two jobs, and what must be a crackerjack support team. When he's not supervising the three-star kitchen at Gramercy Tavern, he's reducing cooking (or elevating it, depending on your point of view) to its most basic elements, a tactic that works only when the ingredients are of the highest possible quality, procured from small family farms and artisanal producers. At his first solo venture, literally around the corner from Gramercy and decorated in a similarly elegant modern style, he and his chef de cuisine, Marco Canora, like any good craftsmen, collaborate on a high-concept menu that focuses almost obsessively on the raw materials. • 43 E. 19th St. (212-780-0880). (M–E)

D'Artagnan, The Rotisserie
After fifteen years of selling foie gras and game to restaurants, D'Artagnan has opened its own: a narrow, high-ceilinged duplex countrified with tiled floors, rough ocher walls, a communal table, and Basque linens. Besides the signature terrines and charcuterie, there's seriously rib-sticking Gascon fare like cassoulet, spit-roasted free-range chicken, and "la garbure et son chabrot," a duck-confit soup dense enough to be eaten with a fork—or drunk in the true Gascon style, directly from the bowl. • 152 E. 46th St. (212-687-0300). (M–E)

Daily Chow
Forget about Alice's restaurant—you can get any (Asian) thing you want right on the Bowery. Rather than stick to any particular country or cuisine, Brad Kelley's friendly followup to Kelley & Ping and Kin Khao aims to please everyone with a greatest-hits menu: edamame, summer rolls, pad Thai, bi bim bop, mushu vegetables, even a wok station for made-to-order stir-fries. • 2 E. Second St. (212-254-7887). (I–M)

District
At this new hotel restaurant, David Rockwell's design makes playful reference to the theater-district locale, and Sam DeMarco's menus make mouthwatering reference to the fun, original food he popularized downtown at First. For breakfast, there's the Scramble (smoked salmon, cream-cheese fondue, latkes, and dill-caper gremolata). For lunch, "double features" like potato pierogi with a brisket sandwich. Plus a $28 pre-theater dinner and a late-night "mini-bar." • 130 W. 46th St. (212-485-2999). (M)

★ Fleur de Sel
Chef Cyril Renaud wanted his first restaurant to be a personal statement. So he hung his own watercolors, painted the menu covers, and named the place after the highly prized, hand-harvested sea salt that's native to Brittany, just like him. His $52 prix fixe menu is small and changes daily, so there's no telling when you might see that lobster-avocado salad or venison fillet with juniper berries and orange zest again. • 5 E. 20th St. (212-460-9100). (M–E)

★ 44 & X Hell's Kitchen
John Tesar's inspired new American cooking packs this handsome room nightly with Hell's Kitchen locals and clued-in theatergoers, happy to find such good food and friendly service this far west. After feeding Wall Street warriors downtown at Vine, Tesar's traded in some of his fancier flourishes for a renewed focus on down-home dishes like rich and gooey mac-and-cheese, crispy buttermilk fried chicken and chive waffles, and individual meat loaf swathed in tomato sauce. • 622 Tenth Ave., at 44th St. (212-977-1170). (M–E)

★ Gnocco Caffe
Co-owner Pierluigi Palazzo named this East Village café after the traditional Modenese snack of crispy, puffy fried dough, usually served with prosciutto di Parma. But just to complicate matters, the gently-priced menu also offers two versions of gnocchetti (an entirely different, equally delicious thing), plus well-dressed, unusually fresh salads and an unassuming pork tenderloin lavished with Parmigiano-Reggiano shavings and an aged-balsamic emulsion. • 337 E. 10th St. (212-677-1913). (I)

★ Hampton Chutney Co.
SoHo can be a soulless place, not to mention maddeningly expensive, and in desperate need of good karma and cheap, delicious grub. This eighteen-seat offshoot of a popular Amagansett enterprise satisfies both criteria with its Indian-chant soundtrack, gurgling fountain, and addictive dosas and uttapa made from rice-and-lentil flour and stuffed or topped with everything from traditional spiced-potato-masala to untraditional tuna and avocado ($6.50 to $10.50). Plus daily soups, chai teas, cardamom coffee, and fudgy brownies. • 68 Prince St. (212-226-9996). (I) ($)

Hudson Cafeteria
The room is big, dark, incredibly handsome, cavernous, more humming than boisterous, unfocused but friendly. Think of Hudson Cafeteria as a community center for the privileged. And while the food tries to be more ambitious than that of its downtown counterpart, Canteen, the stuff that makes the surprisingly diverse customers happiest is beef stew, macaroni and cheese (without the foie gras), and a banana split. It's become very canny to claim discomfort with comfort food, but those eating it here want more and couldn't care less. • 356 W. 58th St. (212-554-6500). (M–E)

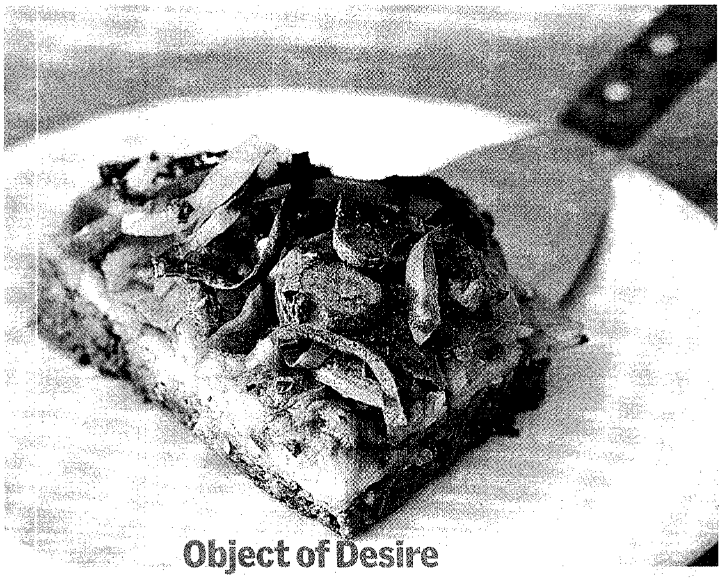
★ Inside
Charleen Badman used to cook at the Lobster Club, but she always wanted her own place. Now, with the help of Anne Rosenzweig, her former boss and current partner, she's got one. Badman's style of cooking is influenced by her working vacations in places like Italy, where she learned to make ravioli, and Chez Panisse, where she immersed herself in the sort of hyper-seasonal cooking she's brought to this casually elegant dining room, with nothing breaking the $20 barrier. There's a small, appealing wine list, weekend brunch, and for inveterate nibblers unwilling to commit to a full meal, a bar menu offering mussels and Welsh rabbit (providing the gratis papadums and fried plantains won't hold you over). • 9 Jones St. (212-229-9999). (M)

★ Javier
There may be no better chicken sandwich than the pressed pollo asado at this friendly café and takeout shop, a no-frills storefront where chef-owner Javier Martinez supplements his grandmother's Puerto Rican recipes with a limited menu of Latin-Caribbean classics. The chicken is moist and succulent, the ajilimojilo sauce redolent of garlic and lime, the pan de manteca crusty and compact. But save room for main dishes like tender roast pork (pernil) accompanied by deeply flavored beans and rice and daily specials like smoky white-bean soup and chorizo-flecked tortilla espanola. The coffee is strong and smooth, ideally drunk with a sweet, flaky quesito or a slice of coco-piña cake. Eat in, take out, or call for delivery. • 70 Greenwich Ave. (212-929-7878). (I)

Jimmy's Uptown
Jimmy Martinez's new joint brings a little bit of SoHo to Harlem. The former residential space on Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Boulevard has been decorated with half-moon leather banquettes and luminous Lycra lamps. There is foie gras on the menu (served atop sweet calabaza squash); filet mignon with horseradish-flavored grits; and plump, pecan-crusted catfish fillets. Some of Jimmy's culinary experiments are more successful than others, but the hopping uptown scene is worth the trip. • 2207 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd. (212-491-4000). (E)

★ Le Zinc
Once you open a place like Chanterelle, where do you go from there? If you're Karen and David Waltuck, you head two blocks south and two blocks east to open a casual bistro—the perfect spot to unwind after a long night shaving truffles. The menu, a French framework embellished with Asian, Jewish, and Hungarian highlights, reads like the homespun work of someone who's sown his wild *hautes*: charcuterie, steak-frites, crispy duck wings, Grandma Gaby's stuffed cabbage. A burger, even. And nothing over $19. • 139 Duane St. (212-513-0001). (I–M)

★ Locanda Vini & Olii
A beautifully restored 130-year-old Clinton Hill pharmacy complete with apothecary drawers and rolling ladders right out of Henry Higgins's library is the



Object of Desire

Kafta Have It

The kafta bil-saniyeh, a traditional baked-casserole dish newly offered as a special at Alfanoose, the superb Lebanese-Syrian takeout shop in the financial district, is like a heartier moussaka without the eggplant. Chef Jalal Moutraji layers deftly spiced, parsley-flecked minced lamb with potatoes and tomatoes, and tops it with a heap of onions, peppers, and carrots. A hefty wedge is served with salad or, even better, mujadara, made with rice or bulgur wheat, lentils, and sautéed onion, $7.50. (150 Fulton Street; 212-349-3622.)

Photograph by Dasha Wright Ewing.

Ground Rules

These listings are a selective guide to the city's restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. Stars (✯) indicate our critics' recommendations, either for outstanding overall quality or in recognition of at least one exceptional feature, and are usually awarded after the restaurant has been formally reviewed. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: **(E)** = expensive; **(M)** = moderate; **(I)** = inexpensive. Restaurants listed accept all major credit cards, except where noted; **($)** = cash only; "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted card.

charming backdrop for this terrific Tuscan restaurant. Two young chefs recruited from Italy turn out uncommon antipasti and salads; main dishes like rabbit civet; and a wealth of exquisitely sauced pastas like carrot maltagliati with fava beans. The excellent house wines are sold "consumption"-style. The bottle is left on the table, you help yourself, and whatever's left is theatrically measured with a homemade stick. It's the most fun you can have in a drugstore without a prescription. • 129 Gates Ave., Brooklyn (718-622-9202). (M)

★ Mangiarini
There may be more Italian restaurants on the Upper East Side than there are cannoli on Mulberry Street, but few as bare-boned chic as this one. The designer of the Calvin Klein boutique went commensurately minimalist at this narrow 30-seater, where spaghetti with lemon and basil and sandwiches like prosciutto and melted goat cheese on semolina flatbread are as stylishly stripped down as the décor. • 1593 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-734-5500). (I)

MarkJoseph
"Your steak will be out any minute," says our waiter. "I just saw the chef chasing the cow." If that line plus the house specialty—porterhouse for two, three, or four, served family-style and ritually baptized with pooled juices—sounds familiar to habitués of that steak shrine across the river, it's no coincidence. The general manager and a cadre of remarkably friendly, seemingly rehabilitated waiters came straight from Peter Luger, and brought their meal-ending schlag with them. • 261 Water St. (212-277-0020). (E)

★ Mary's Fish Camp
Here's a tip for anyone who's ever paced up and down Cornelia Street waiting for a vacant stool at Pearl Oyster Bar: The West Village is now home to *two* sources of world-class lobster rolls, silken clam chowder, and fragrantly moist, herb-stuffed whole fish. One of Pearl's chef-partners left to open this sunny corner spot equipped with a tin ceiling, a curved stainless-steel counter (ten tables, too), and new additions to the Pearl repertoire, like crispy kernel-studded corn fritters and a lush, sherry-enhanced lobster potpie. • 246 W. 4th St. (646-486-2185). (M)

★ Merge
Chef Sam DeMarco and his partners have a knack for creating neighborhood restaurants good enough to leave your neighborhood for. At Merge, in the former Indigo space, they've done it again. A cool, comfortable room, a friendly staff, a festive mood, signature "tiny tini" cocktails, and DeMarco's inspired multiculti neo-American cooking are an irresistable draw for locals as well as interlopers. Sunday evenings, "Gino's *Soprano* Style Dinner," a $25 prix fixe Italian-American feast, is an absolute steal. • 142 W. 10th St. (212-691-7757). (M) AE only

Mirchi
An up-to-date Indian restaurant that takes the street out of street food. The main attraction here is an open kitchen equipped with two *tawas*. The large saucer-shaped griddles that look like cast-iron gongs are used to prepare traditional Indian street food like tak-a-tak, a heavily spiced stir-fry of chopped vegetables and herbs, accessorized with chicken, lamb, or chicken liver, and served like tapas with little KFC-style dinner rolls. • 29 Seventh Ave. So. (212-414-0931). (I-M)

Nick & Stef's Steakhouse
Los Angeles chef Joachim Splichal opened the first branch of this steakhouse in his hometown, knowing it might play even better in red-meat-loving Manhattan. There's twelve of everything, from salads and starters to potatoes and sauces. And where's the beef? Front and center, hung out to dry in a steel-and-glass aging chamber. • 9 Penn Plaza (212-563-4444). (M-E)

The Organic Grill
You want to eat healthy, but you're allergic to "health food." Not a problem at this East Village café that takes a refreshingly nonradical approach, using locally grown produce and artisanal ingredients in dishes like black-bean-and-corn quesadilla with a cherry-tomato salsa. Chicken and fish are available on weekends, and coffee, that macro no-no, is organic and shade-grown. • 123 First Ave. (212-477-7177). (I)

★ Orsay
The new version of *The Exorcist* isn't nearly as chilling as what Jean de Noyer must have gone through ridding the demons from this place. But from the ash of Mortimer's musty chicken hash, Orsay has risen, a brasserie swirling with seductive arches and good cheer, giving the Upper East Side the kind of French tickle it sorely needs. The former regulars never had it so good. Do you think they'd know the diff? • 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (212-517-6400). (M)

Palma
It might not have a seat on the exchange, but the husband-and-wife catering company that runs this rustic Mediterranean restaurant has gone public. After years of catering fashion-industry shindigs, they've opened their salvaged barn doors to the rest of us. The rustic 35-seat dining room is furnished with a chestnut-beamed ceiling and Jerusalem-limestone bar, and a Sicilian chef (by way of Los Angeles) serves up a seafood-heavy Italian-Provençal menu featuring fried whitebait, brandade, and the house specialty, frutta di mare al cartoccio. • 28 Cornelia St. (212-691-2223). (M) ($)

★ Picasso Cafe
Chef-owner Michele Colonna's pizza has cultivated a loyal following including connoisseurs like Jim Lahey, owner of Sullivan Street Bakery and a trusted arbiter of all oven-baked things—and it's no wonder: His pies are superbly charred, ultra-thin-crusted gems arrayed with homemade mozzarella, a mildly sweet tomato sauce, and the perfect ratio of toppings to crust. There's also a growing fan base for his bruschetta heaped with arugula and ripe tomato, hefty sandwiches on freshly baked focaccia, pasta, and entrées like grilled lamb chops with sage and balsamic vinegar. • 43 E. 29th St. (212-696-4488). (I-M)

★ Pipa
Doug Rodriguez has done Nuevo Latino at Patria and Chicama. Now he's tackling old-world Spanish (sort of). A field trip to Galicia yielded dozens of recipes for tapas, casseroles, soups, and flatbreads, all of which undergo subtle and delicious transformation in the chef's inventive hands. To wit: bocarones in escabeche with almond-crusted queso de cabra, crispy anchovies wrapped in sage leaves, and churros with warm chocolate dipping sauce for dessert. Much more radical is the conversion of the old Parlour Cafe into a seductive Iberian oasis with serrano ham hanging from beams and walls studded with enough shells to stock Sanibel Island. • 38 E. 19th St. (212-677-2233). (M)

★ Quartino
All that separates this rustic Italian osteria and wine bar from the South Street Seaport is a few short blocks and one major mind-set. It's all about the good life, Italian-style, which of course involves wine, served by the mini-carafe; delectable cured meats and imported cheeses; pasta; pizza; strong espresso; and convivial conversation. But amazingly, no smoking. The owners may be Italian, but they're also (with one or two exceptions) doctors. • 21 Peck Slip (212-349-4433). (I-M)

★ Rose Water
Chef-partner Neil O'Malley used to work at Oznot's Dish in Williamsburg, and it shows in his meze platter and lamb brik. But his tenure at Savoy, where he met partner John Tucker, is equally conspicuous. The menu's seasonal fixation guarantees a harvest of white-lightning corn and heirloom tomatoes in the summer. But the careful service, Brooklyn-mellow ambience, and sublime breaded pork chops are good year-round. • 787 Union St., Brooklyn (718-783-3800). (M)

Sabor
As the abiding popularity of tapas proves, grazing never goes out of style. Customize a tiered tray of pan-Latino nibbles like shrimp empanaditas, octopus salad, smoked-chicken croquettes, and tuna seviche and watch the Upper West Side roll by, in all its dog-walking, stroller-pushing glory. • 462 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-579-2929). (I-M)

Sake Hana
When a Caribbean joint foundered on this site, the Japanese restaurant next door filled the breach with this colorful, always crowded sake bar. Arbitrary Japanese characters ("long life," "good luck," "tae kwon do") are hand-printed on a ceiling canopy, clusters of candles burn in wall alcoves, and a selection of sakes is served by the glass, wooden box, carafe, or bottle, not to mention the sampler (three for $15). To nibble, there's a limited menu of sushi and sashimi, and dainty Asian bar snacks like rice crackers and edamame. • 265 E. 78th St. (212-327-0582). (I-M)

★ A Salt & Battery
The folks from Tea & Sympathy have expanded their British empire with a fish-and-chips shop that literally reeks of authenticity. Aside from the main attraction, properly wrapped in British newspaper, there are mushy peas, pickled onions, Heinz baked beans, and the improbably edible deep-fried Mars Bars. Between orders, a relentlessly cheery staff spouts cockney slang while fry-chef Patsy Carroll—who used to cook in the British Merchant Navy and then, judging by his hoop earrings and Errol Flynn beard, turned pirate—cracks wise. • 112 Greenwich Ave. (212-691-2713). (I-M)

Shangrila
Home to four momo-slinging kitchens at last count, the East Village may well be New York's Little—make that tiny—Tibet. This particular source of savory dumplings, flavorful noodle soups, dense steamed buns, and a handful of Japanese recipes the chef picked up during a stint at Honmura An is owned by the extended family behind Himalayan Vision, a clothing-and-gifts shop two doors down. The stylish design (bamboo dropped ceiling, concrete-and-wood floor) and appealing menu reveal that a good eye and a discerning palate run in the family. So, we presume, does the secret behind that killer hot sauce. • 129 Second Ave. (212-387-7908). (I-M)

★ Shelly's New York
The latest restaurant Shelly Fireman has created in his own image inhabits the space that was originally an Art Deco–era Horn & Hardart Automat. Only the assimilative Fireman would offer towering shellfish platters alongside newfangled chicken chow mein, barbecued ribs, and a burger audaciously crowned with seared foie gras and make it work. • 104 W. 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M-E)

★ Strip House
The Glazier Group and chef David Walzog, the same team responsible for Tapika, Michael Jordan's, and our slightly lower life expectancy, take a Gallic approach to the New York steakhouse menu with starters like a five-ounce foie gras torchon and sides like goose-fat potatoes and truffled cream spinach. (Try ordering that at Gallagher's.) Meanwhile, designer David Rockwell has given the former Asti's space a saucy new look to go with its naughty new name. • 13 E. 12th St. (212-328-0000). (M-E)

Tao Asian Bistro
The team behind Rue 57 has transformed the old Palace movie house into a pan-Asian place where the terminally indecisive can share spicy lobster roll with black caviar, Shanghai-style soup dumplings, $10-an-ounce Kobe beef with wasabi, and Peking duck. Book the "sky box," a private dining room where the projectionist's booth used to be, and gaze down on the sixteen-foot Buddha, keeping the peace, no doubt. • 42 E. 58th St. (212-888-2288). (M)

Tappo
Part refectory, part trattoria, this rustic Mediterranean restaurant is outfitted with communal farmhouse ta-

bles, a wood-beamed ceiling, an open kitchen with a dining counter, and a huge floor-to-ceiling wine rack. (Tappo is Italian for "cork," after all.) Seasonal Spanish and Italian appetizers like mackerel tartare and sweetbread spiedini are supplemented by a long list of entrée specials, invariably including steak, whole grilled fish, and three fresh pastas made daily by the chef's wife. • 403 E. 12th St. (212-505-0001). (M)

★ Todd English's Olives NY
Chef Todd English has a genius for artful, HungryMan dishes. He stuffs his pastas with delectable fillings (sweet chestnuts, shredded veal) and slathers them with creamy cheeses. He moulds cupolas of foie gras flan, builds pagodas of hanger steak, constructs pill boxes of tuna tartare with crunchy shrimps buried at the base. It's delicious, but a little overwhelming, especially if you tag on thrombotic desserts like the peppermint bombe (creamy chocolate with mint syrup inside). The cramped, frenetic space (in the lobby of the Union Square W Hotel) makes lunchtimes a more restful experience. • 201 Park Ave. So. (212-353-8345). (E)

Town
Geoffrey Zakarian isn't new to chic hotel restaurants. He made his name cooking at "44," after all. But now, as chef-owner of the sleekly luxurious restaurant inside the new Chambers hotel, he's making every effort to break away from the boutique bunch with dishes like cod "pot roast"; veal tongue Basque-style; halibut with pork belly and black trumpets; even an updated pastrami sandwich. A boon for the frequent flyer: he plans to change his menu monthly. • 15 W. 56th St. (212-582-4445). (M–E)

Tuscan Steak
Jeffery Chodorow's latest mega concept restaurant is as big as a casino and nearly as profitable. Dinner is served "family style," which means dishes begin hitting the table soon after you sit down, and never stop. There's a clunky, assembly-line antipasto, several undistinguished pastas, and enough gooey risottos to caulk a ship. The signature Florentine T-bone (it comes in a 50 oz. "più grande" size) is compulsively edible, although the quality of the meat varies drastically from night to night. This isn't true of the desserts, which are uniformly treacly and overbuilt. • 622 Third Ave., at 40th St. (212-404-1700). (E)

★ Wallsé
Who knew veal goulash could be elegant? Kurt Gutenbrunner's version is an artful mound of tender meat you almost regret toppling. And though dishes like tafelspitz and wiener schnitzel seem like a culinary memoir, the guiding principle here is less goulash than Greenmarket. Local farmers supply Gutenbrunner with lemon thyme for his pike, heirloom tomatoes for his lamb salad, and the sweet strawberries that garnish his elderflower sorbet. Don't miss the quark dumplings. • 344 W. 11th St. (212-352-2300). (M–E)

Manhattan

Lower New York

★ Aleutia
You may have to navigate past the murky leather swathed bar crowd and scurry up the industrial steps to escape their piercing mating calls, but forsooth, there is light at the top of the stairs. In fact, if Aleutia is willing to shift its priorities a bit, it has the potential of being considered among the city's most inventive and satisfying seafood restaurants. Vibrantly flavored dishes like citrus grilled octopus or pancetta wrapped cod provide life preserving—make that affirming distractions—from the hormonally raging sea around you. • 220 Park Ave. So. (212-529-3111). (E)

★ Balthazar
Keith McNally has countless pacesetting restaurants to his credit, but this is his masterpiece, an evocation of a Paris brasserie that outglows anything within Brie-tossing distance of the Seine. Yet for all its visual impact, Balthazar boasts equally compelling fare: tender braised lamb shoulder gets served over garganelli pasta, shepherd's pie is made with duck, grilled tuna floats over tomato-and-saffron coulis. And its oyster bar, short ribs, bread, and service make you not give a damn whether you ever see the Eiffel Tower. • 80 Spring St. (212-965-1414). (M)

★ Bo Ky
There are 30 soups at Bo-Ky. The best way to order them is by number. Don't read closely to see what's in them. And don't ask. You don't want to know. Whether the meat is pork chop or beef belly or chicken leg, just savor the smells wafting up from those bowls of Chinese, Cambodian and Vietnamese home cooking. It is tremendous soup, in size, flavor, and content. And the prices are pocket change. • 80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) ($)

★ Bouley Bakery
Love him or hate him, there's no denying that the famously obstreperous David Bouley—bouncing between this kitchen and Danube—gets the job done. And his loyal clientele gratefully lap it up in the ethereal form of degustation menus revolving around superlative seasonal ingredients like skate steamed with fresh chamomile, say, or organic baby lamb with eggplant moussaka. • 120 W. Broadway (212-964-2525). (M–E)

★ Chanterelle
The Waltucks, Karen and David, have specific ideas about how to make an evening unforgettable. The walls are without art. You will hear no music. Chairs are huge; plates are, too. The goal is to get you to concentrate solely on who you are with and what you are about to be presented—the stunning juxtapositions of David's quail and star anise, lamb with cumin crust, crabs in ginger and strawberry mille-feuille with elderflower sorbet. • 2 Harrison St. at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E)

★ City Hall
Chef-owner Henry Meer may be imagineering Old New York, with back-lit photos of bygone street life, but he can't help refining it, too. The triple-tier "Chrysler" shellfish highrise is global gluttony via the jet stream. Chesapeake she-crab soup is creamy perfection. But go for the marvelous double steak on the bone, a behemoth served stunningly rare. • 131 Duane St. (212-227-7777). (M–E)

Clay
What do you get when an enterprising young chef formerly of Chez es Saada gets his hands on his Korean mother's recipe book? If you're owner Edward Lee, you get a small, sleek space filled with a stylish, young NoLIta crowd as crazy about the soju-litchi martinis as they are about the bibimbop, seafood pajun, and smoked tea duck. • 202 Mott St. (212-625-1105). (M)

★ Danube
David Bouley's outrageous, highly lacquered, velvet-swathed, Klimt-deckled little dining room is beautiful, fun, funny, and romantic. And, via his chef de cuisine, Mario Lohninger, his bone-marrow dumplings, the Tyrolean wine soup, the braised beef cheeks, and even the Wiener schnitzel manages to be Austro-Hungarian but not too. • 30 Hudson St. (212-791-3771). (E)

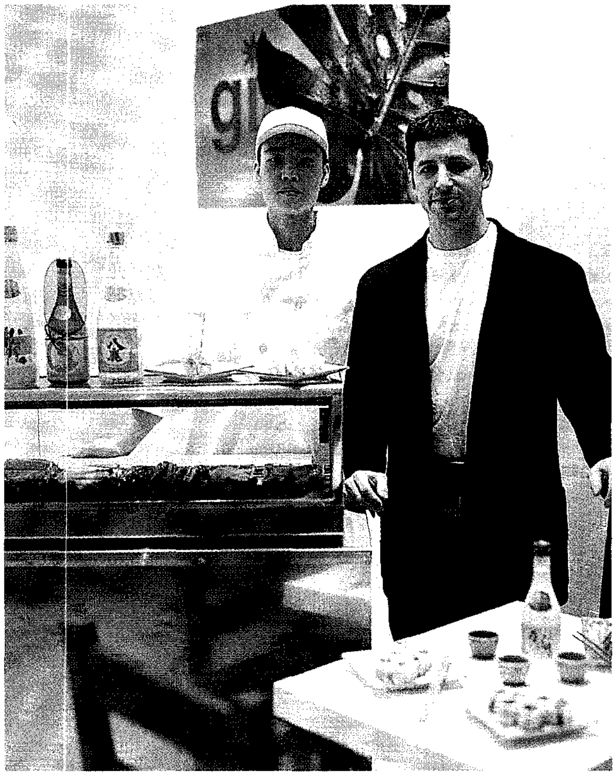
Divine Bar
The jewel-toned Financial District branch of the popular Turtle Bay bar and lounge serves the same extensive selection of wine, and a similar menu of appetizer-size plates. Selections include a barbecued-buffalo sandwich, shrimp satay with hoisin sauce, and a wild-mushroom quesadilla. • 55 Liberty St., second floor (212-791-WINE). (I–M)

Ecco
Old-world charm, an excellent seasonal antipasto, and classicly prepared pastas, veal chops, lobster fra diavolo, and osso buco. Very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. Live piano music on Friday and Saturday night. • 124 Chambers St. (212-227-7074). (M)

Opening

The Raw and the Cooked

You wouldn't know it from the sheer ubiquity of sushi bars, but there are still plenty of people who can't abide the idea of eating raw fish. Where some might see only squeamishness, entrepreneur Adam Kriger (below, right) saw a market ripe for **Sushi Jones**, his new café and takeout shop. With executive chef Steven Wong (below, left), late of Neo and Sushi of Gari, and a diverse team of refugees from Disney, Lettuce Entertain You, and Dean & Deluca, Kriger has devised an unorthodox alternative to standard sushi. Next to "classics" like eel-and-cucumber and yellowtail-scallion, the menu introduces a "Jones" selection of Americanized rolls like maple-salmon, barbecued-chicken, and grilled-portobello-and-goat-cheese. And kids who haven't been weaned on Nobu's sashimi salad can opt for PB&J or tuna-fish-on-white-bread "rolls." (17 East 17th Street; 646-230-0033.)



Photograph by Patrik Rytikangas.

★ Montrachet
No matter how many more restaurants the indefatigable Drew Nieporent has up his sleeve, this one's his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. The wine list is killer. • 239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E)

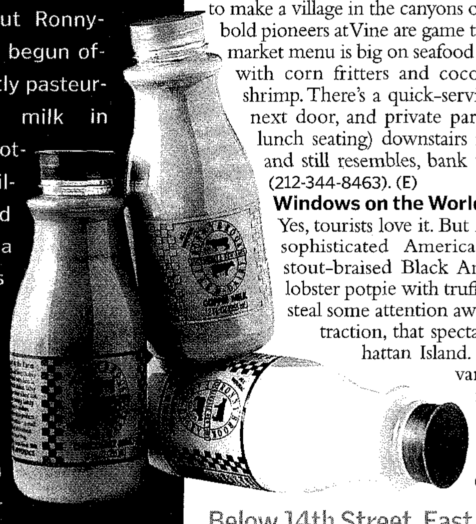
★ Next Door Nobu
Set in a stunningly clever David Rockwell–designed room as homespun as it is elegant, Nobu Matsuhisa's simpler version of his South American–flecked Asian cooking matches its décor by making Nobu's genius even more accessible. The only thing we'd change is the no-reservations policy. Come early, come late, come on Monday. Come Saturday, if you're nuts. • 105 Hudson St. (212-334-4445). (M–E)

★ Nobu
There is not another experience like it in town. Nobu Matsuhisa is a chef of such wondrous originality that nothing on his menu is merely as it reads. Each dish reinvents your definition of what it should taste like. Teensy oysters make your eyes pop. Bonito soothes the throat like sable. Seaweed sparkles. The fake trees aren't necessary. Two bites and you're in Eden. • 105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (M–E)

Omen
Step off this quiet SoHo side street, and you're suddenly transported to Kyoto—a feeling that's reinforced by the traditional menu and decorative calligraphy and ceramics. • 113 Thompson St. (212-925-8923). (M–E) AE only

★ Pearl Oyster Bar
Milos may have a fish display as big as this joint's entire counter, but nothing can match this kitchen's preparatory skills. This ain't no Carnival Cruise. Keep your elbows in and your chin down, all the better to acknowledge a clam chowder revved up with smoky bacon, mussels in mustard cream, and a nutty grilled pompano in herbs. • 18 Cornelia St. (212-691-8211). (M)

Shopping



Environmentalists and nostalgists may not approve, but Ronnybrook Farm Dairy has begun offering its creamy, lightly pasteurized, hormone-free milk in twelve-ounce plastic bottles as well as the familiar glass pints and quarts. "We needed a way to use our surplus milk," explains Ronnybrook spokeswoman Bev Platt, "and a lot of stores don't want to deal with the glass bottles and the return deposits." The homogenized (sorry, no cream at the top) plastic-bottle versions come in whole, skim, chocolate, and coffee varieties and fit nicely into Junior's lunchbox or a crowded office mini-fridge. Does the plastic diminish the flavor? "We haven't heard that yet," says Platt. ($1.60 to $2.20; available at Grand Central Market, Union Square Greenmarket, Whole Foods Market, Fairway, and other gourmet shops.)

★ Peasant
Peasant is exactly right. From its stunningly backlit brick-walled kitchen that features only open-fire cooking to its incredibly appealing Tuscan menu, chef-owner Frank De Carlo has reason to bust his buttons every night, and you have almost too many reasons to undo a couple of yours. And thanks to some recent soundproofing, you no longer need to shout to get your share of impeccably al dente pastas, and meltingly tender osso buco in a risottolike nest of farro. • 194 Elizabeth St. (212-965-9511). (M)

★ 71 Clinton Fresh Food
Is there much call for Scottish salmon wrapped in avocado at the intersection of Clinton and Rivington Streets? Well, yes, judging by the hungry crowd cooling its heels at the bar. Jean Georges alum Wylie Dufresne cooks seemingly complicated, easy-to-eat food like beer-braised short ribs geometrically sculpted into a perfect square; and parsley-root purée with a little parsley-root raft of lump crabmeat. (To eat, capsize and stir.) The chef's dad, a warm and punny presence on the floor, compiled the winning wine list. • 71 Clinton St. (212-614-6960). (M)

★ Snack
Don't be fooled by the name: this tiny SoHo storefront is a full-fledged restaurant, open daily for lunch, dinner, and yes, snacks. The emphasis is on fresh Greek salads and meze, like tzatziki and skordalia, but the kitchen also turns out creative Greek-inspired sandwiches, roasted chicken, savory pastries stuffed with chicken and olives, and daily specials like pastitsio and braised lamb. And since this is New York and not Athens, you can scoop up your taramosalata with pita or have it slathered on a bagel from H & H. • 105 Thompson St. (212-925-1040). (I)

★ Vine
It will take a lot of duck confit with sweet-potato hash to make a village in the canyons of Wall Street. But the bold pioneers at Vine are game to gamble. Their bull-market menu is big on seafood like lobster pan roast with corn fritters and coconut-curried grilled shrimp. There's a quick-service café and grocery next door, and private party space (plus extra lunch seating) downstairs in what used to be, and still resembles, bank vaults. • 25 Broad St. (212-344-8463). (E)

Windows on the World
Yes, tourists love it. But Michael Lomanaco's sophisticated American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs and lobster potpie with truffle cream manages to steal some attention away from the main attraction, that spectacular view of Manhattan Island. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. • 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E)

Below 14th Street, East

★ Five Points
Every neighborhood needs a place with a good bar, a serious kitchen, and zero pretensions. NoHo has one in this Med-American restaurant, where a split log running down the center of the dining room conveys a babbling brook. Zen though that may sound, chef Marc Meyer's hearty cooking is more boldly passionate than coolly contemplative. Duck-and-foie gras sausage and wood-oven roasted Magret duck show enough spikiness to make you look down and go "hmmmm" before you go back to the conversation. • 31 Great Jones St. (212-253-5700). (M)

Komodo
Mexican-Asian fusion cooking is such a natural pairing that it's a wonder you can't find more guacamole spring rolls around town like the ones served here with roasted-tomatillo salsa. Some of the descriptions of the dishes on the menu may sound a little busy, but nearly everything works, including calamari stuffed with huitalacoche and a miso-cider-glazed center-cut pork chop with an apple-chorizo stuffing. The room is loungey cool, but owner Gary Chiappa works it like a neighborhood mom-and-pop shop. • 186 Ave. A (212-529-2685). (M)

Osso Buco
Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. • 88 University Pl. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M)

★ Prune
There's not a wrinkled plum in sight at this American bistro. But chef Gabrielle Hamilton's childhood nickname indicates the sort of unpretentious home cooking at which she excels, a grab bag of eccentric, multicultural influences that is, at heart, American—as any place whose quirky bar menu includes Triscuits alongside serrano ham with fresh figs must be. Minus the traditional categories for appetizers, main courses, and sides, the menu gives as prominent placement to vegetables like creamed corn and roasted beets as to the more entrée-ish capon on a savory garlic crouton, or the pastrami duck breast with a rye-flavored, fried-shallot omelet. • 54 E. 1st St. (212-677-6221). (M)

★ 2nd Avenue Deli
A recent facelift struck fear in the hearts of those who believe that a true pastrami sandwich must be authenticated by grimy Formica and generations' worth of atmospheric shabbiness. But so far, so good. This East Village landmark continues to draw dedicated fressers with its great fries, chicken in the pot, the near-lethal hush puppy (a frank in a potato knish), and the hard-boiled service. • 156 Second Ave. (212-677-0606). (I–M)

Siren
Aside from some strange and funny cabaret acts and a D.J. spinning to a boisterous young crowd, the spotlight at this East Village mini supper club is on chef Patrick Fromm's accomplished French-and-Asian-accented American cooking. Try the triple-tiered appetizer trays the menu calls "trilogies," which include a choice of everything from spicy "lollipop" wings to foie gras to sashimi, or opt for more substantial fare like homemade tagliolini with wild mushrooms and barbecued filet mignon. • 12 St. Marks Place (212-995-9100). (M–E)

Below 14th Street, West

★ Babbo
Ever try goat cheese tortellini dusted in dried orange and wild fennel pollen? Or spicy lamb sausage romanced by mint love letters and a paste of sweet peas? Get ready to crave them. Ingredients you didn't expect or never heard of become unforgettable. Mario Batali's original yet airy Italian cooking will stun, fool, bewitch and ultimately obsess you. Just get it together to make another reservation before you leave. • 110 Waverly Pl. (212-777-0303). (E)

★ Blue Hill
Alex Urena's seasonal American menu draws on his cooking tour of France and Spain, which is where he picked up the haute habit of garnishing food with foam (to wit: a delicious asparagus soup with Parmesan froth). But despite a certain culinary trendiness, the atmosphere couldn't be more congenial or the service less pretentious. The room is pretty, too, comfortable and sophisticated, and the three-sided limestone bar accommodates diners and drinkers alike. • 75 Washington Pl. (212-539-1776). (M–E)

★ Do Hwa
Jenny Kwak and her mother Myung Ja try to familiarize diners with their home-style Korean cooking with family-style dinners for four, as well as various combinations of dumplings, spicy pancakes, stews, sautés, and the barbecue dishes that provide all the drama. If you're a do-it-yourself type, request a table with a built-in grill. • 55 Carmine St. (212-444-1224). (M)

★ Fressen
The three rooms are as spacious and sleek as an Audi

Photograph by Dasha Wright Ewing.

TT. And considering the trendificant meat packing setting and the priorities of nightly revelers, the house could have gotten away with a post-Cosmo menu of meager-morseled pizzas or duck burritos. Instead, they've opted for a selection of semi-organic dishes like escabeche of sardines or a mullet pot-au-feu. And rather than being somewhere hip, you actually feel hip, thanks to the refreshingly congenial staff. • 421 W. 13th St. (212-645-7775). (M–E)

★ 'ino
Named for panino, this cozy nook excels at crafting perfect Italian snacks to nibble with wine: crustless tramezzini, pressed panini, and bruschetta, all on great bread and enlivened by zesty condiments. Supplement your sandwich with a bowl of olives and a plate of cheese, and keep the motif going with a Nutella panino for dessert. Best of all, it's open for business from early morning until after midnight. • 21 Bedford St. (212-989-5769). (I) ($)

★ Isla
If nights in present-day Havana were this much fun, Castro could have taken over all of Central America. In fact, Isla has the same kind of slippery authenticity as Eydie Gormé's Spanish albums, but are those records great or what? With owner Diane Ghioto's dark-eyed sensuality seeing to your mood, the kitchen's brash originality seeing to your appetite, and a few Luna Rojas, the house drink, kicked back for good measure, it won't be long before you swear Eydie is singing in English. • 39 Downing St. (212-352-2822). (M–E)

★ Lupa
We love this down-home Roman trattoria and not just for Mario Batali's celebration of odd animal parts and Italian delicatessen, or for partner Joe Bastianich's bid to bring depth and finesse to a casual Village joint's wine service. We like the mood, the food, and the gentle prices, but so do legions of tuned-in New Yorkers. It's almost as tough a sanctum to crack as its pricier sibling, Babbo. • 170 Thompson St. (212-982-5089). (M)

★ Meigas
The décor is a little goofy and the location, on Hudson Street, in the Siberia of West SoHo, is a bust. But chef Luis Bollos's kitchen produces the best Spanish cuisine (Galician, actually) in town. In his hands, hefty dishes like braised oxtail croquettes and roast suckling pig appear light, almost candied. His gazpacho—a light confection, loaded with Maine lobster—makes the usual approximations of this dish look like crankcase oil. Trendy Iberian jellies and foams are mostly relegated to dessert, of which a wondrous chocolate layer ganache is best. • 350 Hudson St. (212-627-5800). (M–E)

Monte's
Since 1918, this Village trattoria has weathered the nouvelle-Italian storms and the coming of Mario Batali and continues to serve its traditional brand of old-world fare in a neighborhood still charmingly populated by cafés that predate Starbucks. All the familiar bases are covered, from pastina en brodo and zuppa di pesce to chicken parmigiana, tortellini alla romana, and on Mondays, osso buco alla Milanese. • 97 Macdougal St. (212-228-9194). (M)

★ Pastis
Keith McNally's Pastis looks more like a grander Lucky Strike than a repro of the visually faultless Balthazar, but not only does the slight downshifting make perfect sense; considering the tallow-rivulet-ribboned neighborhood, it also renders the new place instantly less imposing. Service is breezier, the crowd more genially noisy, and the only thing disappointing is that you don't live closer. • 9 Ninth Ave. (212-929-4844). (M)

★ Peanut Butter & Co.
Smooth or chunky is only the beginning: Savor the sticky stuff 21 different ways at this kitschy café, where you're transported back to elementary school with one bite of "ants on a log," celery sticks slathered with the peanut butter of your choice and studded with raisins. Request your Elvis (grilled peanut butter, banana, honey, bacon) on whole wheat if you must, though we're certain the King would disapprove. There must be a mom in the kitchen; sandwiches come with chips and carrot sticks, and they'll even cut off the crusts for you. • 240 Sullivan St. (212-677-3995). (I–M)

Tio Pepe
A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. • 168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I–M)

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

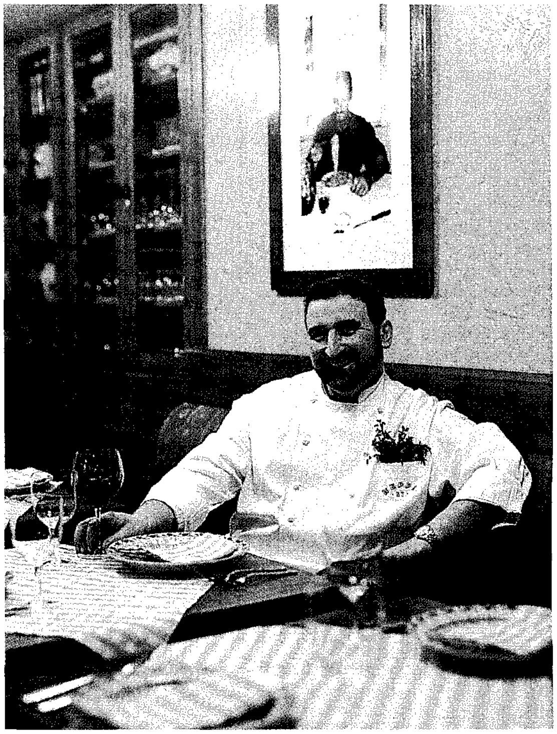
★ Campagna
The far-too-cautious interior is woefully inappropriate preparation for the whoops of joy that routinely erupt when patrons sample Mark Strausman's gleefully game sense of Italian cuisine. The lobster broth in his cacciucco is a blast. And his grandma's lasagna makes you sorry you never met the old girl. • 24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E)

★ City Bakery
No one comes close to Maury Rubin at satisfying our grown-up snacking impulse. Heavenly tarts, perfectly textured cookies and brownies, lusciously tart lemonades, ultra-thick and creamy hot chocolate—even homemade marshmallows—beckon irresistibly from the counter. Pre-dessert, there are inspired sandwiches like roasted pear and ricotta salata and the only salad bar we obsess over. • 22 E. 17th St. (212-366-1414). (I–M)

★ Cosette
Everything about this humble 30-seat restaurant is unswervingly Gallic, from the Côtes du Rhône table red to the menu (a Gruyère-crusted brandade de morue, rich onion soup, flaky pissaladière, textbook juicy steak-frites). Everything, that is, except for the host's friendly manner and the West African chef. Cosette is exactly what every neighborhood should be lucky enough to have: an affordable French bistro with consistently well-executed food and a comfortable, low-key atmosphere. • 163 E. 33rd St. (212-889-5489). (M)

★ Eleven Madison Park
While this soaringly grand space in the MetLife lobby will never be a room for clandestine assignations, the compensating grace of the staff, and simple but big-flavored dishes—capon stuffed with pistachio and garlic, cod with sausage and mustard greens that don't get lost in the landscape—make it a vibrant place to do business and an incredibly sensible choice for the family. • 11 Madison Ave. (212-889-0905). (E)

★ Gramercy Tavern
Tavern has become Danny Meyer's most appealing restaurant, with a no reservations discount bar room to make one churlish for not living or working nearby. Chef Tom Colicchio pairs foods folks crave with elements they usually don't. Roast sirloin of beef comes with braised beef cheeks. Crabmeat fondue contains sea urchin. Not only does each gamble pay off, but so tickled are diners by their nascent daring that on their



Photograph by Patrik Rytikangas

First Taste

Delayed Gratification

I have a feeling that everyone moved if not mesmerized by Cesare Casella's Tuscan bravura at Coco Pazzo is about to fall in love with his brand-new **Beppe**. After countless dutifully documented fits and starts and tribulations, the Italian newspaper has been ripped off its windows, and it is finally open. Earlier, I invaded a friends-and-family rehearsal tasting and found the kid from Lucca slightly worn around the edges from his long ordeal but psyched for the opening. Expect to find an instant coziness, a pride of rustic Tuscan products stashed behind glass at the entrance, the warmth of a giant open fireplace, and a pair of Coco Pazzo familiars directing traffic. Casella's cozze are plump and sweet in a broth made fiery by garlic and a blizzard of black pepper. The chewy handmade pinci noodles in walnut-tomato sauce are a triumph, and we love braised black cabbage in toasted Tuscan bread, the grilled wild mushrooms with polenta crostini, savory braised spare ribs (slow-cooked "Tuscan cowboy" style), and the "fritti" of lemony fried chicken with battered fried tomatoes. Not everything is up to dazzle yet, of course. And I can't help wishing prices were gentler, but these days, starters averaging $10, pastas costing $16 to $20, and entrées running $23 to $32 are the annoying standard. After being forced to do authentic Tuscan desserts for four and a half months, pastry chef Maio Martinez has come up with some luscious variations: sensational lemon "pudding" with candied orange peel, "panini" ice-cream sandwiches, and a homey apple cake with yogurt panna cotta. For now, it's dinner only. (45 East 22nd Street; 212-982-8422.)

GAEL GREENE

next visit, damned if they don't demand sweetbreads with Jerusalem artichokes and roasted cod with brussels sprouts. • 42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (M–E)

Meli Melo
This cheerful neighborhood spot offers a very reasonable fixed-price dinner—$31.50 for four courses. The seafood-heavy French menu has Asian and Mediterranean touches in dishes like seared tuna with baby bok choy and rack of lamb with couscous. • 110 Madison Ave., nr. 29th St. (212-686-5551). (M)

Mi
A talented team of cooks with impressive-sounding résumés (Mercer Kitchen, Hatsuhana) collaborate on a menu including sushi and sashimi, pad Thai, Malaysian spare ribs, and Korean bibimbob at this four-flavor pan-Asian restaurant. • 66 Madison Ave., nr. 27th St. (212-252-8888). (M–E)

★ Tarabya
This Turkish restaurant formerly known as Gyroland has changed its name and its décor. While the kitchen still has a magic hand with meze, pide, kofte, and doner kebab, all references to Philly cheesesteaks and California burgers have vanished. On weekends, a two-piece band with a charismatic singer in a purple suit draws a big, adoring, mostly Armenian-American crowd, but early in the week things are slow. So go soon, and often—before this talented kitchen is forced to revive its California burger. • 351 Second Ave. (212-254-3200). (M–E)

★ Union Pacific
A dramatic otherworldly rain-forest setting is a fitting stage for wunderkind turned matinee idol Rocco DiSpirito's wildly inventive, wonderfully weird cooking. Sweet, small scallops nuzzled in their shells by blobs of sea urchin with an essence of tomato, mustard oil, mirin and black mustard. Halibut braised in goose fat with ginger jus and shallot cracklings. Mango and papaya carpaccio with pineapple sherbet and candied cilantro. Do these sound like the delusions of a madman? In less capable hands, maybe; in DiSpirito's, it's pure genius. • 111 E. 22nd St. (212-995-8500). (E)

★ Veritas
Does the wine list make the restaurant? Luckily, if you've got a chef like Scott Bryan whipping up arctic-char carpaccio with warm fingerling potato salad and a sublime, marrow-and-wine-fortified fillet of beef, it doesn't have to. His elegant American fare ($68 prix fixe only) perfectly complements the massive cellar, a joint obsession of the owners, who seem to take intense pleasure in sharing their private collection with the paying public. • 43 E. 20th St. (212-353-3700). (E)

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Applebee's Neighborhood Grill & Bar
This national chain invades Manhattan's freshly scrubbed and reinvented 42nd Street with an eager-to-please, affordable menu heavy on burgers, steak, and fajitas. • 234 W. 42nd St. (212-391-7414). (I–M)

Bateau New York
Intended to evoke memories of those sultry bateau-mouche rides down the Seine, Bateau New York departs from Chelsea Piers for a three-hour cruise around lower Manhattan and tries to distinguish itself from the competition by paying extra attention to the international-accented menu, no matter how spectacular the scenery. • Chelsea Piers, Pier 61 (212-352-2022). (E)

Diabla
Appetizers to be eaten tapas-style and entrées like herb-crusted scallops with grilled-vegetable tamales and sage-and-lime roast pork with chiles rellenos draw a neighborhood crowd to this Chelsea Mexican restaurant. • 202 Ninth Ave., nr. 22nd St. (646-638-1111). (M)

Eugene
The muted light, the sensuous sink-in sofas, and the soft rosy sheen of an Art Deco Chinese carpet in the lounge at this swanky supper club might bring out the Cary Grant and/or Carole Lombard in you. And you won't want to merely nibble a gardenia with your champagne once you move into the dining room and taste slivers of raw tuna mounded with spicy jicama kimchi. There's a retro wantonness in the richness of the warm lobster salad. And the tuna au poivre is smartly rare. If only the desserts were as memorable as the femmes fatales they're named for. • 27 W. 24th St. (212-245-2422). (E)

☆ F&B
F&B, which stands for Frites and Beignets, is clearly the Tiffany of fast food. (Is that the subliminal message of those robin's-egg-blue walls?) A choice of sauces—caramel, chocolate, mango—for dipping beignets makes donut-dunking seem desperate. A split of champagne is served in the bottle with a blue straw. Hot dogs come in a dozen guises including the Great Dane (remoulade, roasted onions, cucumber slices). And the superlative fries alone are worth a trip. • 269 W. 23rd St. (646-486-4441). (I)

Hush
Part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate the New American menu noshes like Peking-duck pizza and corn-meal-fried shrimp with braised Swiss chard, served in shareable portions. • 17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I–M)

★ Mesa Grill
It's a clumsy room. But just keep your head down and don't stop eating—Bobby Flay's mastery of the spicier things in life keeps getting more polished and exciting. Ribs, tomato-tortilla soup, shrimp-and-corn tamale, blue-corn-crusted snapper, and pan-roasted rabbit—eat here, and you'll ramble on too—are just sensational. Flay's gonna rope you in, and leave you hog-tied and smiling. • 102 Fifth Ave. (212-807-7400). (E)

Ohm
An all-in-one entertainment center offering dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an eclectic menu including sesame chicken tenders, Black Angus steak, and grilled salmon with lemon-caper beurre blanc. • 16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E)

★ The Red Cat
Not every artist is starving, and the ones with bank accounts and hearty appetites would do well to make this their home away from home among the West Chelsea galleries. Hanging lanterns, barn siding, and artwork contribute to the funky décor, and the bar is the roomy, welcoming sort that solo diners find appealing. It's hard to find a clunker on the Med-American menu. The quick saute of zucchini with toasted almonds is something your mother would never have imagined—a vegetable that could spoil your appetite. • 227 Tenth Ave., nr. 23rd St. (212-242-1122). (M)

World Yacht Dining Cruises
Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown and Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson among others. Jacket required. • Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E)

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

★ Brasserie
Nostalgists may have wished for a clone of the original Brasserie. This ain't it. But the redesign is stunning and the big-brother video screens make as much of your entrance as those bygone steps used to. The classic French food (think onion soup, duck cassoulet, mandatory beignets) is satisfying and served nearly continuously from breakfast through late night—a welcome anomaly in this otherwise early-to-bed precinct. • 100 E. 53rd St. (212-751-4840). (M–E)

Café Centro
A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. • 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Caviar Russe
The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. • 538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (212-980-5908). (M–E)

☆ Della Femina
It might be easier to score a table here than at the infamous ad man's East Hampton address, but don't read too much into that: the souped-up seasonal American menu tastes just as good in the 212 area code. There's a little country and a little city in his cold corn soup with black truffle coulis, and Dover sole "fish sticks" with a caviar remoulade. And you can almost smell Georgica beach in the lobster roll. • 131 E. 54th St. (212-752-0111). (E)

Divine Bar
This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found unwinding. • 244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). (I–M)

★ Fresco
A family restaurant thriving on Arthur Avenue in the Bronx one can understand. But in midtown? Yet, the Scotto clan strolls around the bustling dining room, cajoling, nudging, hugging, ordering on top of your ordering, as if you'd shown up at their house for leftovers the day after Thanksgiving. For them, Fresco is one big welcome mat. Doesn't matter that the pizza is to die for, the lasagna superb; and if you like liver, you may never want to leave. • 34 E. 52nd St. (212-935-3434). (M–E)

★ Le Cirque 2000
Longtime chef Sottha Khunn has surrendered his whisk to new top toque Pierre Schaedelin, and the tension is palpable: What's the Alsatian recruit have in store for us? Sirio Maccioni rarely makes a mistake when it comes to staffing his world-famous kitchen, and this guy comes with all the right (Michelin-starred) credentials. Let's see what they whip up. • 455 Madison Ave. (212-303-7788). (E)

★ Le Périgord
A recent renovation did nothing to disguise the comforting, cosseting old-world feel of this Sutton Place landmark, where tuxedo'd captains oversee tableside service and remind you to order your Grand Marnier soufflé at the same time as your dinner. And new chef Jacques Qualin (Jean Georges) is not opposed to bathing veal chops in yogurt-lemon sauce or molding a salmon fillet into the shape of a petite mignon. He's a wizard with lighter dishes as well, like turbot (with a lacy glaze of comte cheese) and a succession of luminous soups. Try the Floating Island for dessert, but be sure to dress in proper attire, or owner Georges Briguet will banish you to the back room. • 405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E)

Montparnasse
This space formerly occupied by Mediterranean-flavored Scarabee has gone resolutely Gallic. From country paté and escargots to braised lamb shank and hanger steak–frites, the menu reads like a Parisian-bistro primer. And it's no accident—chef Claude Chassagne used to be an instructor at the French Culinary Institute. • 230 E. 51st St. (212-758-6633). (M)

Nino's Positano
An upscale Italian restaurant specializing in food from the southern regions, Positano in particular. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. • 890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M)

★ Oceana
You might call Rick Moonen a conservationist. We call him a tease. He'll serve up dynamite renditions of swordfish and Chilean sea bass, then whisk them off the menu the moment the species nears extinction. But luckily, it's not so much about the raw materials as it is about his unique seasonings and flavor compositions: lobster ravioli in a tomato-basil broth, for instance, with real acid oomph. Or "everything" crusted tuna steak, inspired by the bagel. • 55 E. 54th St. (212-759-5941). (E)

★ Sushisay
An emergency room is more inviting; everyone's

greeted with the same clinical courtesy. Sushi presentation is handsome and precise, but hardly breathtaking. The taste, however, is something else. Sushisay has the cleanest, most seductive sliced raw fish in town. Go with someone who will help you ignore the setting. Or just close your eyes. Don't worry. Your other senses will be doing overtime. • 38 E. 51st St. (212-755-1780). (M–E)

Tropica
Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the conch chowder and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves some of the most imaginative Caribbean-inspired seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. • 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M–E)

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne
Maybe you're not an out-of-towner on a spending spree, but you can pretend to be at this posh hotel restaurant overlooking a particularly swank stretch of Fifth Avenue. Chef Oliver Dudler's modern French menu changes seasonally, and incorporates to-be-expected luxury ingredients like lobster (in a trio of soups), foie gras (with red-onion compote), and poached Dover sole. The $50 prix fixe dinner is a (relative) steal. • 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M–E)

★ Aquavit
Swedish chef Marcus Samuelsson puts his own uninhibited spin on Scandinavian food, which isn't to say you won't find herring, gravlax, and Swedish meatballs on his menu. But for every expected Northern delight there's an innovation like tandoori-smoked char with goat-cheese parfait and Osetra caviar. Those who find the quasi-corporate dining room frosty can warm up with an aquavit or dine upstairs in the cozier, less expensive café. • 13 W. 54th St. (212-307-7311). (M–E)

★ Beacon
The gimmick here is cooking everything over an open fire: wood-roasted trout, spit-roasted duck with grilled scallions, roast suckling pig with grilled apples and bitter chocolate rub, even oysters. The house-baked breads are exceptional. And in an age of designer martinis and so-so cosmos, the classic cocktail list is precision science. • 25 W. 56th St. (212-332-0500). (E)

Bombay Palace
This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent Indian breads. • 30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M)

★ Christer's
No, Swedish food isn't all about salmon. But we'd be disconsolate if Christer Larsson ever stopped serving his archetypical oak-board-baked filet. And even though he aquits himself well with the compulsory gravlax and herring, he's a gifted cook who borrows freely—and imaginatively—from other culinary styles. The cozy décor, on the other hand, is David Rockwell's whimsical riff on a Scandinavian hunting-lodge theme, with silver fish "scales," a glowing fireplace, rough-hewn walls, and Marimekko colors. • 145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E)

★ Del Frisco's
Want to see what mahogany fashioned by testosterone looks like? This is without question the most urbanely elegant steakhouse you will ever see, its meat locker filled with terrific beef. Now if they can only figure out how to get their staff up to the level of their surroundings and kitchen. The place is New York landmark potential. • 1221 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. (212-575-5129). (E)

★ Island Burgers and Shakes
This Hell's Kitchen storefront with a Southern California-vibe specializes in burgers and chicken sandwiches, or churascos, in countless combinations and served on great bread and with superior condiments. A blackened churasco is almost painfully spicy and needs only minor embellishment (some blue cheese, or avocado and Monterey jack) to gain admission into our sandwich hall of fame. Great malteds douse the flames. • 766 Ninth Ave., nr. 51st St. (212-307-7394). (I) ($)

La Veranda
Northern Italian food. A popular theater district spot offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta and brunch on weekends. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. • 163 W. 47th St. (212-391-0905). (M)

★ Le Bernardin
Criticizing Le Bernardin is like analyzing rainbows. Just try to describe the snapper in coconut milk or the black bass with truffles and celery root. No matter what you say, you sound like a fool. Submit to the sorcery of chef Eric Ripert, the bewitchery of owner and co-creator Maguy Le Coze, and experience the thrilling sensation of having everything that surrounds you perfect. • 155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E)

★ Local
If your idea of Theater District dining is a lackluster prix fixe, this stylish newcomer and its focused, flavorful cooking will open your eyes—and with entrées venturing into the mid-thirty-dollar range—your wallet. Previously seen stirring the pots for Ron Perelman, chef Franklin Becker has the knack. We're particularly fond of his Vidalia onion and black olive tart, and knockout sea scallops riding a crab cake. • 224 W. 47th St. (212-921-2005). (M–E)

Martini's
Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing sidewalk café and rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. • 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M)

★ Molyvos
Adorned with photos of Greek island life, ceramics, and folk art, this sprawling midtown taverna is a stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. The window tables up front are ideal for nibbling meze and sipping something from the Greek wine list, but for a true taste of the isles—or the way we'd like to imagine them—go for something gutsier: the melting lamb shanks, clay-pot-baked with orzo and tomato, or "Aglaia's moussaka," unfinishably rich (but still worth the attempt). Desserts offer a few surprises, like the mastic ice cream, a resinous flavor unknown even to Ben and Jerry. • 871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-582-7500). (M)

Palio
Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous ground-floor muraled bar depicting the Palio race and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like sliced hen pheasant on salad with white truffles, and monkfish ravioli with asparagus and fresh tomato. Jacket required. • 151 W. 51st St. (212-245-4850). (E)

Pig and Whistle
A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. • 165 W. 47th St. (212-302-0112). (M)

Randolph's
Housed in the Warwick Hotel—which William Randolph Hearst built for his mistress, Marion Davies—this cozy restaurant and lounge has a lush, old-world feel and an eclectic menu of international snacks and entrées, from dim sum to a filet mignon sandwich. • 65 W. 54th St. (212-247-2700). (M–E)

★ Redeye Grill
This place jumps late at night with live jazz, a cacophony of paintings by artists those latter-day Duveens Saatchi and Giuliani have yet to discover, and a fine smoked-fish platter, plus the town's quintessential cobb salad. • 888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (212-541-9000). (M–E)

Trattoria dell'Arte
Follow the giant white plaster nose that looms above the entrance to Trattoria dell'Arte like a Route 66 roadside diner icon, for the restaurant's unmatched antipasto bar, crackling pizzas, and consistently reliable kitchen. The Milton Glaser-designed space is a packed power scene at lunch, and a boon for nearby Carnegie Hall concert goers. • 900 Seventh Ave., nr. 56th St. (212-245-9800). (M–E)

Trattoria Dopo Teatro
Famous for its signature open ravioli of lobster and lamb, the menu also offers an across-the-board selection of regional Italian specialties like braised baby octopus with red peppers and onions and tagliolini with lemon zest and vodka. The dining room is decorated with Italian cinema stills and single-minded connoisseurs, and private parties can pursue their passions in the wine room, the grappa room, or the cigar lounge. • 125 W. 44th St. (212-869-2849). (M)

Utsav Festive India
The bar of this regional Indian restaurant is located at street level while the contemporary dining room is built into a bridge spanning two midtown skyscrapers. The lunch buffet costs only $12.95, and à la carte entrées include ginger rack of lamb, tandoori filet mignon, and Bengali fish paturi. • 1185 Sixth Ave., nr. 46th St. (212-575-2525). (M)

Zanzibar
The crowd at this loungy Hell's Kitchen restaurant is as eclectic as the menu. African, Arabic, Asian, and Mediterranean touches appear in dishes like tuna and ginger ravioli; mussel soup with garlic, chickpeas, and cilantro; and a root vegetable and peanut stew served over rice. • 645 Ninth Ave, nr. 45th St. (212-957-9197). (M)

57th–60th Streets

★ Atlas
Each dish has a litany of preparations, and every single impressive yet complicated one of them gets explained to the diner. Chef Paul Liebrandt's food—marinated eels with watermelon, tagliatelle with cepes, and tuna with mini green-apple strudels—exhibits remarkable invention, though some dishes could use more restraint. All the house is missing is the confidence to let its guests sit back and observe Atlas's enjoyable qualities for themselves. • 40 Central Park So. (212-759-9191). (M–E)

★ Felidia
In between writing cookbooks and taping segments of "Lidia's Italian Table" for PBS, Lidia Bastianich, the matriarch of the clan responsible in part for Lupa, Esca, and Becco, oversees this elegant bastion of Italian cooking. But chef Fortunato Nicotra deserves credit for a new breath of energy at the range. Sauces are lighter, pastas still wonderful, and entrees get deftly tweaked. The wine list always impresses, and olive oil connoisseurs can spring for a $7 comparative tasting. • 243 E. 58th St. (212-758-1479). (E)

★ Guastavino's
They could serve tuna casserole and you'd still be in awe of one of the most spectacular restorations of a neglected urban space. Don't worry. It's ok to drop your jaw at the first sight of the towering Alhambran arches. Everybody does. Though you may not be as impressed with what's put in front of you, Guastavino's is one of those massive undertakings that may take a long time to get things right. In the meantime, enjoy the scenery. • 409 E. 59th St. (212-980-2455). (M–E)

★ Nicole's
Restaurants in clothing stores are usually more amenity than attraction. But this minimalist-chic dining room in the basement of Nicole Farhi's boutique is a rare exception. Chef Annie Wayte is obsessed with seasonal produce, and changes her menu every six weeks to prove it. The less expensive bar menu changes *daily*. Which means one ought not to grow too attached to her grilled-scallop-and-fennel salad, or the fritto misto of wild striped bass, haricots verts, and artichoke hearts. Then again, there's always the delicious incentive of having something new to discover next time. • 10 E. 60th St. (212-223-2288). (E)

★ The Russian Tea Room
The late Warner LeRoy left New York this spectacle of a parting gift, and for polishing up the fanciful red and green frippery alone, he deserves our undying gratitude and a Landmarks Preservation Commission award. Whether you love or hate the trout swimming inside the acrylic bear, you can't fault dishes like borscht and Georgian-spiced seared halibut. • 150 W. 57th St. (212-974-2111). (E)

★ San Domenico
You won't find a more elegant big-deal Italian restaurant in New York. We treasure it for the luxurious space at and between tables, the cool coach-leather chairs, the clockwork service, and the refinement of the risottos, pastas, fish, and game. Owner Tony May

has an uncompromising passion for the highest quality Italian ingredients and devotedness to classical technique that rivals any Michelin-starred chef, and it shows. • 240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E)

Above 60th Street, East Side

★ Cello
Every appointment (Bernaudaud dishes, monochromatic flowers, and almost reflective mahogany walls) serves as an elegant yet unobtrusive backdrop for the whisper-light delicacies that emerge from chef Laurent Tourondel's kitchen. Rougets glistening like bloodstones in a raw tomato sauce. Turbot that melts like cotton candy. Lamb as velvety as foie gras. And frozen crême bruleé that must have the Häagen-Dazs people turning like dervishes. Cello also has the most beautiful new private dining room in town. • 53 E. 77th St. (212-517-1200). (E)

★ Daniel
Daniel Boulud is blessed with the gift of being able to add familiar flavors into the most stunning of summations, like walnuts and foie gras that intensify the lush gaminess of quail. He routinely triumphs in why-didn't-anyone-else-think-of-it feats like finding what envelopes sweetbreads to leave you without that heady aftertaste—suspending them between a rhubarb glaze and spinach purée. And his chocolate bombe soars like no other. • 60 E. 65th St. (212-288-0033). (E)

★ Etats-Unis
Behold a small, square, dramatic, and spartan room, devoid of any table-hopping, cell phones, or change-of-life blondes. The daily-changing menu choices are spare, but consistent in their bent towards slow roasting, robust sauces, and great vegetables. Nota bene—beware the local intellectuals who cleave to this place. "We're all living in the world's history," one actually said one night. Maybe it would've sounded better spoken into a cell phone. • 242 E. 81st St. (212-517-8826). (E)

Etou
"Fusion is indefeasible" reads the motto printed on the menu of this Upper East Side Japanese restaurant from the owners of Flushing's Tawainese-Chinese-Japanese fusion joint, Laifood. To support their thesis, the kitchen dabbles in Thai spices, Mexican chiles, even mozzarella cheese to jazz up otherwise traditionally prepared Japanese dishes. • 1420 Third Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-249-0738). (M)

Nino's
Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. • 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E)

★ Payard Patisserie & Bistro
You'll never shiver and blush the way Francois Payard's Nôtre Dame, Fontainbleau, St.-Honoré, or devilish chocolate tart make you when they hijack your taste buds to a place they've never been and will forever yearn to return. If all this sweetness weren't enough, Payard's chef Philippe Bertineau concocts first and second courses that match François's touted thirds. • 1032 Lexington Ave. (212-717-5252). (M–E)

Trata
With its fish-market display, its Greek spreads and salads, and its simply grilled seafood, this bustling Upper East Side restaurant offers an affordable, less dramatic alternative to Estiatorio Milos, where the chef used to work. • 1331 Second Ave., nr. 70th St. (212-535-3800). (M)

Above 60th Street, West Side

★ Jean Georges
Are you ready for an amazing evening that is not about you? Nothing and no one at Jean Georges steals center stage from the wondrous creations of its extraordinary chef, Jean-Georges Vongerichten. If you're okay with such divine supplication, prepare to be open-mouthed whenever you're not chewing. Nothing you encounter will fail to dazzle, from the simplest dish of asparagus and morels au jus to the unexpected combo of sweetbreads en cocotte with ginger and licorice. • 1 Central Park West (212-299-3900). (E)

★ Picholine
Terrance Brennan doesn't want to be the Upper West Side's best chef. He's got the whole city in his sights, which explains why his French-Mediterranean menu aspires to such lofty heights. Rustic nightly specials like cassoulet and seven-hour lamb shank are earthy counterpoint to menu selections like sea-urchin panna cotta and truffle-steeped poached halibut. The wild-mushroom-and-duck risotto has its own fan club, as does fromager Max McCalman, a true cheese whiz. • 35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E)

★ Ruby Foo's
In what might be Auntie Mame's duplex during her high mah-jongg period, the black-bean sauce is vibrant and the wok steamed lobster is worth its weight in jade. And regardless of where you sit, you have to walk down the Mamescent staircase at least once. Screaming "Live! Live! Live!" is optional. • 2182 Broadway, at 77th St. (212-724-6700). (M)

Sapphire Indian Cuisine
A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. • 1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M)

★ Sylvia's
A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. • 328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (212-996-0660). (I)

Brooklyn

Nick's Lobster
This is the kind of family-style restaurant you'd expect to find in Maine or Montauk, not downstream from the Kings Plaza shopping center in southeastern Brooklyn. In good weather, dine on the canopied deck, which overlooks Mill Basin, and order—as everyone else does—lobster with corn and steak fries off the no-frills seafood menu, and a pitcher of Miller. Sit as close to the railing (and as far from Flatbush Avenue) as possible, and contemplate the coastal quiet—until the next Jet-Skier comes blasting by. • 2777 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn (718-253-7117). (I–M)

★ Peter Luger
Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own Peter Luger credit card, or bring cash. • 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($)

Queens

Water's Edge
Even if the voyage lasts just fifteen minutes, as the one does from East 34th Street to Long Island City, the ferry ride feels like an instant vacation. This one happens to be free if you're having dinner at this quiet, elegant space where every table has a view of Manhattan. Lively French-American fare like Maine-lobster soufflé and seared Copper River salmon with chanterelles and tarragon jus vie with the view for your attention. • 44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E)

Opening

Wired on Coffee

ING Direct, the Internet division of a Dutch bank that's just infiltrated the New York market, has brought us something even tastier than 6 percent interest on savings. Instead of a typical branch with tellers and windows, the **ING Direct Café** is an ultramodern, shockingly orange espresso bar where chipper staffers expound on CD rates while they pour Peet's coffee, the hard-to-find cult California dark roast that ignited the specialty-coffee craze. (Founder Alfred Peet, after all, is Dutch.) Besides the obligatory pastries (from Cipriani), the café sells all manner of ING-brand paraphernalia, from baseball caps to mountain bikes, and Internet access is free. (45 East 49th Street; 212-355-0674.)

WE PROUDLY BREW
Peet's Coffee & Tea

Photographs by Carina Salvi.

cue Nightlife

Edited by Ethan Brown

Opening

Rosemary Time

These days, cabaret acts often play small venues (piano bars) with even smaller themes (embarrassingly autobiographical one-man or one-woman shows). Leave it to an icon like **Rosemary Clooney** (pictured) to reinvigorate the genre with her new show at Feinstein's at the Regency, where she'll be backed not by a mousy accompanist but a swinging twelve-piece big band called Big Kahuna and the Copa Cat Pack. Entitled "Sentimental Journey," the singer's two-week stint, beginning March 27, will of course feature lots of cabaret standards as well as work from Clooney albums like *Girl Singer* and *Do You Miss New York*. (See "Cabaret.")

Concerts

"An All-Star Tribute to Brian Wilson"
3/29 at 8. With Elton John, Aimee Mann and Michael Penn, Sir George Martin, Paul Simon, and more. • Radio City Music Hall, 50th St. and Sixth Ave. (212-307-7171). $53–$178.

Andrea Bocelli
3/30 at 8. • Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, N.J. (212-307-7171). $75–$350.

Nick Cave
3/31 at 8. • Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (212-307-7171). $37.50.

Tesla
4/2 at 8. • Beacon Theatre, 74th St. and Broadway (212-307-7171). $27.50–$35.

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery
3/27: Cornbread Mafia; Swati. 3/28: Eric Leiblien; Fletcher McTaggart. 3/29: Falling Skyward; Little Gin. 3/30: Lovey; Fontaine. 3/31: The Inevitable Breakup; El Conquistadors. • 95 Stanton St. (212-358-1633). $.

B.B. King Blues Club & Grill
3/28: Delbert McClinton. 3/30–3/31: The Oak Ridge Boys. • 243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).

Bottom Line
3/28: Phil Roy. 3/30: Dan Bern; Morley. 3/31: "Required Listening" with Eliza Carthy; Church of Betty; DaVinci's Notebook; Nickel Creek. • 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-6300).

Bowery Ballroom
3/28: Company Flow. 3/29: Katell Keineg. 3/30–3/31: Luna. • 6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).

Fez
3/27: The Naysayer. • Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).

Hard Rock Cafe
In the surest sign yet that man cannot live by theme restaurant alone, the Hard Rock has added real live rock shows to go with all that memorabilia. 3/29–3/30: Janice Grace; Aquaman Jones. • Hard Rock Cafe, 221 W. 57th St., bet. Seventh Ave. and Broadway (212-489-6565). All ages, no cover, all shows start at 9 P.M.

Irving Plaza
3/27: Eve 6. 3/28: Mogwai. 3/30: Steve Malkmus and the Jicks. 3/31: The Funky Meters. 4/3: Nelly Furtado. • 17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).

Joe's Pub
An intimate space that boasts the most eclectic booking in town. Expect everything from torch singers to underground hip-hoppers to New Age composers. Mondays: "Downtown Rock and Roll" with ever-present spinner Paul Sevigny. Tuesdays: Hip-hop and R&B with D.J. Rich Medina at "One." Wednesdays: The world-beat-oriented "Love Bazaar" with D.J. Kamala. Thursdays: "Benefit," a downtown music revue. Fridays: Editors, scene-makers, and boldface names take their turns spinning their favorite records with the "Personality D.J. Series." Saturdays: "Hideaway" with Kiki and Unik. Sundays: "Club Badd" with long-lost downtown icon Larry Tee. 3/27: Sam Harris. 3/29: Eliza McCarthy. • 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Knitting Factory
3/27: Subversive Skool Presents J-Live, Old Dominion, Micranots, J Zone, and Akbar. 3/28: Quintron. 3/29: Victory at Sea; Faraquet. 3/30–3/31: Ellery Eskelin. • 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.

Makor
3/27: Songwriters Hall of Fame Showcase Night. 3/29: Fred Eaglesmith Band & Slo-Mo. 3/31: Swing Groove: Andy Farber & His Swing Mavens. 4/1: Matt Shulman Trio. 4/3: *Songwriters Hall of Fame*. • 35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000).

Manitoba's
Mondays: Beat Rodeo. Fridays: Adam Roth. 3/27: The Brilliant Mistakes. 3/28: John Pinnamonti. 3/29: Elvis 77; Lamont. 3/30: Tom Clark; the Dark Horses. 3/31: The Blind Pharaohs. • 99 Ave. B (212-982-2511).

Maxwell's
3/27: I Am Spoonbender. 3/29: Vic Thrill. 4/3: Arab Strap. • 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).

Mercury Lounge
3/27: Vice; Smoke; Monte Montgomery; Amanda Thorpe. 3/29: The Iguanas. 3/31: Topaz; Masters of the Groove; the Squad. • 217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).

Rodeo Bar
3/27: The Rooftop Cowboys. 3/28: The Raging Teens; Wildfire Willy. 3/29 Billy Lee Riley. 3/30: Bill Kirchen. • 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500).

S.O.B.'s
3/27: Joseph Hill. 3/30: Kelli Sae. 4/3: Ginuwine. • 204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).

The Village Underground
Former Tramps booker Steve Weitzman brings his eclectic sensibility to a new smoke-free club in the West Village. 3/30: Solas. 3/31: "Cavestomp! and Little Steven" present: Question Mark and the Mysterians; Richard and the Young Lions. • 130 W. 3rd St. (212-777-7745).

Wetlands
Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 3/27: Bathtub Gin. 3/28: Robert Bradley's Blackwater Surprise. 3/29: Will Hoge. 3/30: Ulu. 3/31: Uncle Sammy. 4/1: Mephiskapheles. • 161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600). $.

Clubs

Centro-Fly
Once dominated by the bottle-service set, Centro-Fly has now achieved a near-perfect mix of Wall Streeters with loosened ties, D.J.-bag-carrying dance-music fanatics, and track-suited deep-house heads. Tuesdays: Promoter Noah Tepperberg's fabulous "TuesdayBabyTuesday" goes head-to-head with Spa's model-centric Tuesday party. Thursdays: "Subliminal Sessions" with D.J. Erick Morillo and big-name special guests. Fridays: "GBH" ("Great British House"), a refugee from Cheetah, makes a bid for the big room of Centro-Fly. Saturdays: Energetic house and big beat with "Plant." • 45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).

Cheetah
A jungle-themed club with a spacious dance floor and a small yet powerful sound system. Tuesdays: Latin music with reggae and R&B thrown in the mix. D.J. Camilo spins. Thursdays: A super-exclusive (invite only, they say), hyper-stealthy party called "Aerodynamic" thrown by promoters Allen West and Samuel "Tone" Barnes. D.J. Jolene spins. Fridays: "The World House Project." Saturdays: Thumping tribal house and live percussionists at "Cherchez La Femme." Sundays: "Boys Nite" D.J. Merritt spins at "Mardi Gras." • 12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).

Fun
This sprawling, bi-level, warehouselike space doesn't book big-name D.J. talent, but it's got one of the coolest interiors in clubland, with huge projections of Japanese *anime*, a vertiginous yet comfy balcony area, and a seemingly gravity-defying D.J. booth. Thursdays: Cyberfetish party "Click+Drag." Fridays: Dinesh, *Reid Speed, and Thom H. spin two-step garage at* "Drive-By." Saturdays: The Wicked Crew and "N'Ice" D.J.'s Holmar and A. Gram present "The Golden

Ground Rules

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised.

$ = cash only.

Boys." • 130 Madison St., under the Manhattan Bridge (212-964-0303). $5.

Limelight

The Limelight is back from the dead thanks to its powerhouse weekend nights, which see the likes of Detroit techno icon Jeff Mills and the trance heavies of the "Gatecrasher" crew grace the turntables. The mazelike club's renaissance comes just in time, as other megaclubs like Twilo have become uncomfortably packed, verging on the claustrophobic. • 660 Sixth Ave., at 20th St. (212-807-7780).

The Roxy

Fridays, the Roxy enlists D.J. Jason Ojeda for the relaunch of its night for the weekender straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance on the bar. 4/3: Run-DMC. • 515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.

Shine

This downtown spot is now host to excellent, enthusiastically received D.J.-oriented nights as well as up-and-coming rock and dance acts. Thursdays: The gloriously great D.J. Ron Trent and special guests like Phil Asher and Norman Jay. Fridays: The hip-hop-and-house-oriented "Fri-Daze." Saturdays: D.J. Greg Poole's dance centric "Tremendous." • 285 West Broadway (212-941-0900).

Spa

The health-and-wellness theme (white walls, bathrooms designed to look like saunas) is thankfully mostly unobtrusive, and the crowd is thankfully not excessively chic. Spa promoter Steven Lewis maintains the kind of balance between office *zhlubs*, club kids, and A-listers he pulled off so nicely in the early days of the now-defunct Life. Wednesdays: "Big Bad Dodgy Disco," with New Wave and rock spun by D.J. Paul Sevigny. Thursdays: Super-promoter Erich Conrad's "Glam," with D.J. Jackie Christie. Fridays: Marc Ronson and Grandmaster Flash spin hip-hop and R&B for the A-listers at "Hollywood 2000." • 76 E. 13th St. (212-388-1060).

Twilo

Never mind all the drug-bust drama: The real news here is that Twilo is leaving trance in the dust and fast becoming a progressive house fan's wet dream thanks to sets from U.K. epic housers like Mauro Piccotto and Danny Howells. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays," a low-key alternative to the frenzied Friday nights. Fridays: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 3/31: Pete Tong. • 530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).

Vinyl

The recent quality-of-life crackdowns have taken a toll on the club's once extraordinarily open vibe, but the parties—"Shelter" and "Body & Soul" in particular—continue to be strong. Fridays: Hard, trippy house from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early (before seven) or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. • 6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).

Jazz

Birdland

Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sundays: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. Mondays: The Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: from 5:30 to 7:30 P.M., David Ostwald's Louis Armstrong Centennial Band. Tuesdays: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra. 3/27–3/31: Tito Puente Orchestra. • 315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).

Blue Note

With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 3/27–4/1: Chuck Loeb. • 131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).

City Hall

Fridays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. • 131 Duane St. (212-227-7777).

Detour

With no cover and top-notch young players, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. • 349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).

Guggenheim Museum

Fridays and Saturdays in March at 5: World-beat jazz with Ron Jackson and Nicki Parrott. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500). Free with museum admission.

Iridium

In the surreal basement across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Quartet holds office hours. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 3/27–4/1: Ahmad Jamal Trio. 4/3–4/8: Kenny Barron Quintet. • 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).

"Jazz at Noon"

Lunchtime jam sessions every Friday at the San Martin Restaurant with some of jazz's hottest players. 3/30: Warren Chiasson. • 143 E. 49th St. (212-832-0888 or www.jazzatnoon.com).

The Jazz Standard

A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, jazz greats, and artists on the rise. Mondays in March: The Howard Fishman Quartet. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 3/27–4/1: Bill Charlap Trio. • 116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).

Museum of Modern Art

Jazz performances at MOMA's "Sette MOMA" restaurant Thursday and Saturday evenings, 6 to 10. 3/29: Sarah Jane Cion Trio. • 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).

Finale

Flow's Over

Queens's **Company Flow** (pictured) was an indie hip-hop act before indie hip-hop was cool: The group's 1997 debut, *Funcrusher Plus,* featured kinetic turntablism, dense lyrics, and sci-fi imagery at a time when hip-hop was consumed by gangsterism. It's perhaps fitting, then, that as everyone from OutKast to Mos Def is finding success with left-of-center approaches to hip-hop, Company Flow is calling it quits with what is sure to be a triumphant retirement show at the Bowery Ballroom on March 28. "When we first started, there wasn't much to speak of in terms of independent stuff," explains Company Flow rapper Bigg Jus (at right). "But now labels like Rawkus are doing well, and artists like Talib Kweli are finding big audiences." Jus isn't resentful of others' success, however: "I'm so glad the independent team has finally got fireworks on their ass," he says with a laugh. In keeping with that bombastic attitude, Company Flow plans to go out with a bang at the Bowery. "We expect everyone and their mother to get onstage with us," Jus says. The trio will have to work hard to squeeze all its admirers in: Fans include everyone from rappers like Mos Def to house-music icon Armand Van Helden to ex-Rage Against the Machine front man Zach de la Rocha. It's that sort of distinguished following that makes breaking up easy to do. "I wouldn't say *break up,*" Jus corrects. "I'd say mission accomplished."

E.B.

Photograph by Rob Hann/Retna.

Performance

Off the Pavement

Pavement might be a memory from alt-rock's mid-nineties heyday, but that doesn't mean former front man **Stephen Malkmus** (pictured) has lost his hyperironic touch. On his self-titled debut (which, rumor has it, was originally called *Swedish Reggae*), Malkmus drops references to everything from Yul Brynner to the Trojan War. But like the best of Pavement's work, there's still plenty of beautifully fragmented melodies. And Malkmus's solo debut at the Bowery Ballroom in January generated a lot more excitement than most artists in the latter half of their career ever see; his sold-out March 30 performance at Irving Plaza should do the same. (See "Small Stages.")

Photograph by Moses Berkson

Red Blazer
Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz Band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. • 32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).

Rose Center
3/30: Vanessa Rubin Quartet. The Rose Center is open until 8:45 P.M. Fridays; suggested admission price is $10 for adults, $7.50 for students and seniors, $6 for children. • American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100).

Showman's Café
Reopened right on 125th Street (though not, unfortunately, in its original location adjacent to the Apollo), the legendary jazz watering hole offers slow-cooked soul-jazz and funkified hard bop every night. No cover; two-drink minimum. • 375 E. 125th St. (212-864-8941). $.

Small's
Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. • 183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565).

Sweet Basil
An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 3/27-4/1: Wil Calhoun Quintet, • 88 Seventh Ave. So. (212-242-1785).

Tonic
Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. • 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.

Village Vanguard
Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. Through 4/1: Danilo Perez and the Motherland Project. 4/3–4/8: Bobby Hutcherson Quartet with George Cables, Santi Debriano and Carl Allen. • 178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club
Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 9:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. • 82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).

Carolines on Broadway
In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum. Mondays: "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. " 3/27: "How Ya' Doin." 3/28: "Chicks With Shticks." 3/29–3/31: Kim Coles. • 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).

Comedy Cellar
A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 4/2–4/8: Kevin Brennan; Greg Giraldo; Gregg Rogell. • 117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).

Comic Strip
Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. • 1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).

Dangerfield's
Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 3/26–4/1: Gregory Carey; Gregory Rogell; Jerry Diner; Nancy Redman; Paul Mercurio; Al Ducharme. 4/2–4/8: Pete Correale; Carrie Karavas; Richie Byrne; Nancy Redman; Gregory Rogell; Rob Magnotti. • 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).

Gotham
A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun.: New Talent Showcase; Wednesdays with Robert Klein. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 with a $10 cover; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 with a $15 cover. Two-drink minimum. 3/30–3/31: Vic Henley; Greg Carey; Tom Cotter; Pete Correale; Greg Giraldo. • 34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).

Stand-up New York
Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:15 A.M. $12 cover. 3/30–3/31: Marc Maron; Jim David; Spanky; Vanessa Hollingshead. • 236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel
The Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.) 3/27–4/21: Julie Wilson with Mark Hummel. • 59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).

Arci's Place
A Murray Hill–area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. 3/27–4/7: Margaret Whiting and Paul Bernhardt. 4/2: Amanda Green. • 450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).

Cafe Carlyle
Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60. Through 4/7: Christine Andreas in "Here's to the Ladies," a songbook of Broadway's First Ladies. • Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).

Cafe Pierre
Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis celebrates her fourteenth year at the Cafe Pierre with a special program called "Fascinating Rhythms: 50 Years of American Popular Song and Jazz." Sun.–Mon., Nancy Winston sings and plays piano. $19 minimum; jacket and tie required. • Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195).

The Carnegie Club at Carnegie Bar and Books
Fridays and Saturdays at 9:30 and 11: Sinatra impersonator Cary Hoffman, backed by Stan Rubin's eleven-piece big band. $20 cover; two-drink minimum. • 156 W. 56th St. (212-957-9676).

Don't Tell Mama
What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? Thursdays: "Seth's Broadway Chatterbox." Fridays: "The Next Big Broadway Musical." Saturdays at 8: "Poole Party!" Saturdays at 11: Tommy Femia presents "Judy Garland Live!" • 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.

Feinstein's at the Regency
Michael Feinstein's cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. Tickets are $50 Tues.–Fri.; $75 for the early show on Friday and all shows on Saturday; $50 food-and-drink minimum. 3/27–4/7: Rosemary Clooney with Big Kahuna and the Copa Cat Pack. • 540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).

FireBird Café
The theater district's newest postshow snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 9; Fri.–Sat. at 9 and 11. $30 cover; $15 minimum. • 365 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).

Judy's
This cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 3/27: Lynne Kerr in "Songs My Husband Wrote." 3/28: Holly Faris. 3/29: Debbie Lesser. 3/30: Marieann Meringolo. 3/31: Judy Kreston and David Lahm. 4/1: Karla Leyden. 4/2: "That's My New York." 4/3: Lynne Kerr in "Songs My Husband Wrote." • 169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).

Classical & Dance

Edited by Alicia Zuckerman

Ground Rules

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Classical Music

London Sinfonietta
Pianist Peter Serkin plays works by Stravinsky and Goehr on 3/28 at 8, and is joined by the Orion String Quartet for the world premiere of Goehr's Piano Quintet and works by Webern, Wolpe, and Wuorinen, 3/30–3/31 at 8. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); 3/28 is $18-$68, 3/30-3/31 is $36.

Los Angeles Guitar Quartet
Excerpts from Bizet's *Carmen* and Stravinsky's *Pulcinella*, music from Celtic and Latin traditions, and a new work inspired by gamelan music. 3/28 at 8. • 92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (212-415-5500); $25.

Robert Mann
The 80-year-old violinist plays a concert of music by 92-year-old Elliott Carter, still a major new-music force. 3/28 at 8. • Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); $20.

Fazil Say
"The Man With the Four Hands" plays his arrangement of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* on computer-controlled piano (two hands prerecorded). 3/29 at 8. • Metropolitan Museum of Art, Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, 1000 Fifth Ave. (212-570-3949); $25.

New York Philharmonic
Performs Mahler's Symphony No. 6 and Strauss *Lieder* with soprano Barbara Bonney. Christopher Eschenbach conducts. 3/29 and 3/31 at 8; 3/30 at 2. • Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $19-$80.

"Beyond Words"
Multimedia concert of wordless sacred music of different faiths, hosted by Ellen Kushner of Public Radio International's *Sound & Spirit*. 3/30 at 8. • The Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. and 10th St. (866-468-7619); $20.

American Symphony Orchestra
"The Uses of History: Reincarnation of Beethoven," an examination of Beethoven's influence through three twentieth-century compositions. Led by Leon Botstein. 3/30 at 8. • Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-581-1365); $18-$45.

Gould Piano Trio
British ensemble makes its Lincoln Center debut with Haydn's Piano Trio in C major and Dvořák's Piano Trio in E minor. • Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $18.

The Sixteen
One of the busiest choirs in the business, led by Harry Christophers, performs sacred works by Byrd, Palestrina, and Victoria. 4/1 at 4. • The Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, 980 Park Ave. (212-721-6500); $35.

Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra
Joined by baritone Matthias Goerne for Mahler's *Rückertlieder* on 4/1 at 3, and by violinist Vadim Repin and cellist Misha Maisky in Brahms's Double Concerto for Violin and Cello on 4/2 at 8. • Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $35-$58.

Opera

The Metropolitan Opera
Wagner's *Parsifal* has its season premiere on 3/29. *Nabucco*, *Il Trovatore*, and *The Gambler* are also onstage this week. Call for program details and times, or visit www.metopera.org. • Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $25-$250.

New York City Opera
The week includes *Don Giovanni*, *Acis and Galatea*, *Tosca*, and *La Bohème*. Call for program details and times, or visit www.nycopera.com. • New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-870-5570); $25-$98.

Golden Fleece, Ltd.
The Composers Chamber Theatre's two new one-act operas: *A Moment of War* by Richard Owen, and *The Maker of Dreams* by Yuri Bortz. 3/29–4/2 at 8; also, 4/1 at 3. • Theater 22, 54 W. 22nd St. (212-691-6105); $16.

Helikon Opera
Very young (founded just eleven years ago) Moscow company on its first U.S. tour, with *La Traviata*. 3/31 at 8; 4/1 at 7. • Tilles Center for the Performing Arts, Long Island University, C.W. Post Campus (516-299-3100); $42-$60.

Dance

Ballet Tech
Eliot Feld spring season features visiting dancers Donlin Foreman, Buffy Miller, and City Ballet principal dancer Damian Woetzel. Eighteen dances, including *Adieu*, *Coup de Couperin*, *Yo Shakespeare*, *The Gods Amused*, and *Paper Tiger*. Music by Hugo Wolf, Debussy, and Leon Redbone. 3/27–4/22. Times vary. • The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $35.

"92 on 42"
The 92nd St. Y Harkness Dance Project series ends with Zvi Gotheiner & Dancers, premiere of *Interiors*. 3/28–3/29 and 3/31 at 8; 4/1 at 3 and 8. • The Duke on 42nd St., 229 W. 42 St. (212-239-6200); 3/28 is $20.

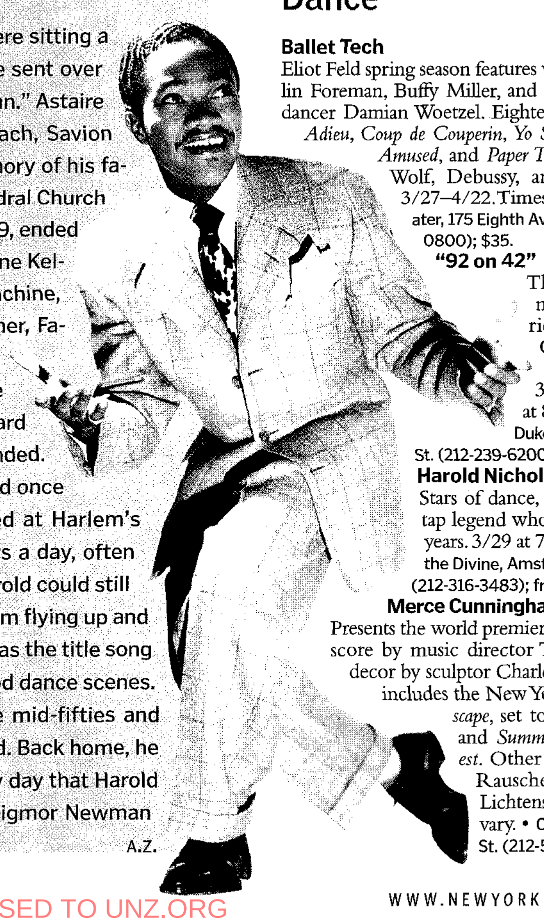
Harold Nicholas Tribute
Stars of dance, song, and jazz honor tap legend whose career spanned 70 years. 3/29 at 7. • Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (212-316-3483); free.

Merce Cunningham Dance Company
Presents the world premiere of *Way Station*, with score by music director Takehisa Kosugi and decor by sculptor Charles Long. The run also includes the New York premiere of *Interscape*, set to a John Cage piece, and *Summerspace*, and *RainForest*. Other decor is by Robert Rauschenberg and Roy Lichtenstein. 3/31–4/8, times vary. • City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212); $25-$55.

Opening

On Tap

A while back, Tony Bennett and tap legend Harold Nicholas were sitting a few tables apart in a club. When Bennett spotted Nicholas, he sent over a slip of paper that read, "Fred Astaire told me he's your No. 1 fan." Astaire may be gone, but friends, fans, and colleagues like Max Roach, Savion Glover, and the Jazz Tap Ensemble will sing and dance in memory of his favorite this week at **A Tribute to Harold Nicholas**, at the Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine. Nicholas's death in July at the age of 79, ended a 70-year career. He could count among his other admirers Gene Kelly, Sammy Davis Jr., Gregory Hines, Bob Fosse, George Balanchine, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and his brother and lifelong dance partner, Fayard Nicholas. Fayard was about 12 when he taught 5-year-old Harold to dance. He recalls a time when Harold had trouble learning a tricky new combination: "We'll do it tomorrow," Fayard had insisted, repeatedly. "I want to learn it now," Harold responded. "He kept going at it," Fayard explains, "and he finally got it, and once he had it, he never lost it." The Nicholas Brothers headlined at Harlem's Cotton Club and the Apollo, where they performed five shows a day, often leaping into acrobatic splits over the orchestra (something Harold could still do well into his sixties). The 1943 film *Stormy Weather* had them flying up and down a huge staircase, leapfrogging their way down the steps as the title song climaxed, in what became one of the all-time classic Hollywood dance scenes. Fed up with segregated America, Harold fled to Paris in the mid-fifties and stayed in Europe for a decade, where his solo career flourished. Back home, he continued performing on his own, as well as with Fayard. "Any day that Harold was not onstage was just a day missed to the world," says Rigmor Newman Nicholas, Harold's widow. "He had magic." (See "Dance.") A.Z.



Photograph by Photofest.

Edited by Boris Kachka

Happening

Oral Fixation

The second biennial People's Poetry Gathering takes care of the usual suspects (John Ashbery, Patti Smith, poet laureate Stanley Kunitz), but it could also double as an unbelievably eclectic anthropology conference. Part of the credit for its range—Filipino debate poetry, Eritrean poetry, Cambodian courtship poetry, Gypsy poetry, prison poetry, sign-language poetry—belongs to co-curator and New York slam veteran **Bob Holman**. "For me, the job of poet has been to constantly open up the definition of the poem," says Holman, who answers his home phone by saying, "Poetry." With the NEA-funded World of Poetry project, the 52-year-old hopes to do for international verse what he's already done for American stylings—first by emceeing the Nuyorican Poets Café's wildly successful weekly slams in the early nineties (helping launch several careers and inspiring goateed bards everywhere) and later by creating the 1996 PBS series *The United States of Poetry* and the spoken-word record label Mouth Almighty. Holman is beginning to collect a searchable online database of oral-poetry traditions rapidly disappearing under "the steamroller of English" and other official languages. This new direction is not a step away from the in-your-face and off-the-cuff but an embrace of other forms close to the slammer's heart. "What we're talking about is very accessible in the mother tongue," Holman says. "Introducing sound and gesture as part of what it means to be a literate culture—that's exciting." Holman, who got busted at Columbia and in Paris in '68 and now teaches "Exploding Text" at Bard, admits he's changed his tactics. "Trying to keep yourself away from the public ear becomes more and more boring," he says. "It's much better to be boring in the other direction—boring into the ear of the public." The People's Poetry Gathering happens March 30 through April 1. (See "Events" for details.) B.K.

Photograph courtesy of Bob Holman

Radio Highlights

Studio 360
Host Kurt Andersen is joined by Michael York, who has acted in more than 80 films, including *Logan's Run*, *The Three Musketeers*, and the Austin Powers movies. The two explore the theme of teamwork in art. • 3/31 at 10 A.M. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

"Bookworm": Richard Powers
Host Michael Silverblatt's new series of writer interviews continues with Richard Powers, the normally reclusive author of *Plowing the Dark*. • 4/1 at 4:30 P.M. WNYC, 820 AM.

A. S. Byatt
The author of *The Biographer's Tale* appears on "The Lewis Burke Fumkes Show" to discuss her latest book. • 4/1 at 8:30 P.M. WPAT, 930 AM.

Lectures and Panels

"Bud, Blossom & Leaf: The Magical Herb Garden"
Dorothy Morrison, a Wiccan high priestess of the Georgian tradition, teaches gardeners how to harness nature's elemental energies. A wine-and-cheese reception follows. • 3/27 at 6:30 P.M. Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. (212-757-0915); $25.

Kara Walker
The artist, who specializes in provocative work on race, talks about her work. • 3/27 at 7 P.M. Peter B. Lewis Theater, Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (212-423-3587); $10.

"Nazi Looting and the French Museums"
Hector Feliciano, author of *The Lost Museum*, talks about the topic of his book as it applies to France. • 3/27 at 7 P.M. La Maison Française at NYU, 16 Washington Mews (212-998-8750); free.

Kathleen Neal Cleaver
The lawyer, scholar, and onetime member of the Black Panthers (and Eldridge's former wife) discusses her memoir, *Memories of Love and War*. • 3/28 at 6:30 P.M. Celeste Bartos Forum, Humanities and Social Sciences Library, 455 Fifth Ave., at 42nd St. (212-930-0855); $10.

"Beckett's Work for Television"
NYU's Tom Bishop discusses this lesser-known facet of Beckett's oeuvre. • 3/29 at 5 P.M. NYU's Bobst Library, Avery Fisher Center, third floor, 70 Washington Sq. So. (212-998-8750); free.

"Lost Chicago: Lessons for New York"
David Garrard Lowe, the author of the expanded edition of *Lost Chicago*, gives a slide lecture on forgotten Chicago architecture and its parallels in New York, preceded by cocktails and a tour of a nineteenth-century church. • 3/29 at 6 P.M. Church of the Incarnation, 209 Madison Ave., at 35th St. (212-995-5260); $12.

Doug Garofalo and Jim Richard
The heads of architecture firms in Chicago and Phoenix, respectively, discuss their work in the Architectural League's ongoing series, "Emerging Voices 2001." • 3/29 at 6:30 P.M. Lighthouse International, 111 E. 59th St. (212-753-1722); $7.

Twenty Years of *Nightline*
Ted Koppel, executive producer Tom Bettag, field cameraman Fletcher Johnson, and senior producer Sara Just give a lecture on the show that began with the Iran hostage crisis. • 3/29 at 7:30 P.M. Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); $10.

"Dancemakers"
Sean Curran of the eponymous dance company is joined by composer Tigger Benford and graphic designer Mark Randall to discuss their new project, "Percussion Pieces"; and choreographer Marlies Yearby, writer Nadine Mozon, and composer Cooper Moore discuss their project "I.D. Please." • 4/1 at 6 P.M. Dance Forum, 20 E. 17th St. (212-633-7202); free.

The First 100 Days of the Presidency
In the first of three talks, CNN commentator Jeff Greenfield discusses the first 100 days of the Shrub presidency. Next time, he's joined by Joe Klein and a mystery guest; the final time, by William F. Buckley Jr. • 4/1 at 7:30 P.M., also 4/15 and 4/29. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $20, $55 series.

"Strangers With Candy"
Co-creators, writers, and stars Amy Sedaris, Stephen Colbert, and Paul Dinello join executive producer Kent Alterman to talk and field audience questions. • 4/2 at 6 P.M. Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); free with $6 admission.

Eve Ensler
Journalist Carol Jenkins talks to the Obie-winning creator of *The Vagina Monologues* about her new play, *Necessary Targets*, and her anti-violence activism. • 4/2 at 8:15 P.M. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $20.

The Written Word

"Unholy Ghosts: Writers on Depression"
Nell Casey, the editor of this fascinating compilation about depression, is joined by her sister and fellow contributor Maud, as well as contributor Joshua Wolf Shenk. • 3/27 at 6:30 P.M. Housing Works Used Book Café, 126 Crosby St. (212-334-3324); free.

Tom Stoppard
The wildly famous playwright behind *Shakespeare in Love* reads snippets from recent works, discusses his craft, and answers audience questions in a rare public appearance. • 3/27 at 8 P.M. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500; reservations required); $15.

"Poets on Poets"
Three renowned poets—Billy Collins, Deborah Digges, and Mark Strand—read from their work as well as that of poets who have inspired them. Moderated by *New Yorker* poetry editor Alice Quinn. • 3/28 at 8 P.M. Columbia University's Miller Theatre, 116th St. and Broadway (212-854-7799); $15.

Edwidge Danticat and Galway Kinnell
Danticat, a National Book Award finalist and author of *Breath, Eyes, Memory*, joins the Pulitzer Prize–winning poet Kinnell to read as part of *The New Yorker*'s reading series at BAM. • 3/28 at 8 P.M., doors open 7 P.M. BAM café, 30 Lafayette Ave. (718-636-4100); $10.

"Latino Voices": Junot Díaz et al.
Latino authors read from their writing and participate in a *Times*-sponsored panel about their heritage and work. Writers include Alex Abella, Ivonne Lamazares

Irene Vilar, and Junot Díaz (who also reads this week at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center). *Times* reporter Mirta Ojito moderates. • 3/29 at 6 P.M. The New York Times, 229 W. 43rd St. (888-NYT-1870); $25. Diaz's solo reading: 3/27 at 4 P.M. 401 Hammer Building, 701 W. 168th St., at Ft. Washington Ave. (212-305-6787); free.

Jane Lazarre
The author of *Beyond the Whiteness of Whiteness* reads in the second segment of the library's four-part series, "Life in Black and White." • 3/29 at 6:30 P.M. Brooklyn Public Library Central Branch, Grand Army Plaza, Brooklyn (718-230-2100); free.

"Loss Within Loss: Artists in the Age of AIDS"
Contributors to this book chronicling the effect of AIDS on artistic communities, including editor Edmund White and authors John Berendt, Philip Lopate, J. D. McClatchy, and Sarah Schulman, discuss the issue. • 3/29 at 7 P.M. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400 for reservations); free.

Elaine Showalter
The author, most recently, of *Inventing Herself: Claiming a Feminist Intellectual Heritage*—a history of three centuries of feminism—reads. • 3/29 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 240 E. 86th St. (212-794-1962); free.

"Four Non-Blondes"
Thankfully, it isn't the band but four excellent new female writers—Lucinda Rosenfeld, Maud Casey, Elissa Schappell, and Deborah Copaken Kogan—who discuss their success, the publishing industry, and the writing process. Schappell, author of *Use Me,* also reads solo in Brooklyn. • 3/29 at 7:30 P.M. Makor, 35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000); $5. Schappell solo reading: 3/28 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 267 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn (718-832-9066); free.

Thea Halo
The memoirist reads from *Not Even My Name,* based on her mother's childhood recollections as the sole survivor of a death march of Pontic Greeks in World War I Turkey. • 3/29 at 8 P.M. Pen and Brush Gallery, 16 E. 10th St. (212-475-3669); free.

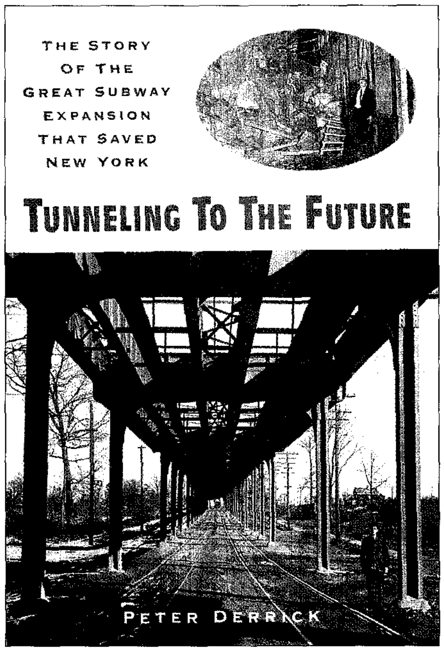
Daniel Quinn
The underappreciated author of the surprise hit *Ishmael* and more recently of the small-press best-seller *After Dachau* reads from the latter and signs copies. • 3/31 at 5 P.M. Housing Works Used Book Café, 126 Crosby St. (212-334-3324); free.

"The Bard of Exiles: A Tribute to James Joyce"
Kate Burton and Gabriel Byrne read from Joyce's earliest works, continuing the Manhattan Theatre Club's "Writers in Performance" series. • 4/2 at 7:30 P.M. City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-399-3030); $15.

In Print

Burrow Haul

As neighborhood businesses protest the closing of the Manhattan Bridge tracks and Grand Street station while the rest of the city scratches its head over the V train, the MTA may have yet to grasp the central point of Peter Derrick's illuminating new book **Tunneling to the Future** (NYU Press, $34.95). Yes, the city built the subway (with a lot of help from the private sector), but more important, the subway built the city, which remains dependent on its intricate structure. The suburbanization of the boroughs, the cleanup of Lower Manhattan, and the rise of modern midtown—the changes that saved New York from decline—were products of the Dual System of Rapid Transit, conceived in 1913 after years of indecision, back when it was the largest and most expensive municipal project ever attempted. Now, if they could just get moving on the Second Avenue line. . . .



Special Events

Tours

Stops at Neighborhood Shops
In conjunction with its "City Shops" exhibit, the Museum of the City of New York sponsors a tour through two Queens neighborhoods, focusing on fascinating commercial centers. • 3/31 at 1 P.M. Meet at Junction Blvd. station of the 7 train, at front of Flushing-bound platform (212-534-1672, ext. 257 to register); $12.

Pre-Passover Tours
Two concurrent tours make Passover preparations the entry point to an exploration of New York Judaism. Judge Jerome Hornblass's trip through Borough Park, the largest American Hasidic community, includes an observation of the eighteen-minute Shmurah matzo-baking process. The Eldridge Street Project's annual "Nosh-and-Shop" tour traces the traditional Lower East Side pre-holiday shopping route, uncovering living social history along the way. • Borough Park: 4/1 at 1 P.M. Call 212-415-5500 for reservations and meeting place; $20. Eldridge Street tour: Meet at Eldridge Street Synagogue, 12 Eldridge St. (212-978-8800 for required reservations); $18.

Benefits

"Night of a Thousand Gowns"
This fifteenth annual awards gala benefit (honoring ABC Daytime for accurately portraying gays and lesbians) draws more than 1,000 drag queens and other performers for a gothic ball and midnight coronation. • 3/31 at 6:30 P.M., dinner 8 P.M., cocktails 10 P.M. Viennese buffet, 12:30 A.M. Broadway Ballroom, Marriot Marquis, 1535 Broadway, at 46th St. (866-393-8057, PIN# 3510); $75 cocktails, $135 including dinner.

Merce Cunningham Gala
Senator Clinton, Mikhail Baryshnikov, Jasper Johns, and Harvey Lichtenstein are among the luminaries hosting this benefit performance, followed by a gala reception at the Argentinian consulate, complete with tango lessons. • 3/31 at 7 P.M. Performance at City Center, 131 W. 55th St., reception at Consulate General of Argentina, 12 W. 56th St. (212-255-8240, ext. 13); $350–$5,000.

"Elegies for Angels, Punks and Raging Queens"
A one-night only revival of the legendary production benefits the Momentum AIDS Project. • 4/2 at 7:30 P.M. Haft Theatre at FIT, 122 W. 27th St. (212-691-8100, ext. 358); $50–$100.

Exhibit

"Viva Verdi!"
Honoring the composer's centennial, the Metropolitan Opera Guild exhibits hundreds of Verdi-related items from letters to first-edition librettos and autographs, including a signed photo of Maria Callas. • Through 4/28. The Gallery at Lincoln Center, Concourse Level, Broadway at 66th St. (212-580-4673); free.

Events

National Jewish Book Awards
Journalists-authors Samuel Freedman and Ari Goldman host the fifty-first annual ceremony, highlighted by the lifetime-achievement award (Elie Wiesel) and two other awards to Philip Roth and Freedman. • 3/29 at 7:30 P.M. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-532-4949); free.

People's Poetry Gathering
This enormous festival, presented by City Lore and the Poets House, features the usual suspects (John Ashbery, Stanley Kunitz, Galway Kinnell), but also several themed groups of readings—poetry in endangered languages; occupational poetry; teenage slam contests—not to mention Oliver Platt reading Dr. Seuss, an erotic-poetry reading on midnight Friday, and a midnight Saturday reading of Poe by undertaker-poet Thomas Lynch at Marble Cemetery. There are also tours, a pub crawl, a Patti Smith concert, and much, much more. • 3/30–4/1. Many events at Cooper Union, 7 E. 7th St., but call 800-333-5982 or visit www.peoplespoetry.org for schedule and tickets. Festival pass $80, daily pass $35, tours $12, Patti Smith $15.

Game Week

HOME AWAY

	Mon: 3/26	Tue: 3/27	Wed: 3/28	Thu: 3/29	Fri: 3/30	Sat: 3/31	Sun: 4/1
KNICKS	GS MSG 10:30 P.M.	SAC MSG 6:30 P.M.		VAN MSG 10 P.M.	POR MSG 10 P.M.		LAL MSG 5:30 P.M.
NETS			DEN FSNY 7:30 P.M.		TOR FSNY 7 P.M.		HOU FSNY 8 P.M.
RANGERS			NYI ESPN2 7 P.M.	NYI FSNY 7:30 P.M.		NJ ABC 3 P.M.	ATL MSG 4 P.M.
ISLANDERS			NYR ESPN2 7 P.M.	NYR FSNY 7:30 P.M.		BOS FSNY 7 P.M.	
DEVILS		TAM FSNY 7:30 P.M.	ATL METRO 7:30 P.M.			NYR ABC 3 P.M.	
HITMEN						CHI NBC 8 P.M.	

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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WILLIAMS *Continued from page 28*

The medicalization of beauty has even rubbed off on non-doctors. Without advertising, London-based "trichologist" Philip Kingsley has built a thriving practice on East 53rd Street, catering to celebrities like Kevin Kline, John Cleese, and Howard Stern and a growing number of Wall Street gamecocks alike. A trichologist doesn't have an M.D. but can certainly assume the manner of a physician. After six years of training, Kingsley acts as sort of a shrink-cum-osteopath for the modern city dweller's wigged-out tresses.

Operating out of an office lined with portentous tomes like the *Physicians' Desk Reference*, Kingsley offers a holistic approach to scalp health, prescribing a wide range of not-cheap home-brewed hair treatments and scalp tonics intended to counteract the wear and tear from the ever-expanding types of hair treatments available. "Certainly more men are coloring their hair—coloring, bleaching, perming, straightening," Kingsley says. "The more you do to your hair, the more you need to do to it."

WHAT THE CLINICIANS CAN'T ACCOMPLISH IN escorting us into this new terrain, a new generation of image consultants will—for a handsome price.

"Remember," says custom wardrobe designer David Lance. "In a horse race, even if you win by a nose, you still win. It's all about getting that edge."

Lauren Solomon, a former in-house image chief at Chase Manhattan now running her own consultancy, patrols the Barneys menswear department.

"When the market's tight, and you're at risk of losing your job, you're going to start dressing better, because that becomes your competitive edge," Solomon says. "Suddenly, everybody does not want to look like everybody else. You figure, 'Oh, my God, the guy next to me is wearing a Disney sweatshirt and showing butt cleavage because his jeans are too tight. I can outdo him in *three notes*.' "

She stops to examine an avocado-green wool polo shirt, lips pursed. She nods her approval. Despite the collapse of the New Economy, Solomon considers this the New Gold Rush, at least in her specialized business. "Remember: If you design your message, you're either going to be the sporty guy or the elegant guy or the romantic guy, but you will have a look. It's like a signature. That becomes part of your ultimate goal: shameless self-promotion."

"Shameless," she says, folding the polo shirt as fluently as a fifties mom. "But *very subtle*." ■

THE MIX

"The Face: 2000 Years of Jesus in Art"
An advance screening of the new PBS documentary of holy representations from ancient Rome through today, narrated by Mel Gibson, Edward Herrmann, Stacy Keach, and Bill Moyers, featuring some artworks never before seen by the public. Let's hope "Yo Mama's Last Supper" isn't among the images, as Cardinal Egan is giving the opening remarks. • 3/31 at 8 P.M. Radio City Music Hall, (212-247-4777); $10–$30.50.

Second International Edible Book Tea
Not an April Fool's joke: The New York segment of this event features a 4 P.M. tea followed by an auctioning off of entries like "booklava" (submitted and judged beforehand), which are then consumed on the premises. • 4/1 at 4 P.M. Center for Book Arts, Third floor, 28 W. 27th St. (212-481-0295); free.

Sports

New York Road Runners Club Five-Miler
This inaugural race from the NYRRC starts and finishes on East Drive near 83rd St. Nonmembers who join the NYRRC when registering for the five-miler receive a free coupon for a future race as well as a member T-shirt. Numbers T-shirts may be picked up prior to the race at the NYRRC, 9 E. 89th St., noon to 7 P.M. 3/29–3/30 8–9 A.M. on race day. Cash prizes totaling $2,150 will be awarded in several categories. • 3/31 at 9:30 A.M. (212-860-4455); nonmembers $17, limited race-day entries $22; more info at www.nyrrc.org.

Happenings

Latin 101

A decade ago, the New York *Times* might have had a hard time convening four well-known Latino writers for a panel discussion like **Latino Voices**, this week's "TimesTalks" lecture, moderated by metro reporter Mirta Ojito, on March 29. But American fiction in the nineties was no more immune to the Latino explosion than any other cultural form. Two Cuban-born writers, Alex Abella and Ivonne Lamazares, and Puerto Rican Irene Vilar join Junot Díaz (pictured), the young Dominican-born author whose short-story collection *Drown* has earned him widespread literary recognition. Díaz also reads solo this week in Washington Heights, at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, on March 27. (See "The Written Word" for details.)

Photograph by Michael Sofronski.

cue

Kids

Edited by Susan Avery

Opening

My Spies

In **Spy Kids**, parenting rule No. 1 is clear from the get-go: Keeping family secrets will undoubtedly backfire. When the kids (Daryl Sabara and Alexa Vega, pictured) discover that their uncool parents are secret agents, they're catapulted out of their shock by the systematic parental-rescue application of some stuff just lying around: a warp-speed pod that morphs from rocket ship to submarine, a jet pack, a Happy Meal–making microwave, and electroshock bubble gum. "I didn't want people to believe I did this movie," says writer-director-producer Robert Rodriguez. "I wanted it to feel like my 5-year-old made it." The brothers Weinstein at Miramax were so impressed with his earlier work that they gave him carte blanche to do the first kids' flick for their indie arm, Dimension Films. And there's enough meat on this bone to keep parents from nodding off. (We liked the hidden eyeshadow keyboard and laser engagement ring.) The bickering scenes between the parents (Antonio Banderas and Carla Gugino), who are taken hostage, and the sibling spats are as real as it gets (Rodriguez grew up one of ten, in Texas, so he knows something about family rivalries). Banderas's dream sequence, where he beats up the father of a bully, will bring a smile to anyone who was ever picked on. And while we're at it, let's turn the phrase "nothing new under the sun" on its ear: The idea of making kids into mini-007s is not only new, but a definitive winner. Warning: Start the Christmas list now. Toys and a sequel are in production. S.A.

Children's Events

Secret Agent Kids
Two retired international spies, now parents, resurface, only to be nabbed by the villain du jour. Now it's up to their two kids to save them and the world. High energy, goofy gadgetry, special effects, and touches of humor make *Spy Kids* a James Bond adventure for kids. • Opens in theaters nationwide 3/30.

Dance Party
Introdans, a Netherlands dance troupe, makes its American debut at the New Victory Theater, offering a kaleidoscopic repertoire of such talents as juggling dancers, a twisted eight-legged race, and remote-control choreography. Join the company in a "talk-back" after the show. • 3/30, 3/31, and 4/1; 209 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200); $10–$20.

Moses, the Young Rebel
The Poppy Seed Players present *Young Moses*, a musical comedy that puts a modern spin on the ancient Passover story. It's the story of the biblical hero as a rebellious teenager searching for the meaning of life within Pharaoh's court. • 4/1 at 11 A.M.; Abraham Goodman House, Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., bet. Broadway and Amsterdam Ave. (212-501-3330); $12.

From Lullabies to Broadway
First Sundays, a monthly children's program at the Morgan Library highlights permanent collections and special exhibitions. On 4/1, join legendary singer Marilyn Horne as she opens a songbook for all ages. • 4/1 at 3 P.M.; 29 E. 36th St. (212-590-0331); $15, free for kids 12 and younger.

Incas, Jell-O, and Stepping Stones
The Staten Island Children's Museum wants all musicians, eaters, and gardeners. On 3/28, kids learn how original Andean panpipes and flutes were made from condor quills, bamboo, and clay, and then make their own modern versions. On 3/30, find out why Jell-O is so jiggly and make some gelatinous treats. Young gardeners can create their own garden touchstone on 3/31. • All programs are from 1 to 4 P.M.; Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-273-2060); $4 admission, plus $2 for the touchstone class.

Musical Meet and Greet
KidsClassics, part of the Colden Center's concert series for children, completes this season's exploration of classical music with *Meet the Orchestra*, an inside look at how it all comes together. Join instrument maker Skip LaPlante in a preconcert program in the atrium and meet the other musicians after the show. • 4/1 at 2 P.M.; Lefrak Concert Hall at Queens College, bet. exits 23 and 24 of the eastbound Long Island Expressway (718-793-8080); $11.

Family Opera
The Amato Opera's series, "Opera-in-Brief for the Family," is nearly over for the season. But you can still catch *Don Giovanni* on 4/21. The little ones will enjoy the one-hour operatic version of *Snow White & the Seven Dwarfs*. • 3/31, 4/7, 4/14 at 11:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.; 319 Bowery (212-477-6212); $15.

A Roaring Seven Emmy Noms
We don't wanna brag, but we called this one a year ago—*Between the Lions*, the gold star of PBS kids' shows, which *really* teaches traditional phonics and reading skills, was nominated for seven Emmys, including Best Children's Series, Best Music, and Best Set Design. Cool cats Theo, Cleo, Lionel, and Leona begin their second season on 4/2. Thankfully, the new series is more of the same great stuff: the What's Your Name? rap, Arty Smartypants, and Martha Reader and the Vowelles. • Check local listings.

City Rhythms
A multimedia exhibit of works inspired by the energy, motion, and architecture of a city environment includes pieces from 24 artists from around the U.S. Video, sculpture, painting, photography, and ceramics are all part of the exhibition. • Through 4/14; Pelham Art Center, 155 Fifth Ave., Pelham (914-738-2525); free.

The Greatest Three Rings on Earth
All hail spring, which brings the newest edition of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey circus. This year, the show includes the comedic team of Bo & Bello. Bo, said to be the world's smartest Asian elephant, teams up with Bello, a zany daredevil clown. Also of note: Angels of Fire, an elite troupe of striking aerial ballet dancers, and Survivor Clown Island. Single moms should check out ringmaster Johnathan Lee Iverson, a New York City bachelor hottie. • 3/30–4/15 at Madison Square Garden (212-307-7171); $10–$45.

Dance With Me
Kids Dance, a group whose members are 11 years old through teenage and are all students of Eliot Feld's Ballet Tech School, will entertain the masses this spring with a selection of upbeat, fun numbers. The program includes *Apple Pie*, toe-tapping bluegrass; *Meshugana Dance*, a Klezmer number; *Joggers*, a piece that shows how clever one can be with a basic movement; and *In Full Swing*. • 3/31, 4/14, 4/21 at 2 P.M.; Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $15–$25.

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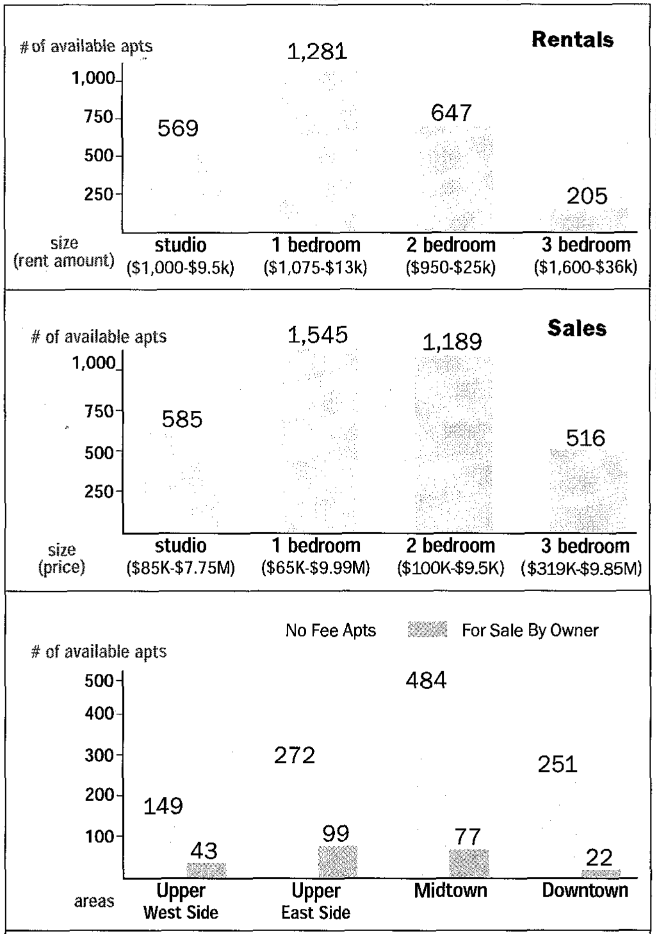

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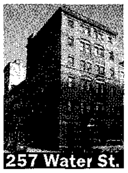

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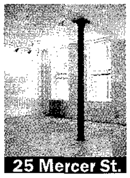

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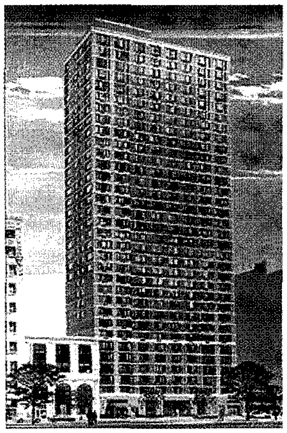

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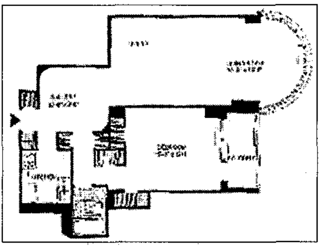

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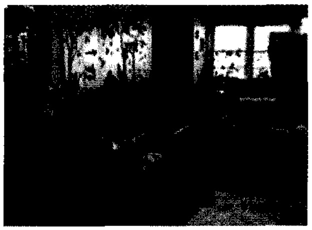

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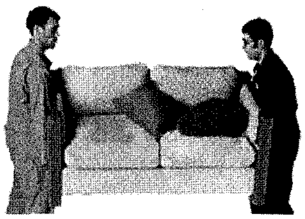

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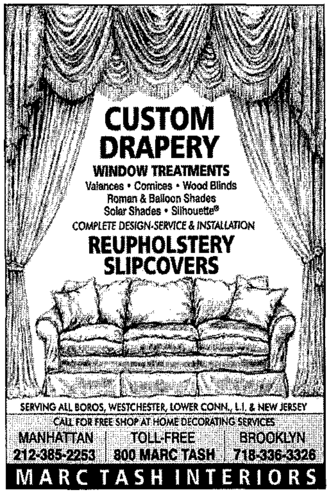

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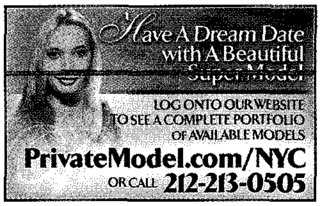
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Male, 46—Sensitive, intelligent, emotionally in-touch, communicative, great sense of humor - seeks a woman with similar qualities. 7306 ✉☎

Handsome Renaissance Man—5'11", extremely successful - enjoys theater, dining out, art, tennis, boating, travel - romantic and spiritual. Has personal trainer, comfortable in shorts to tuxedo. Seeks a very special, fit, attractive woman, 35-48, to share all of the above and much more. Photo a must. 7283✉☎

She's Got the Goods—Slim blond PhD, considered beautiful, seeks successful, fun, classy guy, 60s-70s. 7365 ✉

Gay White Female—Youthful 50s, seeks exceptional woman with heart, mind, body in tune. Nyreply3@aol.com 7353 ✉

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Beautiful Attorney—37, seeks professional, 38-48, with traditional Jewish values, who is a mensch. Photo. 7301✉☎

Energetic Professional Male—5'6", medium build, seeks intelligent, attractive woman with a great sense of humor, 40s-50s. Enjoys music, dancing, the beach, traveling, and a zest for life. Note and photo, please. 7361 ✉☎

Strikingly Sensual, Warm—And affectionate, white single brunette, 5'7", 38, 138 athletic lbs, very attractive, feminine, open-minded, seeking tall, athletic white male, 40s-early 50s, for relationship with lots of romance, laughs, great sex... European man a plus. Nonsmoker. 7295 ✉☎

Sophisticated Asian Gem—MD with a sweet heart; creative cook; artistic; Paris-born; loves life. Seeks worldly, high-energy, successful, cerebral, athletic, kind man, 36-48, for life, kids. 7280✉☎

Psychotherapist, Very Gifted—Known artist, designer, Renaissance man, appealing, healthy, late 50s, a compassionate listener who responds openly - seeking very bright, intuitive, shapely, fit, lively, 40s-50s female companion. 7362 ✉

Handsome, Wealthy Professional—Jewish guy in NYC and NJ, seeks bright woman, 37-47, wanting marriage and children soon. MD, JD and PhD types a plus. Plain, beautiful, rich or not - doesn't matter. yyyj@aol.com. 7308✉☎

Smart, Sweet, Pretty Lady—With many interests, seeks decent, loving Jewish man, 64 plus, to share life and love. 7284 ✉☎

Share La Dolce Vita—Sexy, sophisticated, strawberry blond, Italian-American female, 35, 5'5", fit, runner, seeks confident, dark-haired male, preferably Italian-American, to share fusilli and fun times. Photo and phone. 7291✉☎

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Beautiful, Sexy—Divorced Jewish female, 5'7", seeks tall, handsome, financially secure man, 48-57, with great sense of humor. Photo/note/phone. 7292 ✉☎

Tall, Shapely, Vivacious—Pretty Jewish female, fit, 40, professional, warm, intelligent, loves nature/NYC. Seeks Caucasian professional male who is intelligent, commitment-minded, 38-49. 7299 ✉☎

Very Bright, Classy—Highly educated professional woman (39 years), available now! Of foreign climes, with Mediterranean type, very young looks, feminine, petite, exoticish, slim, loves life. Would like it all with one special man. Please be over 5'9", not fat, reasonably attractive and extremely successful. You will not be disappointed. 7270 ✉☎

Cardiologist/Investor—47, recently widowed, no kids, financially secure, seeks sophisticated, intelligent woman, 25-35, for spring/summer fun and romance in city or abroad. Should be open-minded about smoking, role-playing, lingerie. Photo, please. 7345✉

Blond, Attractive, Vibrant—European female, no children, looking for professional gentleman, 40-up. No drugs. No smokers. Phone/photo, please. 7352 ✉

Sailing, Theater, Movies—Single Jewish (nonreligious) male, 42, seeks kind, caring woman partner. Letter, please. 7339✉☎

Brains, Beauty, Seduction—For the sophisticated, 60-75-year-old professional man who believes the best is yet to come, and can help make it happen. 7310 ✉☎

Low-Key Genius—166 IQ, seeks friendly female, 30s. POB 539, NYC 10101

Nice Guy, Strong Values—Handsome, fit professional, 45, likes engaging talk, the outdoors, NYC culture. Kind, thoughtful, reliable, fun, self-aware, doesn't snore. Seeks warm, smart, loving lady. 7271✉☎

Very Successful, Blond, Petite—30s female in design field, looking for Jewish, 39-50, old-fashioned gentleman who is successful and family-minded, meticulous both in his home and lifestyle, who is ready for marriage and really wants to share everything he has with the woman he loves. Recent full-length photo a must. 7285 ✉☎

Beautiful Contagious Smile—With dimples. Tall, enticing, passionate, French (but New Yorker at heart). 30-something, 5'8". Good figure, gentle curves. *Considered refined yet relaxed, classy yet* deep. Projects confidence, interested in others. Known for wonderful laugh, great joie de vivre, appreciation of the absurd. Successful financial professional with artistic flair. Independent, feminine, generous, sexy. Believes in luck and a little *magic. Delights in discovering new places,* new restaurants, Mali, Morocco, Puccini, pop, cooking, sculpture, tennis, scuba. Seeking co-conspirator and more: bright, open, loyal, well-traveled man, 30s-40s. dimples10011@yahoo.com 7363 ✉☎

Slender, Upbeat, Pretty—Sweet, professional Jewish woman, 5'5", size 4, 40s, looks 30s, fit, varied interests including the arts. Seeking intelligent, funny, socially spirited man, emotionally mature, who's really serious about finding the right woman. 7307 ✉☎

Unassuming, Low-Key—Professional man, Jewish, 60s, seeks youngish, tall/very tall, brainy lady, physically strong. Martial arts, weights okay. 7350 ✉☎

Top-Quality—Blue-eyed Scandinavian blond. Great figure, natural good looks, slim and stylish. A stunner in jeans. Divorced. Lifelong learner - can talk investments to gardening to science to the highways and byways of life. Small-town roots, gravitates to cities. Financially secure professional. Loves laughter, good anecdotes, movies, nonfiction, walking/hiking. Easygoing, cultivated, caring, "people" person. Fabulous traveler, a whiz at reading maps. Values the Golden Rule. Seeks smart, self-confident, warm, verbal, sophisticated, active man, 45-66, trim - average build. sue@activewoman.com 7319 ✉☎

Manhattan Born—40s blond, very pretty, seeks refined soul mensch. 7326 ✉☎

It's Time We Met—Petite, pretty, witty professional (30s) seeks professional, single Jewish male, 40-47, with wit, charm, integrity, for laughter, friendship and lifetime commitment. 7347 ✉☎

Huggable And Lovable—Pretty, shapely professional female, unencumbered, loves *to laugh - enjoys traveling, dining out,* quiet evenings at home, long weekends, exploring, cooking, dancing, films, baseball, beaches and billiards. Seeks happy, passionate man, 44-59, to share fun, loving relationship. 7358 ✉☎

Partner In Crime Wanted—Attractive, divorced white male, 39, 6'1", 190, searching for special female, 28-36, enjoys indie films, books, working out, dining, drinks and laughing. Photo/note. 7348✉

Green Irish Eyes, RN—50s, classy, sensual. Seeks same in male, 48 plus. 7355 ✉☎

Attention Shoppers—Caring, youthful, refined Manhattan man, early 50s, 5'9", in good shape physically, emotionally and financially, seeks tenderhearted, smart, pretty woman under 50, and nonsmoker, for happily ever after. Note/recent photo/phone. 7333 ✉

Knot Going To Let You Go—Once I've found you. Handsome, sophisticated, professional 49-year-old gentleman who is honest, compassionate and caring, seeks attractive, passionate, loving younger lady for romance, friendship and more. 7304 ✉☎

Slim, Youthful Mid-40s Male—Intellectual Property attorney - seeks petite female, 30s, attorney-to-be or attorney in civil practice - for sharing: (1) partnering in love and law, (2) love of movement in *dance (e.g. tango), (3) rollerblading,* skiing, etc., and interest in meditation and other spiritual pursuits. 7334 ✉

Romantic Chocolate Lover—Pretty, petite professional seeks athletic, educated, mature, nonsmoking, financially secure man with a sense of humor. I'm 5'2", green eyes, a theater-loving, mid-50s romantic who loves dancing, traveling, tennis, cooking, movies, flowers, poetry and dining out. Note/photo. 7300 ✉☎

Spring Is Here, So Am I—Attractive Jewish professional, nonsmoker, 5'4", dimpled smile, great sense of humor, sentimental and chocolate lover, seeking you: smart, witty, kind gentleman, 48-58, for a best friend and life partner. 7357 ✉☎

NYMESSAGE

Overworked? Dead-End Job?—Ready *for something entirely different? I'll help* you if you'll help me. I'm bipolar, but the meds work. In my late 30s, single, financially secure. Ready to make a full recovery but need the help of compassionate caregiver. Many perks: comfortable lifestyle, travel, but not romance - though, who knows...it *could be a lifetime commitment.* 7340 ✉

Loving, Supportive, Sincere Male, 64—PhD, seeks sweet, educated, artistic lady. Travel, arts, fun. Photo, please. 7323 ✉

I Am An Exotic, Feminine, Petite—*Slim, fit lady in her late 30s. I can be sexy* and am an extremely bright, cultured and high-degreed professional. I have dark hair and brown eyes. I love life and have an optimistic aura. I would like to meet a seriously successful gent for good company. Please take a chance. 7290✉☎

That Girl!—Mommy and I are looking for a very special guy!! Mom is a vivacious, beautiful (inside and out), professional blond knockout, 41. If you are a single, Jewish professional male, 35-45, who is honest, fun, intelligent, financially secure and ready to take the chance of a lifetime, you may be the guy we are looking for. But then again, I'm only 5. Mommy is just the best! Photo a plus. 7338 ✉☎

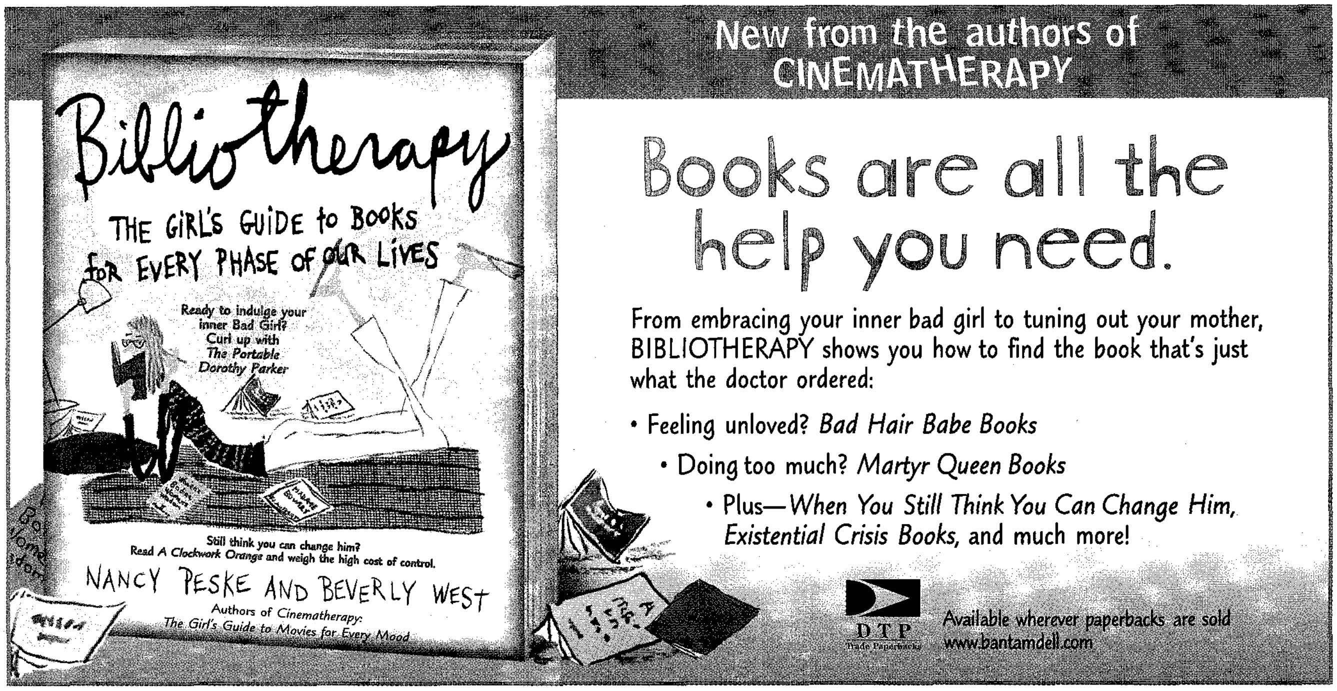
Real Intimacy—40-year-old male, Jewish, dynamic, warm, highly intelligent, with great sense of humor, MD, writer, *artistic, very good-looking and in great* shape. Strong, charismatic personality yet caring and kind. Loves art, music, travel, tennis, nature, growth, ideas. Seeks real intimacy and unconditional love with a special woman who is very pretty and attractive, warm, evolved, intelligent, *communicative, stylish and fun.* 7312 ✉☎

Classy Black Lady—Pretty, 44, professional, enjoys traveling, theater, jazz, the Bossa Nova and baseball. Seeks intellectual man with similar interests, whose politics lean towards liberal. NY or north Jersey. 7309 ✉☎

Stunning Female Manhattanite—Sophisticated, single, Jewish, smart, sexy, glamorous, cultured, eye-catching, successful businesswoman (34), looking for her equal. I am a very happy person, very secure with myself and very comfortable in my own skin. You should be the same - looking to laugh, talk, travel, share interests and enjoy all of what life has to offer for a lifetime. Note/recent photo/phone a must. 7364 ✉☎

Sweet, Smart, Sexy—This warm, caring, pretty lady would like to meet a 66-76-year-old gentleman, attractive, kind, sensitive and financially secure, to enjoy a quality life together. 7274 ✉☎

Westchester MD—Jewish, 59, 5'9", caring, romantic, seeks attractive, slim, educated, divorced Jewish woman, 49-56, under 5'6", who is caring, romantic, for travel, humor, culture and hanging out, for long-term committed relationship. Prefer Westchester. Recent photo/note. 7344 ✉



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Italian-Born NY Peach Of A Woman—Playful, fun, analytic professional seeks secure, successful soul mate with heart, 45-65. Photo and note. 7314 ✉☎

Tall, Handsome Jewish Art Director—50, seeks curvaceous lady soul mate for love connection. Photo, please. 7366 ✉☎

Handsome, Lonely—Nonreligious Jewish man, 61, 5'10", 160 lbs, zip 10021. Seeks slim female (buddy only), 50 plus, for Sunday strolls in Central Park and evening strolls around the neighborhood (nothing more right now, but you never know). Send very detailed (typed) letters only. Photo a must. 7330 ✉

Sassy, Classy Lassie—Tall, blond, pretty, slender, late 40s. Actress/model, educated, linguist. Into music, theater, travel, reading, boating, spirituality. Seeks value added "A-type" - very tall, well-heeled, educated, articulate, 50-65, nonsmoker. Photo appreciated. 7322 ✉☎

Pretty, Blue-Eyed, Sexy Irish Blond—Witty, ready to settle down. Seeks gentleman. Likes the arts, travel. Photo. 7325✉☎

Alive, Charming, Bright, Spirited—Colorful, warm, witty, slender, shapely, Jewish, 53-year-old Manhattanite, who, at other times is real and lovable, is morose and miserable too. I seek a successful, passionate and fit Jewish man, 5'10" plus, 40-57 years old, for a raucous and joyful, real long-term relationship. I need, and will return in kind, joy, tenderness, pampering and intimacy, and will share life's ups and downs with a lucky and wonderful man. 7335 ✉☎

Me: Pretty, Fit, Trim—Successful, youthful 37 -- likes to hike, bike, ski, dine, wine, travel. In search of...you: handsome, fit, successful guy, 34-40, who is sincere about finding "the one". Photo. 7276 ✉☎

Petite, Sweet And Honest Female—Administrative assistant, 5'2", brown hair, brown eyes, seeks male, 51-60. 7313✉☎

Handsome Fort Lauderdale Man—40s, seeking generous, financially successful woman for wining and dining. 7278 ✉☎

Alluring Beauty—Cultured, educated, athletic, warm, caring. Desires successful, physically fit, youthful man, passionate, fun-loving, over 55. Photo. 7328 ✉☎

Pretty, Educated Blond—Tall, slim, warm, refined, financially secure Upper East Sider seeks attractive, successful, nonsmoking gentleman, 48-mid 60s, for fun and companionship. Photo. 7341✉

Ordinary Lady, Extraordinary Style—Down-to-earth, nurturing, stable, professional; vivacious, attractive, classy, slim, (201). Seeks mensch (60-68) for extraordinary relationship. Ideal gent is smart, successful, caring, fit; enjoys nice lifestyle, holds hands, has humor. 7349✉☎

Beautiful Chinese—Seeks 30s-40s, extremely successful, honest, handsome, fun-loving gentleman, sense of humor, for serious relationship. Photo a must. 7368 ✉

Handsome, Blue-Eyed Professional—6'4", athletic, successful. Enjoys conversations, cooking, shopping, museums, movies, dancing. Seeks a family-oriented, down-to-earth woman, 25-36. 7288 ✉☎

Divorced Male—Attractive, successful attorney, 51, seeks warmth, romance and companionship with female, 35-45. Enjoys laughter, travel, and life's simple pleasures. Photo, please. 7281 ✉☎

Pretty, European Blond—38, 5'7", happy, cultured, sharp, seeks accomplished, mid-40s gent for future. 7346 ✉☎

Brunette Beauty—Articulate, passionate, supportive, sophisticated, fun-loving, trim, 48. Upbeat, financially secure professional. Keen traveler. Likes Italy: pace of life, food, culture, beauty. Theatergoer: Broadway (on/off), London. Entertains well, reaches out to people. Enjoys opening bottle of good red wine, whipping up pasta dinner, relaxing. Plays some golf. Values alone time; likes companionship. Seeks professional man with ambition, a certain sophistication, generous spirit, time for real relationship (45-59, 5'9" plus). Insgirl101@aol.com 7315 ✉☎

Canadian/Norwegian Female—New Yorker, divorced, sense of style, humor, joie de vivre; quietly sexy, 5'7", slim; psychologically in-tune. Seeks educated, athletic man, 50-65, with depth. 7360✉☎

Attractive, Successful Professional—38, 5'8", seeking successful, attractive, thin, intelligent, self-aware woman for relationship eventually leading to marriage and children. Note/photo. 7279 ✉☎

Beautiful, Young European—Sophisticated and sexy, seeks financially secure gentleman for relationship. Note/photo. E-mail: calyx3000@aol.com. 7337 ✉

Sexy, Sweet, Successful Blond—Likes to laugh, and nice things in life. Seeks a real gentleman. emyhen@aol.com 7342✉☎

Handsome Jewish MD—50, tall, fit, seeks intelligent, compassionate Jewish menschette, 35-48. Photo/note to: Mickey0850@aol.com or 7356 ✉

Good-Looking Female—Seeks 55-65 guy with good values, successful. 7324✉☎

Wanted:—Intelligent, mature (50 plus), well-groomed professional/businessman for lovely, classy Italian-American woman who loves books, travel, theater, and is financially independent. 7332 ✉

Professional, Well-Traveled Lady—Seeks tall, cultured gentleman, 60-70, to share music, travel and companionship. Photo/note. 7287 ✉☎

High-Quality Man—Single white male, 55, very intelligent, extremely honest, nice-looking, financially strong, seeks nice woman interested in marriage. 7354 ✉☎

Successful Single Male—36, intelligent, physically fit, athletic, good sense of humor. Seeks college-educated, bright, slim, easygoing white female. 7343 ✉☎

Outdoorsy Man—55, writer and wilderness guide, tall and thin, grey-bearded, nice-looking, warm, eco-concerned. Seeks attractive, self-aware, loving, spiritual woman who's passionate about nature, for lasting relationship. Photo, please. 7359✉

Genuine, Humorous, Adventurous—Jewish male, 38, 5'10", handsome, multifaceted, highly successful, easygoing yet loves a challenge. I am family-oriented, world traveler and passionate about cooking. I am seeking a single/divorced Jewish female, 25-39, who is compassionate yet passionate, sexy inside as well as outside, and is willing to create a stable, adventuresome, romantic future. Photo/letter/phone is a definite must, please. NY/NJ. 7351 ✉☎

Pretty Irish Eyes—And the lilt of Irish laughter makes this very pretty, in-shape blond, young-looking 53, a perfect catch for a fine, caring Christian gentleman, 55 plus. 7275 ✉☎

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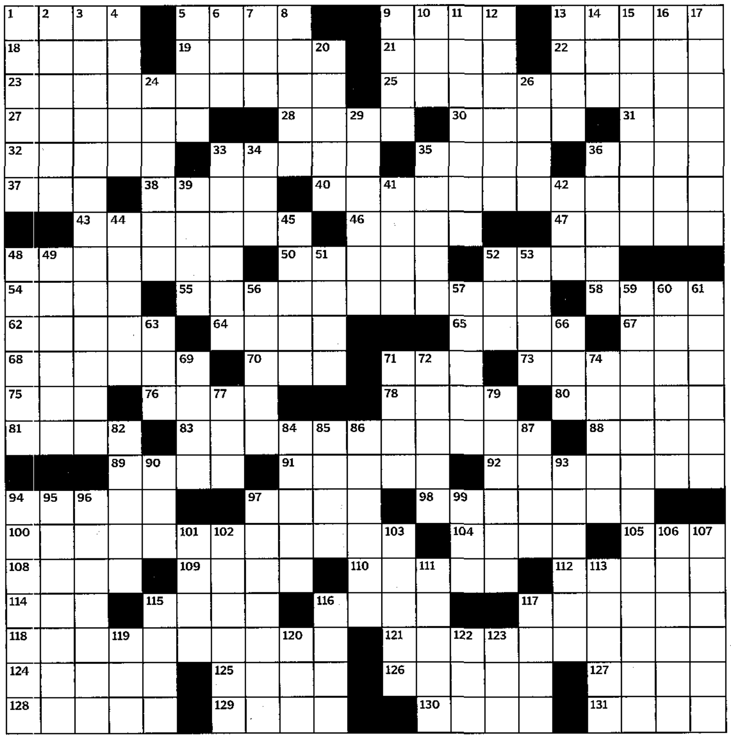
'April Fool E-Mail'

'Cue' Crossword by Maura B. Jacobson



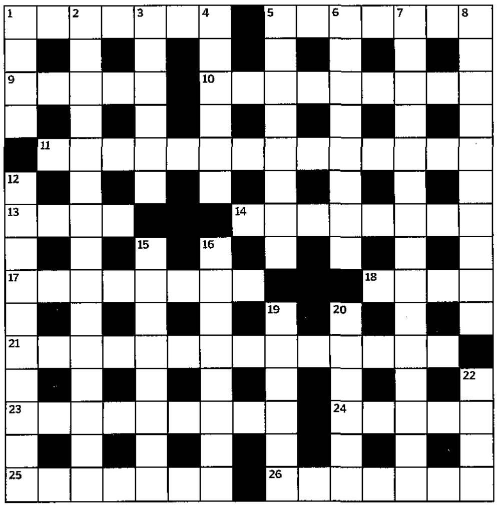
ACROSS

1 Physicians, familiarly
5 Late-night TV host
9 Hook or Cook: abbr.
13 Range of action
18 "Thou the singer; —— the song!"
19 Walled city of Spain
21 Airwick target
22 Hillary's successor
23 E-mail Campbell's and ask about ——
25 E-mail a mine and ask for ——
27 Man-shaped beer mugs
28 "What I tell you ——": Whitman
30 Fit for duty
31 Author Deighton
32 "Wozzeck" composer Berg
33 Tin Pan Alley org.
35 Younger Guthrie
36 Climbing plant
37 Von Braun's colleague
38 "—— Shanter"
40 E-mail a toy-car maker to get ——
43 Scratching with the nails
46 Danish-born reformer Jacob
47 Astaire and Ebb
48 Truman's Secretary of State
50 Respond to stimuli
52 "If I Only —— Heart"
54 At that moment
55 E-mail the plumber for ——
58 Mary's tagalong
62 Silently understood
64 No dele
65 Nikita's no
67 Desirable blackjack card
68 "—— what your country . . .": J.F.K.
70 E.T.'s transport
71 One's born days
73 Look high and low
75 Numbered rd.
76 Person departing
78 Newcastle export
80 More than love
81 Belgrade citizen
83 E-mail O.T.B. to get ——
88 Endings for hero and nectar
89 "This can't be happening!"
91 She loved Jason
92 Looks upon, as a rubbernecker
94 Frigidaire competitor
97 Poi ingredient
98 Equestrian's foot support
100 E-mail Mount Rogers to reach ——
104 In midvoyage
105 Coop find
108 With buco, a veal dish
109 Old Icelandic anthology
110 —— on the line
112 Big name in California wine
114 Shrine city of Japan
115 Baseball-card deal
116 Medieval drudge
117 It makes waves at a salon
118 E-mail a clambake to get to ——
121 E-mail Wenceslas to reach ——
124 Role for Madonna, 1996
125 Jackie's couturier
126 Become weatherworn
127 Gandhi's land, on a French map
128 Duck-hunter's lure
129 Plies the needle
130 Goblet feature
131 Victorian "by God!"

DOWN

1 Opposite of proximal
2 "Lawrence of Arabia" star
3 E-mail the supermarket to reach ——
4 Brown photo tint
5 Lad's sister
6 One of the Gabors
7 Nothing
8 Oil-based
9 Gabrielle Chanel
10 Hubbub
11 The North Star
12 Upper clef
13 Gin-fizz fruit
14 Road runner
15 Survive longer than
16 Showed off one's finery
17 Breadwinners
20 Himalayan state of India
24 Female buttinskies
26 Trudge
29 Kind of staircase
33 Certain acids
34 Filial relative
35 That Loos woman
36 Like a flu cause
39 Mil. truancy
41 Riviera city
42 Abbr. on farm mail
44 Bolshevism biggie
45 Charlie Brown's "Good ——!'
48 Petal extracts for perfume
49 Virginal
51 This: Sp.
52 Word from Willie Mays
53 Assenting votes
56 Motorist's about-face
57 Roll out dough
59 E-mail Webster's because of ——
60 Joel of '30s–'40s films
61 Strong request
63 Get dressed up, with "out"
66 Afternoon social
69 Larger than a village
71 Zoning unit
72 Several Prado paintings
74 Au revoir
77 Close of the "Old MacDonald" refrain
79 Law maven
82 Hand drum
84 D-day beach
85 Saint Philip ——
86 Ibsen's "—— House"
87 Infrequently found
90 "Bali ——"
93 Czech capital
94 Steered clear of
95 Formal letter
96 Partner of old lace, in a play
97 Immature frog
99 Skater Babilonia
101 Part of CNN
102 Western potatoes
103 Jousting weapon
106 Two-time Oscar-winner Jackson
107 Pigged out
111 They end December 31
113 Okie's neighbor
115 One-horse carriage
116 Brain scans, for short
117 Skelton's Kadiddlehopper
119 —— Z (the whole alphabet)
120 VCR reverse button
122 Putrefy
123 Dedicatory poem

The 'Guardian' Crossword Set by Janus



ACROSS

1 Musical cheat. (7)
5 Calling noisily on shellfish worker. (7)
9 Collect a large amount. (5)
10 Was her toy fit for main purposes? (9)
11 Train with Caledonian pilot? (6,8)
13 Stake in American technology. (4)
14 Toast drunk to jazz era from balloon. (8)
17 Permitting no one to be in credit? (8)
18 A barrier to an architect. (4)
21 Extra poem no use without preparation. (14)
23 Birth rise attributed to UK native. (9)
24 Tree's introduction of Roman figure in "Lear" production. (5)
25 Queen receiving an egg sandwich from undertaker. (7)
26 Rare metal found in two animals. (7)

DOWN

1 Note from one's pad perhaps. (4)
2 Sweet girl's expensive trifle. (4,6,5)
3 Girl that is wanting a dog. (6)
4 Singer forced to give up. (6)
5 Can I upset singer without involving more risk? (8)
6 Modern choice for family augmentation. (8)
7 Tried to back horse or commit crime. (9,6)
8 Difficult period at the Assizes. (6,4)
12 Fit to cope and docile. (10)
15 Overwhelming deviation involving a politician. (8)
16 The rayon business not on main agenda? (3,5)
19 Pub brawl leading to the grave. (6)
20 Remember giving ring back. (6)
22 Neat square border. (4)

Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 108.

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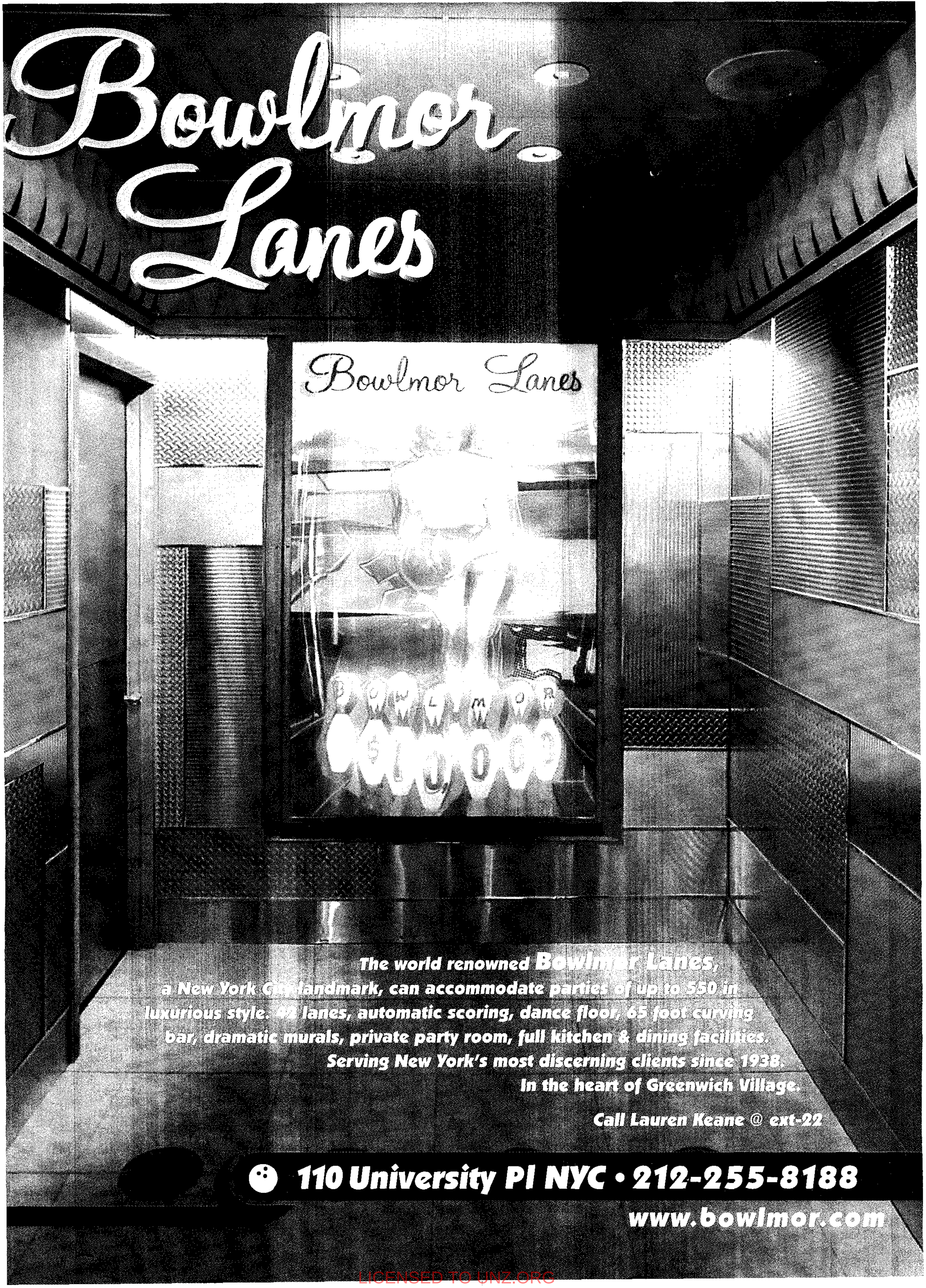

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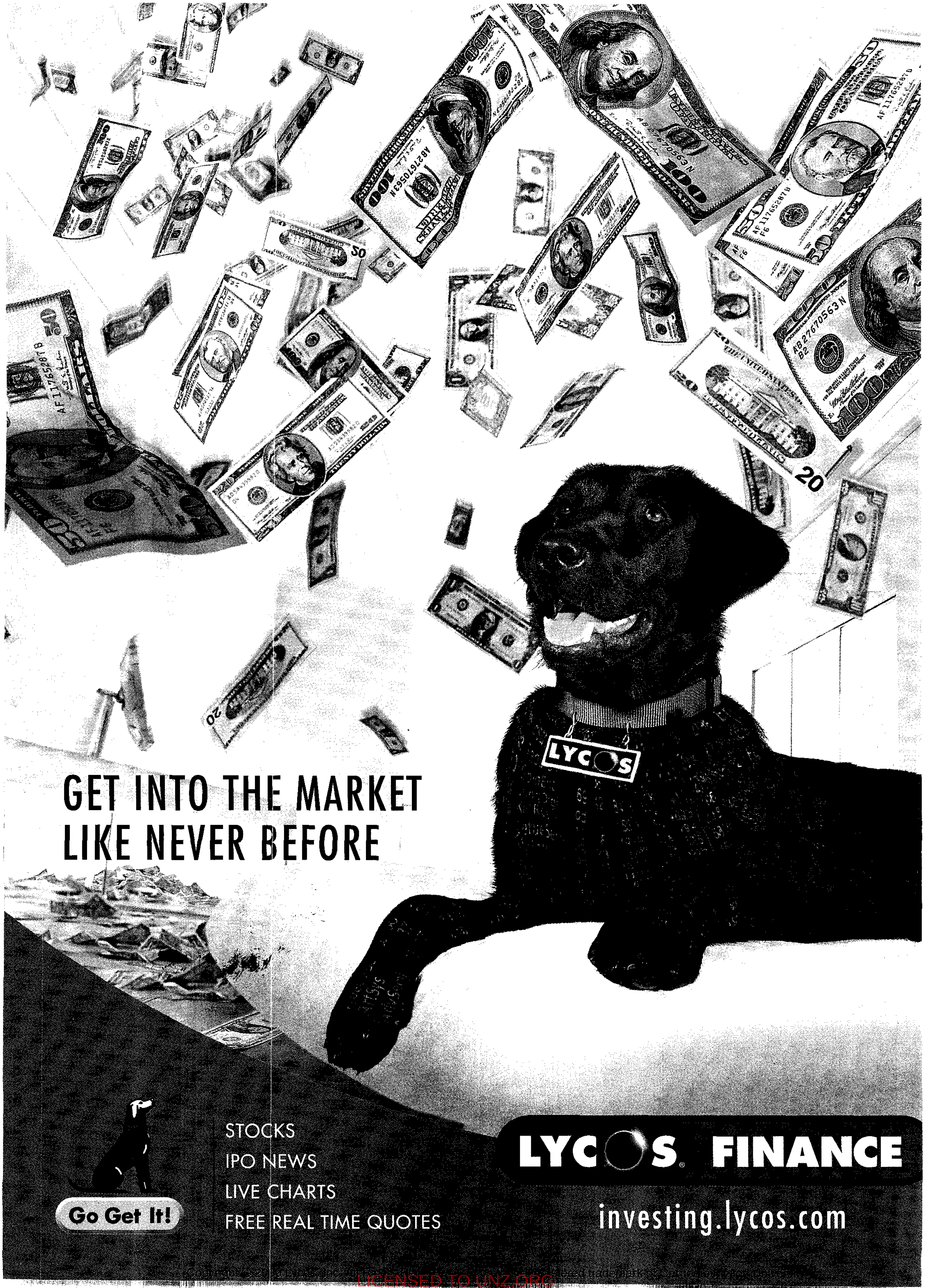
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